

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1870

MAY.

RUDOLF STIER'S COURTSHIP.

IT is really refreshing in these days when, on the one hand, the multitude of lugubrious croakers in favor of the "good old days of our youth," and, on the other, the positive existence and frequent application of slipshod divorce laws, would almost persuade one that the sanctity of marriage has sunk into an affair either of blind and transitory passion, or of mercenary, heartless commercial convenience, to fall upon a case whose unmistakable genuineness and charming *naivete* may well serve to strengthen our faith in the permanence of human virtue, and to enable us to hope that, as our great-grandparents did in the past, so also will our great-grandchildren do in the future, namely, fall into real heart-love, court, marry, and be happy.

The case we refer to is that of the renowned, spiritually minded Bible expositor, Rudolf Ewald Stier, and his future helpmeet, Ernestine, the worthy daughter of General Superintendent Nitzsch, of Wittenberg.

The marriage took place in October, 1824, and was preceded by an acquaintance and courtship of about three years. When the parties first met Rudolph was twenty years of age, and Ernestine twenty-three.

Ernestine is described, at this point of time, as a young lady much after the spirit of the Christian ideal, as found in 1 Peter iii, 2-4. She had a profound Christian education, the result partly of extensive intercourse with learned and pious leaders in German theology, and largely of personal heart experience in the midst of physical sufferings. Her whole inward and outward activity was directed to the promotion of purity in her own heart and in the membership of the Church. Her ideal of Church-life was kindred to that of the *Unitas Fratrum*,

in which the emotional element largely predominated, with a slight tendency to asceticism. She had thoroughly renounced all the vanities of show and fashion, and laid aside all mere worldly, classical reading, with which, however, she had already become largely conversant. A natural aversion to marriage had recently been strengthened by a believed providential call to devote her life exclusively to the care of her feeble parents—the six older children being already married off. A submissive yielding to the guiding of Providence led her to renounce this purpose, and was, in fact, the key to her whole life of inward peace and far-reaching influence. Such was the future bride.

The bridegroom was, at first, of far different taste and mental mold; though afterward the two drank in so largely of the one Spirit, that the most complete congeniality and oneness of life-purpose was the happy result. Young Rudolph's mind had been well trained and furnished, first at his native Pommeranian gymnasium, and after the age of sixteen, at the University of Berlin. But his early life had not been religious, nor even ploddingly studious; it was rather that of a vague enthusiasm and sentimental aspiration after an unknown good—much such a spirit as was fostered by the eccentricities of Jean Paul, as portrayed in his romances. The tender passion could not but awake early and warmly in such a heart. In fact, it was the sudden breaking off by death of an intense love for a cousin, Pauline—"a child pure and pious as the angels"—that first awoke him to a consciousness of the insufficiency of earthly love, and occasioned his spiritual conversion.

At the commencement of his relations with Ernestine Nitzsch, he was an earnest Christian—an incipient preacher and a student in the theological seminary at Wittenberg. It was by

being thrown together in social religious activities that their mere outward acquaintance was nurtured into a conscious congeniality of aim and heart. Ernestine took such a decided part in promoting the spiritual interests of the society and seminary, that in secret she was jocularly styled the "abbess of the cloister." Her manners were so natural, so modest, and her words so pure and spirit-breathing, that the honest, untarnished heart of Stier could not long resist their influences. The result was that his religious repose was deeply troubled; he found his heart the captive of two seemingly conflicting powers, and feared lest his love to the creature might conflict with his love to Christ. After many inward struggles and tearful prayers, he so far mastered his feelings as to determine to explain by letter to Ernestine the nature of his troubles, fully resolved that unless both he and she could come to the satisfactory assurance that their union was the will of God, not to allow himself to be led into further bondage. She also, though unconsciously to herself, had, to some extent, been attracted in a peculiar manner to the pure-minded young candidate for the ministry. His life and preaching had made upon her impressions that were not merely and exclusively spiritual and impersonal. But it was only after their acquaintance and occasional social intercourse, their honest and mutually edifying conference of views and tastes on heart religion had extended through more than a year, that young Stier ventured actually to broach to Ernestine the question which had long been trembling on his lips, and which had been the occasion of so many prayers and tears—namely, whether she would not be willing to come into a nearer relation to him than that of a mere sister in the Lord.

The letter in which he did this—for after long inward debating he concluded that he could more satisfactorily open the weighty subject by way of epistle than by word of mouth—bears date May 9, 1822; and we take the liberty—a liberty warranted by the fact that his sons have inserted in their Life of their father both it and several other of his love-letters—of putting it into English, without, however, entertaining a very sanguine hope that very many who read it either have felt its spirit in the past, or will, in the future, make it their model when writing on the same subject.

The letter reads thus:

"*Beloved Sister in the Lord*,—In the holy name of the Lord, our most merciful Savior, who has redeemed us both with his blood, and called us to everlasting bliss in his love! Read this letter as in his presence, for it was indeed

so written. May He who is the heart-searcher, and whose eyes are like flames of fire, prove and search our hearts, and lead us in the sole right way of his eternal will! Amen.

"Again I address you in writing, as I think it the *better* manner. But this time I have for you a serious and earnest communication, which, in fact, I desired to impart to you verbally last Monday, and hence I waited for you so early in the garden. But the Savior brought it about otherwise; and assuredly it must have been better that it was so. It is now some time that I have been asking the Lord whether I might address you; and so long as I was in the least doubt, I kept silence. But now it has finally become clear to me that I might address you, nay, that I *must* do so in order no longer to remain *untrue*. Ernestine!—for this once let me use the sisterly *du* (thou)—I love you, and no longer *simply* as a sister; I desire that you should forever be united to me in the name of Him to whom we both belong, and in whom, as you yourself write, 'we find and understand each other.' This is the great word which I have to say to you in the sacred name of the Lord Jesus. I submit herewith for your decision what I clearly see to be a most vital question, deeply concerning and interesting my whole inner life, and wait the expression of the Divine will in yours.

"From the very first time I saw you—on my arrival with Sydow—your acquaintance has been for me a great incentive and help in the pursuit of sanctification; in my whole life I know of no external influence through which the Lord has so much promoted my inner life as through your words; even to see you merely, or to think of myself as in your presence, was for me a means of good. But this was not so clear to me at the time, as when—now that the will of Providence seems manifest—I look back over the past. And yet it was so in fact. I have not prepared a single sermon without being influenced and encouraged by the thought that perhaps you would hear it. Dear sister! do not take this for self-deception, or, more still, for passion sprung from *earthly* soil. As the Lord liveth, the more distrustful I have been of myself in this respect, the clearer it has now become to me that whatever lives in me for you, springs from above. How strange and wonderful are the working and counter-working influences of the spirit world! So recently as when I wrote to you about your dejection, I thought of you only as I wrote—as a *sister in Christ*; I did not yet understand myself, nor the change which had long been taking place in me. And then came your answer, so sympathetic with

me, so deeply sinking into my heart, as can not be uttered, but only felt. You said assuredly the Lord meant to bring about a *new connection* between us through these letters. You said, 'Let us in spirit reach hands to each other for the pilgrimage toward Zion.' These words awoke in me the first conscious movement of a desire to possess you. For the first time I thought of ourselves as *united*, in the fullest sense of the word. I thought of ourselves as no longer reaching hands to each other for the heavenly journey, merely in a spiritual sense. And—I will speak as open-heartedly as a child—how often do merest trifles give occasion to wide-reaching spiritual consequences! It was but a slight gossip in Wittenberg, that we were about to be affianced, that awoke me to a serious examination of the wishes of my heart.

"Since then I have thought, and struggled, and prayed. It was expedient from the very nature of my former and much perverted life, and from my mental peculiarity, that I should be on my guard against the delusions of my own heart, and, in fact, trust in it least of all. Hence I have felt it my duty, as much as possible, to look away from you, and to consult the Lord alone—have concluded that, first of all, I must conquer and deny myself—in fact, have had days when all was given over fully to the Lord. But amid all this honest striving to follow the Lord's will alone, amid all my prayers for light and victory, your image ever returned to me with renewed power, and hovered closer to my soul. In the very hours when my soul and heart were communing most sweetly and deeply with the Savior, the longing for you sprang up afresh; even in the presence of the Lord I invariably found you by my side; and every meeting with you—however much I might reproach myself for doubleness of heart and for mingling my own will and selfish desires with Christian fellowship proper—was in fact more elevating, more promotive of sanctification, than all other external influences united. Thus I have ever found my love for you rooted and grounded in my love to the Lord, and with it *from the beginning* paired and interwoven; so that it is now clear to me that I love you with an allowed and God-pleasing love, and that I am at liberty thus to confess it to you, in order to learn whether the all-merciful Savior designs to accord me an unspeakable favor, or to subject me to the purifying fires of self-denial—in either case to the elevation of my inner and better nature.

"The sudden and painful blighting by death of a love which was earthly and of the Adamic man, was, to me, the awakening trumpet to the new birth. And now I found—as, in fact, in

Christ all the feelings and longings of the heart are sanctified and idealized—a high ideal of Christian bridal and wedlock love; one that constantly commended itself to me by its very contrast to my former love, as the highest form of earthly bliss. This ideal of a love plighted in Christ, springing up from the grave of all that is earthly and merely personal, and promotive of mental furtherance in holiness and of preparation for a blissful eternity—this ideal of a Christian love, wherein two hearts long only to show to each other heavenly and God-born love to the utmost of their capacity, and behold in their mutual love only a reflexion of that higher love wherewith each with bridal devotion leans on the common Savior—the ideal of such a union *based in the unseen and existing for eternity*, but which the wisdom of God has established under the form of a sensuous and secular communion, transfiguring thus, as he is wont, the earthly into the heavenly—this ideal of bridal and wedlock love has now, Ernestine, *come to life* in me at the thought of you, and I feel that you would realize in my life that for which my heart pants with a sacred and assuredly God-planted longing. I feel—and it is in prayer before God that I have learned to feel it—that a union with you would be of infinite help in my sanctification; nay, that this union alone would bring to blossom all the germs of my inner man, and fully develop my incipient new birth into mature and divine love.

"Therefore have I taken courage to lay all before you just as it seemed to me. But I really feel too deep my own personal unworthiness to presume to say more; and yet I am certain that, with my whole poor heart, I love you, and I feel that this direction of my heart may be the will of the Lord; in fact, that, possibly, he who knew our days from eternity has destined us for each other. Often my heart is venturesome enough, in looking back over the course of our acquaintance thus far, to discover many things whereby the Lord has been bringing about our union. Often have I wished to hope for that for which I have not dared expressly to pray; namely, that you might actually love me as I love you. And yet what am I that I should not just as much adore the Lord's will, even should I have greatly erred? All I can do, therefore, is to ask and hope.

"Ernestine! all that is of myself is only misery and sin—even that which outwardly might seem quite otherwise. Much sin, much storm and unrest has already passed through my poor heart. But now I know that in the blood of the Lamb I have obtained a new innocence and a heavenly peace; with all my weakness I am

blessedly conscious of the work of the Lord in my soul. And now it seems to me as if you would further and perfect it. Does it not seem to you as if we were destined for each other, to complement, sustain, promote, and love each other in the Lord? I have recognized Christ in you; you in me. Can you also conceive it as his will that we should love him in each other; that God's work in our souls will be brought to perfect development by our union in him? Will you be the life companion of a feeble but faithfully pursuing disciple of the Lord? And can you not believe that, perhaps even in him, the Lord designs to bless you? May the blessed Savior himself guide you in your decision, and may his will be done among his followers to all eternity! Amen.

"Christian marriages formed in Christ, in the highest sense of the word, are something sacred, and, therefore, very rare. If the Lord has brought our life-courses together, and caused us to meet and comprehend each other, in order through us to glorify himself before the world, then may his will and pleasure be done. All that I wish I wish it only, and in so far as I believe it to be his will. And if it is his will, then will his power know how to guide and shape every thing so as to accomplish his purpose.

"The worldly circumstances of the matter, and which the most earnest Christian sense must take prosaically into account, are such that I dropped their import for you; in fact, they were for a long while for myself a dissuading voice. You are asked, beloved sister, whether you are willing to be the comforting associate and helpmeet of a poor Lithuanian evangelist? When I think of it seriously I am almost driven to decide against myself; and yet I would wound you if I placed too much emphasis on this merely material phase of the matter. I would be feeble of faith and unchristian were I, in a case where the inner voice calls, to look seriously at such secondary interests. In fact, I think that, on this subject, we perfectly understand each other. If my soul becomes daily more clear, more calm, more holy, it is only through the thought of you. Your love would call up into blossom in me a heavenly Spring, of which that of earth would be but a feeble shadow. I now look out toward you with weeping eyes, and place in your hand the innermost wish which I have ever cherished. I know not yet how these lines will reach you. Where can I speak with you, undisturbed and alone? Please let me know. If you can, and are willing, soon, to be in the garden [park] earlier than usual—about six o'clock—I will there wait for you.

"May the all-merciful Savior send, day by day, more richly into our hearts, his renewing Spirit, and thus guide us into all truth and wisdom! May his heavenly love ever more fully consecrate you, dear sister, and me, your ever-loving Rudolf in Christ, unto eternal life!"

Such was Rudolf Stier's manner of putting "the question." We submit it, even in the imperfect form of a translation, as a rare curiosity—a sacred page from the heart-life of one of the noblest of German thinkers. It may well call us all to heart-searching. To many it will sound as an assuring voice; to others, it will be a happy coincidence with their own experience. May it not suggest to still others the only spirit in which the sacred sphere of wedlock life should be approached and entered?

To Ernestine this question, from one younger than herself, was at least not expected. She had already said "no" to riper minds; but she knew the peculiar congeniality of Rudolf with herself, and she could not believe it her duty to break off an acquaintance which had already been so great a blessing to her. Therefore, after several days of prayerful meditation, she accorded to him the nearer intimacy of a Christian brother, in the hope of finally obtaining full certainty as to God's will in the matter. From this time on she wrote him at intervals, and when hindered from seeing him personally, many a comforting note. From them we select a few passages:

"*May 14th.*—As heaven is higher than the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways. On this let us reverently and joyfully reflect. All that you think to be able to attain through me, He can give you transcendently and thousandfold more in other ways if it please Him; therefore may our own wills entirely yield to his. I know, indeed, that love in the Lord is very kindred to love of the Lord; as, indeed, the former springs out of the latter."

"*May 29th.*—There is something infinitely more blissful than we usually suppose in the simple consciousness of doing the will of the Lord, and an equally great wretchedness when the opposite is the case. In our habitual labor and living we do not feel this so deeply, but when, at great crises, the Lord holds it up before the soul, then we perceive it sensibly enough."

"*June 14th.*—I have been much nearer to you since we were outwardly separated—as is often the case within me. When I am alone, and in the Savior's presence, or in an environment which leaves my soul free to think, then feel I much more tenderly toward those whom I love in the Lord."

"July 2d.—I would fain pour out to you lamentations over my spiritual poverty, but it would profit nothing; and it might sound as if I knew of no Savior, no physician capable of rooting out this disease. Dear Rudolf, when our pilgrimage will be ended we shall enter into eternal rest, and peace, and clearness of vision; when the bridegroom shall take home the bride, and retain her forever, then will the many voices be stilled which now are so restless and anxious—then will they all blend and come to rest in one."

"July 4th.—You were, in truth, right near to me, and I could joyfully give you, with myself, entirely into His hand. I thought it made really very little difference how we further journeyed in the good way—I mean, whether separated or united, etc.—provided only that we remain in the way. For, indeed, when people are journeying they think of little else than the goal!"

The friends of both Stier and Ernestine were glad of this intimacy, and they hoped and felt confident that she also would soon outgrow this more sisterly love, and pass over into its more earnest phase.

A six weeks' vacation trip of Rudolf served only, as he had wished to her at their parting in the garden, to bring them again together nearer and nearer. He had left with her as a memento a few fresh manuscript poems, and she had sent along with him as a companion on his journey the more recent pages of her journal—that we "see therefrom how poor and miserable was the sought-for bride, and how she lived only from grace."

This journal spread sunshine all along Rudolf's tour. He met with a few very spiritual sisters of the *Unitas Fratrum*, and, in the joy of his love, let one of them read Ernestine's journal. For his own soul it was manna indeed. In fact, he read in it so often, and with such gladdening results, that his friends got to saying to him, whenever he appeared especially merry: "Surely, you have just been reading in Ernestine's diary." Letters to the young lady he of course did not fail to send. They do not consist merely and simply in reiterated expressions of devotion and flattery, as is—*ad nauseam* to any but the two persons concerned—the case with most love-letters; but they abound in vivid descriptions of his spiritual and social experiences, with due interweaving of the gold thread of modest love. Once he goes so far as to exclaim to her: "O thou, my unspeakably beloved second heart!"

At the close of vacation Rudolf met again his beloved, and it seemed to him that they were, in fact, nearer each other than ever before. In

an October evening garden interview he told her that his soul needed, as a help in the pastoral work, the cheer and encouragement of a loving bride, and that even if it were God's will that to the eye of the world she should be but his sister, nevertheless, in his heart, she should be his Rachel forever. Christmas night he spent in meditation in his study. Ernestine was in feeble health, but in her hands lay a little gilt-book in which Rudolf had beautifully copied his better poems. All January (1823) she continued ailing; and almost daily Rudolf sent her a precious message, to which she did not always fail to give answer. It was now first that the doubts in Ernestine's heart began rapidly to break away. She saw more and more, in Rudolf's wooing, a call of Providence. A near relative, one who well knew the state of her heart, wrote her words that cleared away the last cloud: "One thing I have observed wherein Rudolf differs from all others who, as yet, have sued for your hand. Of all of those you were fully the intellectual master. This one, however, is superior to you. If this is true and deeply based, you may doubt and hesitate still, but in heaven the matter is already decided, provided only that his heart is certain and unwavering." And on January 16th she wrote from her sick-bed the first real confession of love: "Until now it has seemed so untrue when I called you beloved, because I found in my heart such an absence of love. But I know it does not depend on feeling, and I have thought finally that, of and before the Lord, there must be some love in my heart without my knowing it, and my conscience, now for the first time, allows me to speak. Childish it may be, but why do you so love such a child?"

Her conscience became soon more flexible still. On February 10, 1823, she gave him the long-sought and now maturely considered "yes," for life. Those who saw Stier at this time, and who have known his whole life, aver that they never saw elsewhere in mortal man such a transfigured look of inward bliss. Two days later Ernestine sent him, in a note, such words as these:

"My soul also as well as yours is enjoying a great calm, far different from what, a little while ago, I could have anticipated under these circumstances. Calmly as when he walked on earth, so comes he now to us. The eyes of friends can not see the great change that is taking place in me, and yet, dear, dear love, I discover plainly in this very calmness the seal wherewith Christ is marking as a bride for himself our united souls. O, if I could only reveal it to you as it is, how clearly would it seem to be His doing

that has overcome my nature and given me to you. In my temperament there was something repugnant to our union, and the more I became conscious of it, the more disinterestedly could I pray that God's will alone might be done. And now that He has overcome this, I see as a type more deeply than ever the radicalness of the spiritual change whereby we are to be transformed into his bride. Humanly speaking, thy life holds out before me no easy pilgrimage; for the chosen messengers of God are, in a far higher sense than the simple lay Christian, to be followers in the footsteps of Christ. But, O, should we not gladly kiss the ground where his feet have trodden, even though it reek with blood!"

But Stier could not bear the change so calmly as this. Every body remarked the unwonted elasticity of the step with which he approached the venerable home of Ernestine. But one serious difficulty remained yet to surmount—to get the consent of the parents. The generous and sympathizing heart of good mother Nitzsch was soon won over. But it was not without serious trembling that the young student-preacher approached, March 9, 1823, the staid and revered Superintendent. On the subject being introduced, father Nitzsch looked up seemingly a little surprised, and with his habitual repose remarked that the matter was as good as new to him, but that it was a principle of his not to interfere with the choice of his daughter, and that in the present case he had nothing to object to the person of the suitor; but still he would have to hold fast to his old axiom, not to permit the complete betrothal of his daughter before the suitor should be well settled in life. Discouraging as this was, it luckily turned out that the prayers of mother Nitzsch and other relatives soon overcame his "axiom;" and Rudolf was then admitted to that freedom of visiting the family and associating with Ernestine, which, in German society, is allowed only to the betrothed.

Shortly after this he closed his course of study in the Seminary, preached his final sermon in Wittenberg, and received his testimonial of proficiency in theology and fitness for office in the State Church. Then, after lingering six weeks longer in the society of his friends, and especially of Ernestine, he took formal leave and started to visit his parents in East Prussia, preparatory to casting about for such a settlement in life as, in his own eyes and especially in those of father Nitzsch, would justify him in taking unto himself his Ernestine. This accomplished, he returned to claim the bride with whom he was already spiritually united.

SYMPATHY.

PART II.

MISS DOROTHY meditated a good deal in the course of the evening. It was an unusual exercise and rather puzzled Aunt Ruthie, who was accustomed to listen with admiring humility to her sister's accounts of her visits. It is true that, as she listened, strong doubts would often suggest themselves as to whether Miss Dorothy always hit upon the best methods of comforting those who needed consolation; and once she went so far as to think that sympathy must be harder to bear than actual trials. You see Aunt Ruth was such a quiet, gentle little woman, with such a shy sense of delicacy in regard to other people's affairs, and such a shrinking timidity as to being herself known as a helper, that she could not be expected to understand the broader field that her sister occupied. She rather liked the meditative mood of the evening. Sometimes it was pleasanter to think than to listen. And this evening, while her fingers worked nimbly to finish little Nannie's dress, all sorts of pleasant fancies were filling her head.

In the morning Miss Dorothy arose armed with new strength. The plain remarks of Doctor Ludlow and Mr. Elder still rankled in her mind like a set of unpleasant thorns, but she was not to be turned from the noble mission of her life by the rude rebuffs of two men. "What could they know of the power of sympathy?" she asked indignantly, brushing out her hair with such energy that nothing but a timely fear of not leaving enough to fasten her chignon kept her from becoming suddenly bald in spots.

"Men," she went on with an inspiration that made her akin to the strongest women's rights women of the day, "men have strength, animal strength, but no hearts. I am glad—ahem! well, I ought to be glad I am not tied to one of them."

Now Miss Dorothy, even while sturdily asserting her right to comfort people in spite of themselves, had an undercurrent of conviction in her mind, or, rather, an instinctive sense that she was not so much actuated by compassionate interest as by a desire to meddle with and control the affairs of others. A woman's instinct is nearly always reliable, and is often a safer guide than the slower process of reasoning.

Miss Dorothy's instinct was a true one. It was so clearly in the right that it was sometimes impossible to stifle it by the most eloquent setting forth of the happy influence of sympathy. On this particular morning there was such a struggle in her mind between common sense

on the one hand and a desire to magnify her "mission" on the other, that she sat down to the tempting breakfast prepared by her sister without once remembering to appropriate for her own eating the crispest buckwheat or the juiciest part of the steak. Noticing this, Aunt Ruthie anxiously inquired if she were ill.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"I thought you did not seem like yourself."

No response was made to this remark, and both sisters ate in silence till the sudden ringing of the door-bell startled them.

"Who can it be at this time of the morning?" said Aunt Ruthie, going to the window and peering down into the yard in the vain effort to obtain a view of their visitor.

"You will be more likely to find out by going to the door," said Miss Dorothy.

Aunt Ruth meekly obeyed the hint. It was a little red-headed boy, and he wanted Miss Dorothy.

"My mother wants her to come straight over to our house as quick as she can."

"Your mother is Mrs. Cornell, is she not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is any thing the matter? Is she sick?"

Aunt Ruth's kindly thoughts were off in a twinkling in an excursion among the dried herbs in the attic.

"I do n't know," said the boy, taking off his cap to scratch his head. "She told me to come over here quicker 'n lightning and fetch Miss Dorothy. That is all I know."

"Well, I'll tell her," said Aunt Ruth doubtfully as she slowly closed the door after him. "If it is a case of real sickness now, Mrs. Cornell may need a cup of gruel or broth more than sympathy."

It is impossible to describe Miss Dorothy's sudden elation of spirits when the boy's message was repeated to her. It would, without doubt, give her a chance to work in her own way. It settled the question whether she was needed or not. And it was truly providential that when she was just yielding to her discouraging fears, there should come to her very door a stroke of business in her own line.

As soon as she could put on her bonnet and shawl, without even waiting to finish her breakfast, only delaying long enough to tell Aunt Ruth to keep the dishes hot till her return, she started for Mrs. Cornell's. The red-headed boy was watching for her by the door, and he ushered her at once into his mother's sitting-room.

A middle-aged woman sat in a large arm-chair, rocking herself backward and forward, and groaning fearfully. "O, Miss Dorothy,"

she exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you! Bill, go out and shut the doors after you. Boys," said Mrs. Cornell, getting up herself to see if the doors were shut—"Boys are forever in the way. It is a puzzle what they were made for. Now I will tell you something. I have been in a worry for two or three days, and my husband only laughs at me. I am sure you will not do that."

"No," replied Miss Dorothy solemnly, "I never laugh at trouble. It is very unfeeling for any one to do so."

"So I think. I told my husband so almost in your very words. But he said he'd had dozens of them and never thought they were worth mentioning."

"Yes," said Miss Dorothy, not quite understanding whether "dozens" referred to children or cabbages.

"And Martha says they are as common as huckleberries, and are good for one's health, too. Of course she is n't frightened if her father makes light of it."

"No," said Miss Dorothy, still feeling her way through the mist, "I suppose not."

"O, dear!" Mrs. Cornell was again rocking herself furiously. "I suppose there is a great deal in taking it in time, though I've always said if I ever had one I would give right up and die without doing a thing. Mrs. Woodward has had three, but she took them in the beginning. I heard last week that she had another, and that is what worries me. Once started, it is impossible to be entirely clear of them. O, dear!"

"Can I help you about it?" Miss Dorothy hesitated, not certain to what she might commit herself.

"I do n't know. I will show it to you."

Miss Dorothy started and looked keenly into all the corners of the room and under the tables with a vague idea that some animal was to be exhibited.

It was nothing of the kind. Mrs. Cornell hurriedly unfastened the neck of her dress and, slipping it down, displayed on the tip of her shoulder one of those troublesome swellings commonly called "pussy-boils." "Did you ever see any thing like it? It has been swelling and swelling for three days."

If that were true it had been extremely lazy about it, for now it was not as large as a walnut.

"What do you suppose it is? Do n't touch it, for pity's sake. What is it?"

"Not a felon?" suggested Miss Dorothy, whose knowledge of tumors was limited to their names.

"A felon? No. Felons do n't come on the

neck. They start from the bone too. Steve had a felon. I know what a felon is."

"What have you done for it?"

"Not much. I am afraid of driving it back into my blood, or of bringing it to an open sore. Steve says I had better poultice it, but what do men know?"

"Very little, indeed," assented Miss Dorothy with an emphasis only to be explained by her yesterday's encounter with Mr. Elder. "Scarcely any thing, in fact. But, my dear Mrs. Cornell," she went on with a wise look, "I do not wish to frighten you, but have any of your relations ever died of cancer?"

"Why, my mother did. And that is just what I've been telling Steve. I thought of it as soon as I heard about Mrs. Woodward."

"What did your husband say?"

"He said I could not scare my wits out with borrowed trouble. And 'besides,' said he, 'the thing will come to a head and burst before you have time to get crazy.' That's all the sympathy he gave me."

"How unfeeling! Positively brutal!"

"You don't think it is really a cancer?" queried the poor woman, ready to catch at any thing hopeful in spite of her own persistence in foreboding.

"Does it burn and sting?"

"Yes."

"And itch?"

"Yes. O, dear!"

"Well, if I were you," said Miss Dorothy impressively, "if I were you I would show it to the doctor. It might be cut out, you know."

"My sakes!"

"It is true, as you say, that cancers are apt to come again after they are cut out. In fact, they are pretty sure to do so. But there was Mary Ann Day—she lived a year longer for having hers taken out. And life is sweet."

"I do n't know about that if one has to be dying all the time. But I'll see the doctor. That can't do any hurt. Perhaps," said the poor woman, "we may be mistaken. And there's one thing about it," she added stoutly, "I am not going to suffer death with a cancer if I have n't got one. I'll go straight down to Dr. Ludlow's office."

"Not to the young doctor?"

"Yes. Why not? He is our family doctor. I guess he can tell a cancer if he sees one."

"But old Dr. Rose is so sympathetic."

"If I have really got a cancer I don't want any sympathy. I will just bear it. If it is not a cancer I do n't need any."

Without further parley or a word of apology, Mrs. Cornell tied on her bonnet and started

briskly down the street, leaving her visitor alone in the house.

"There's manners for you, at any rate," said Miss Dorothy, as she followed at a slower pace. "The next time I leave a good warm breakfast to investigate a goose-pimple on a spleeny woman's shoulder I shall be several years older than I am now. I should just like to know what Dr. Ludlow says to her."

Her curiosity was gratified in short time. Mrs. Cornell, who supposed Miss Dorothy to be seriously alarmed on her account, no sooner had her own fears set at rest than she bethought herself of her duty to quiet her visitor's anxieties. Miss Dorothy had not quite finished her second attempt at eating her breakfast before the door-bell rang, and the red-headed lad appeared again. This time he had a note for her. It ran thus:

"Dear miss dorothy, steve was rite. It is a bile. The kore is cum out. the doctor put on a plaster. the pane is stopt.

"MARTHA CORNELL."

A whole week now passed by without any attempts on the part of Miss Dorothy to lighten the burdens of her suffering fellow-creatures. It was a stroke of policy on her part. Just let people try what they could do without her sympathy and then see. Blessings are never valued as they should be until they are taken away.

"If there is one class of people who need sympathy more than others it is the ministers and their families."

Miss Dorothy looked across the little work-stand between her and her sister with the air of one who has just made and is announcing a grand discovery.

"You see, Ruthie, that not only their business, but all their associations are different from the common worldly people around them. Their work is a spiritual work, and this fact is never to be lost sight of. It is a solemn work, a responsible work, the care of immortal souls."

"Yes," assented Aunt Ruth absently, her mind running on the propriety of offering a glass of her clear apple-jelly to an invalid lady who had just moved into the place, and consequently had few acquaintances there. "They are rich, to be sure," she said aloud, "but still it might be pleasant for her to know that we thought of her comfort."

"Rich!" repeated her sister. "How did you find that out? His salary is not large. I was not aware that he had any thing else."

"I do n't know any thing about his salary. I only judged from their way of living. They would not keep two servants if they were very poor."

"Two servants! Have you lost your senses, Ruth? You know as well as I do what his salary is, and that Mrs. Mason does her own work."

"Excuse me, Dorothy. I was speaking of the lady who has moved into Woodbine Cottage."

"I was talking about the minister's folks," responded Miss Dorothy, loftily. "I do believe, Ruth, that you grow absent-minded every day. It is not a very polite habit. I would break it up, if I were you."

"Yes," replied Aunt Ruth, meekly, "it is a bad habit, as you say. I suppose I have fallen into it from staying so much alone. I must correct it."

Still, the almost transparent apple-jelly would not be dismissed from her thoughts. It would be such an unpretending way of showing a neighborly interest; not a bit like offering charity; only saying, as gently as possible, "We know you are ill. Let us help you if we can."

I wish I could tell you just how Aunt Ruth looked. She was not so very old—not more than sixty, but her hair was all white like silver. She had hazel-brown eyes with the pleasantest expression, and yet with a look in them that told you she had suffered. There was a soft peachy bloom on her cheek, and her forehead was only a little wrinkled. Little Jimmie Lake, who would come so shyly into the back door to receive one of her turnovers, always told his mother at night that Aunt Ruth's face was a picture. It was such a sweet, lovely old face, with a peace in it that made you think of the angels—a face that rested and quieted the looker-on; that unconsciously preached the gospel of love. The softly smiling lips were never heard to utter a slander or an unkind word. One would as soon expect to find a well of corruption in the heart of a white lily as to catch a bit of unchristian gossip proceeding from her mouth.

Aunt Ruth thought very little of herself. The unconscious grace of her sweet humility was very charming now, and it must have been exceedingly attractive in those long-ago days when handsome Harry Dayton won her for his bride. Although his choice made her very happy, she could not help being surprised that it had not fallen on her sister who "had so much more talent." How Harry laughed when she told him so! It was no wonder that she was sometimes absent-minded, or that her thoughts loved to linger among the memories of her earlier life; that the twin babies and almost idolized husband should still seem a part of her own

being, though the Father had so long ago taken them to his rest above.

Little children came as naturally to her as to their own mothers. But they never troubled her sister. Miss Dorothy's well of sympathy was altogether too deep for children to sound.

"I guess," said little Fannie Lake, Jimmie's sister, "I guess if you were a little girl, and had the earache, you would n't want her to tuck you into bed."

Still it was indisputable that Miss Dorothy was a fine-looking woman, and a woman of considerable intellectual power. Aunt Ruth watched her in the afternoon as she walked down the street toward the minister's house, and wondered anew why her own life had been so full of love and tender ties, and her sister's comparatively so barren.

"She is so talented," she said admiringly. "Now I never should think of going down to offer sympathy to our minister. He seemed so good and so strong, so far above me somehow. I could not help him if I were to try."

Aunt Ruth little knew the minister's estimate of her lovely character, or how her sweet Christian graces sent a warm glow to his heart when it sank down discouraged with its unavoidable conflict with selfish and worldly Christians. "She restores my confidence in the power of a really religious life," he would often say to his wife. "I never see her without thinking of Lowell's beautiful lines:

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

Aunt Ruth would have opened her eyes in astonishment if she had heard this. As she stood by the window watching her sister, and thinking over the self-denying labors of the pastor and the hinderances to his work, she never once thought that she was one of the few who kept him from utter despondency.

"It is just as Dorothy says," she said humbly. "I need more sense and tact. When the baby died at the parsonage last Winter I felt perfectly helpless. It was such a dear little boy, and I had lost two at the same age. I knew just how the poor mother's heart ached, but I could not say a word. I cried like a baby myself when she clung to my neck, the poor mother!" said Aunt Ruth, crying again at the recollection. "I don't think either of us heard a word that sister Dorothy said, and I have no doubt that it was—it was just as appropriate as it could be. I just hugged her tighter and tighter, and we cried harder and harder. Somehow or other,

since that night, Mrs. Mason and I have seemed very near to each other, very near."

The minister, sitting by his study window, saw Miss Dorothy approaching. He was feeling low-spirited, decidedly so. Ministers will have blue days. They are, of course, unreasonable in this; there are so many pleasant things connected with their work, and so many reasons why they should rise entirely above worldly cares or selfish feelings, that looking on the dark side is perfectly inexcusable in them. With a memory full of sweet Bible promises, and a sure title to a heavenly inheritance, any depressed feelings or careflessness by the way is simply ridiculous.

Still, Mr. Mason, sitting in his study alone, was sensible of a general feeling of discontent, and the pastor's work, including preaching as well as general visiting, was very distasteful in his eyes.

"It is of no use trying. I accomplish nothing," he said again and again.

His brows were knit into as much of a scowl as they could bear, but a darker cloud overshadowed his face as his eyes fell on Miss Dorothy.

"Well," he said, "I thought a minute ago that my prospects were as gloomy as they could be, but I had forgotten the possibility of a call from Miss Dorothy. I can bear any thing better than her sympathy. I could endure very well a visit from the Church treasurer," he continued, smiling grimly, "provided he brought a portion of my unpaid salary. Afterward I could look the tailor and grocery dealer in the face. I could also preach a plain Gospel sermon without expecting to receive a pile of unpaid bills if the said sermon happened to fit any body. Yes, I could bear a little money. And if this lazy woman was coming to help my wife with her ironing I could bear that. I would iron the clothes myself if I knew how. But it is an imposition," said the minister, looking out of the window as the bell rang, "it is an imposition to have to go down stairs just to be sympathized with."

He went down, nevertheless. He knew that his wife was too busy to receive her visitor, and he knew also that Miss Dorothy would prolong her stay till she had a chance to sympathize with him. So he went down. Miss Dorothy had often remarked to her sister that the minister had a cross look, and a curt, uncourteous manner, but Ruth could never see it. He certainly looked cross now—so cross that his wife, who was busily ironing a starched shirt, looked up into his churlish face with dismay, which was nearly changed into a burst of laugh-

ter when she saw its cause in the person of Miss Dorothy, who entered the room directly after him. He was too cross to be polite, but his wife greeted her unwelcome guest cordially. She always made the best of every thing, even of sympathy.

"Take this cushioned chair by the window," she said. "I shall have this work out of the way directly. I did n't hear the door-bell, Edward, or I should have answered it. I dare say that Miss Dorothy will excuse you if you return to your study. A minister's time is always precious, you know," she added, turning with a bright smile to her guest.

"Yes, I suppose so. A man can not preach without studying. But it is not always the study of books that is necessary. A minister needs to study his people, to mingle with them familiarly if he would do them good. Do n't you think so, brother Mason?"

The minister, whose especial trial was pastoral visiting, gave a somewhat grudging assent to this question.

"There is Mr. Allen, the preacher in Lakeville. He is n't much of a preacher, but he is successful in his work. He goes among the people and interests himself in their affairs, and they feel as if he was one of themselves. He do n't freeze people to death," said Miss Dorothy, having the reception that Mr. Mason had given her still fresh in her mind. "Nobody would ever mistake him for an iceberg in human form. His parishioners are sure of a welcome when they take the trouble to call at his house."

"He is a particular friend of ours," responded Mrs. Mason quickly, afraid that her husband would speak. His ungracious mood was not usual with him, and the visitor did not know that, while suffering with a nervous headache himself, he had spent the whole of the previous night by the couch of a dying child, soothing its agonies and speaking words of comfort to the sorrowing parents.

"Is he?" said Miss Dorothy. "I suppose he is a friend to every body, as a minister ought to be. There is old Mrs. Draper. She is a member of his Church. She told me that she believed he was as anxious that her butter should get the prize at the fair as if he had made it himself. He can lead his people anywhere. They follow him just as sheep follow their shepherd. They prosper, as a matter of course. There is no trouble in raising his salary. When people like their minister the money comes easy."

Mr. Mason saw the beseeching look on his wife's face and answered civilly, "I am glad to hear of their prosperity."

"What is the name of the preacher with whom you exchanged last Sunday?"

"Hitchcock—William Hitchcock."

"Now he is what I call a preacher. Our folks were all delighted with him. The church was crowded. I do n't know when I've seen such a congregation out. It was a treat to hear him."

"Yes, brother Hitchcock is an excellent preacher."

"I wonder how folks feel who hear such preaching all the time. I was speaking about it to Mrs. Taylor on our way home from meeting, and she said we should be too proud as a society if he were our preacher."

"I do n't know about that. Brother Hitchcock is a humble, devoted man. I do n't think he would lead you far astray."

"The evening prayer-meeting was very spiritual. Brother Smith spoke. You know he hardly ever takes any part. He said that he was thankful to hear once more some real Gospel sermons. He had been hungering for the Word a long time, but now his soul had been fed."

"I am rejoiced to hear that you were all pleased and benefited."

"I knew you would be. I told Ruthie I would run down and tell you about it. It is pleasant to bring a word of comfort. But I must bid you good afternoon now, for I want to call at several places. Mrs. Butler's Jimmy is sick. The doctor do n't tell what the matter is, but the child has been exposed to the small-pox; and I think his mother ought to know it."

"Jimmie died this morning of scarlatina. His poor parents are in sad affliction. This is the third child that they have lost, you know."

"O, dear! is the child dead? How very sudden! I must go down there as fast as I can."

The minister looked bluer than ever as Miss Dorothy departed on her mission of comfort, but his wife laughed cheerily.

"I wonder, May, that you can smile," he said in a vexed tone. "I am sure there is nothing to laugh at."

"No? Sit down here a minute, I want to tell you something. I met a member of brother Hitchcock's Church at sister Gray's last evening. She told me that his people were so charmed with your sermons last Sunday that they will make an effort to secure you for their pastor when brother Hitchcock moves next Spring."

"Next Spring! why, May, he has only been there a year."

"But he is unpopular, it seems. Now as we shall move at the same time, it might be possi-

ble to secure him for this place. It seems that he is appreciated here."

The minister smiled in spite of himself. "You have a genius for planning, May."

"There are many ridiculous things in this world," said his wife, watching him to note the effect of her words, "but I know of none more so than to see my husband, who is conscientiously doing his best in the sublimest work ever intrusted to man, looking as if the whole world was shipwrecked and he were accountable for the ruin to Miss Dorothy rather than to his Master. Confess, Edward, that you are ashamed of it."

He looked up more brightly. Her sunny temper had often dispelled his gloomy feelings. "I think, May, I will go back to the study. You will reconcile me to myself, and I do n't think I want to be reconciled."

"No, do n't go; you won't study if you do. You will just sit down and compose sentences of condemnation against yourself. Besides, I want you to help me."

"May, I wish you would give me the secret of your cheerfulness."

"Willingly. I just do the best I can and then *let it alone*. You do the best you can and then worry over it. Now as God does not require any more than our best, I have concluded to be satisfied if he is. If he required any thing more, he would give me the ability to perform it. I am willing to exert all my powers, so are you. But I shall not creep away by myself and get as blue as indigo because I have n't any more powers."

"But," persisted the husband, though his face was rapidly clearing up, "I see so little success."

"Well, my dear, that is God's part. You know what your work is, and you do it—that is your part. Now please let it alone and help me put this ironing apparatus away, and I will make some biscuit for tea as light as—well, as light as Miss Dorothy's sympathy."

The blues vanished; they could not hold their ground a moment longer when opposed by sweet home appreciation and common sense.

We will make one more call with Miss Dorothy and then leave her to the accomplishment of her "mission." We will tread softly as we enter the abode of sorrow where death is reigning now. The mother sits almost hopelessly by the side of her dead boy. A year ago she rejoiced over four healthy, interesting children. Only one remains, and that one is lying in the adjoining room dangerously ill with the same disease which has taken her sister and two brothers. It is not strange that the poor mother's

brain is confused, and that she is nearly distracted with grief. It is not strange that the crushed spirit, crushed but not yet subdued, should rebel at first against the unerring wisdom that so heavily afflicts her. It nearly crazes her to see the neighbors' children carelessly playing in the streets. Pitying friends attempt to soothe, but she turns away from them all. No one but God can comfort her. So they leave her alone with her dead and gather in a distant room to pray for her.

"Ah, this will never do," said Miss Dorothy briskly, coming into the shaded room as if she had a commission to arrest its mourning inmate and convey her straightway to prison. "No, indeed, you must not give way so. Think of your many blessings."

The sufferer gave one quick glance into the composed face above her, and then buried her own face in the pillow by the side of her dead boy.

"You must rouse yourself," Miss Dorothy continued. "Think how much worse it might have been. Suppose it had been your husband or your mother," said Miss Dorothy encouragingly, but checking herself as she remembered that Mrs. Butler's mother had been dead about a dozen years. "Or suppose they had all lived to grow up and had then been taken—don't you see?"

Apparently the mourner did not see, for she made no attempt to answer.

"It is no worse for you than for thousands of other people," pursued Miss Dorothy. "Children are always dying somewhere, and, no doubt, the most of them are better off. Yours might have run into all kinds of sin if they had lived. And this was always a sickly child. He might have been a great care for years. Now, my dear woman, just try to look at it in a proper light. Do n't it look reasonable that God knows what is best better than you do?" concluded Miss Dorothy decidedly.

"O, dear!" sighed the poor woman, "please go away. O, why did they let you in?"

"Is there nothing I can do for you?" asked Miss Dorothy in a stately manner that showed her vanity to be a little hurt by Mrs. Butler's rejection of her sympathy. "I am willing to do any thing in my power for you."

"You can do nothing except to go away. O, please go at once!"

Thus urged, Miss Dorothy left directly. Later in the evening Aunt Ruthie stole noiselessly to the poor mother's side and drew the weary, aching head to rest upon her own bosom. She said not a word, but gradually the heavy sighs grew less frequent, the convulsive sobs less vio-

lent and protracted, until at last a gentle slumber crept over her and wrapped her sorrow in forgetfulness.

God pity her! God help her by his own sweet consolations when she awakens!

MODERN FORMS OF THEISTIC NATURALISM.

WE call this naturalism theistic, because it allows the existence of God, and is thus distinguished from atheism. It is also monotheistic, for it believes in but one God, and that a person. And here it parts from both polytheism and pantheism. But while it is thus monotheistic, and allows a creative will, it so immediately withdraws the Creator from his work as to leave it very much of a self-sustaining, self-operating machine. It catches a glimpse of him at the inauguration of the universe, but seldom sees him afterward. Aloft, in some cerulean vacuity, above men, beyond the angels, beyond the stars, he sits alone, with nothing to do and not much to care for. No disorder disturbs him; no petitions move him; no sorrow awakens in him sympathy. There is not the smallest interposition, by word or act, for the special instruction, guidance, or correction of his creatures. "Away with the gods that have no concern for us," exclaims Plato. "We had better have none than such."

The Deists of the last century, Chubb, Bolingbroke, Morgan, and Hume, speculated in the same naturalistic direction. First they reasoned against miracles, including prophecy and revelation; then against a particular providence, and finally against all interposition or guidance—a mode of philosophizing that in the end cuts away the roots of natural as well as revealed religion.

Mr. Hume's speculations which commenced in doubt ended in a denial, not only of a first cause, but of all causes and effects except as the figments of the mind. There is a charm in his splendid diction and the stately movement of his periods, but to the Christian student it is the charm of funereal flowers laid on the bosom of a dead friend, of whom the doctors have bereaved him, and whom the undertakers are decorating for interment. How could he conceive of history as a course of Divine providence when he had no belief in providence? How could he lead others through the mazes when he confesses himself inextricably entangled in them? "The intense view of these manifold contradictions and imperfections in human reason," he says, "has so wrought upon and heated my

brain that I am ready to reject all belief and reasoning, and can look upon no opinion as more probable or likely than any other.

"Respecting the original and ultimate principle of things—that energy in the cause by which it operates on its effects—how must we be disappointed," he continues, "when we learn that this connection, tie, or energy lies merely in ourselves, and is nothing but that determination of the mind which is acquired by custom! Where am I, and what? From what cause do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return?"

It is not strange that such a confused and heated examiner should become a universal unbeliever; that one who resolves the ordinary course of events in history and in nature into man's mental determinations should deny the possibility of a miracle, and then construe as fictitious an important class of the most demonstrable facts.

But why does he think a miracle impossible? Because it is contrary to experience. To whose experience? To Mr. Hume's, of course, and that of most other men, else it would not be even a marvel. How, now, does Mr. Hume know what the experience of other men is respecting miracles? By testimony. Is a miracle contrary to the experience of all other men? No. And how do we know this? By testimony. "But it is not contrary to experience," argues Mr. Hume, "that testimony should be false." And is not the testimony against miracles quite as likely to be false as that in their favor? Besides, the one is merely negative, and utterly worthless against counter-testimony. The other is positive, and, by all the laws of reason and of evidence, must determine the question. Suppose the case to be decided is one of murder instead of a miracle. Mr. Hume's witnesses are summoned. No one of them witnessed the alleged fact, or ever saw the prisoner. No one has any knowledge of the case. And having nothing to disclose they are ruled from the stand. The other witnesses are called. They have a clear and exact knowledge. They saw the prisoner do the deed, saw the bloody weapon in his hand, saw his expiring victim. Upon this testimony the verdict is made out and the criminal condemned. Even so decides the court of common sense, and of all true science, the case of miracles. It is not a question of possibility but of fact, determined not by deduction or eloquent pleas, but by testimony.

If there is a presumption against miracles in nature, so there is, in all well-ordered society, against murder. And though testimony may

sometimes be false, the validity of concurrent, verified testimony is an axiom in history that no candid mind will dispute. What are all the records of history but the sum of accredited testimony?

Yet in naturalistic circles this is still deemed the unanswered and unanswerable argument against miracles. "Hume's treatment," says Strauss, "is so universally convincing that by it the matter may be considered as virtually settled. If vicious logic or pure dogmatism can settle such a question, this one is settled. For the same writer avers that "historical inquiry refuses absolutely to recognize anywhere any such thing as a miracle."

Renan, another of the skeptical despots, lays it down as an unvarying rule of criticism, "to allow no place in historical narration to miracles." But who made this rule? Who discovered this self-evident truth of history? David Hume, Herr Strauss, and M. Renan. But are these men sovereign legislators in the realm of law and of providence?

Alas! it is Mr. Hume's fanciful philosophy that spoils his history. It admits nothing supernatural, and is not clear about any thing natural except our mental association and hallucination. This reduces history to the bewilderment of a capricious, ever-varying subjectivity. The mature judgment of mankind upon such historians is, that they write of the course of providence without perceiving providence. They relate, for instance, the events of the battle of Waterloo, without the smallest allusion to Wellington or Bonaparte. "Because we ourselves are wandering," says De Quincey, "the heavens seem fickle."

THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

In a certain anonymous treatise which was issued a quarter of a century since, another form of Naturalism made its appearance as a development theory. The boldness of the author and the novelty of his theme produced a momentary sensation as if a new planet had been discovered, or an old one suddenly disappeared.

In this theory God is admitted at the starting point. In the midst of a fiery mass which he brought into being, he stands and promulgates the law of an endless series, and then retires behind the curtain of his infinity, a spectator of the unfolding process. Little suns spring from the heated mass and, expanding, break up into solar systems. The electric spark kindles a bit of albumen into chemical activity, and whirls it into cellular forms; and this is life. Then it is forced by its own law of progress on through

the grades of molluscata, vertebra, marsupialia, and mammalia up to manhood.

Such is the origin and pedigree of man. Electricity is his father, albumen his mother, and the chimpanzee his nearest blood-relation. Surely such an origin neither flatters our ancestral pride, nor feeds our faith in God and providence.

Into the crucibles into which this scheme fell, it was soon resolved back into the fire-mist out of which it sprang from the brain of Lamarck, of whom this anonymous author borrowed it.

"Although he has concealed his name," says a discriminating critic, "and a factitious interest is thus excited in the public mind, it is not difficult to delineate his intellectual character. A naturalist from books and not from observation, he has gathered the data of his speculations from the records of science without separating what is true from what is false; and laden with this motley collection of facts and conjectures, he marches, torchless, through the richest domains of knowledge, blind to the beacons by which others have been warned, and stumbling over barriers by which others have been stayed. . . . Trained in less severe schools than those of geometry and physics, his reasonings are in general loose and inconclusive; his generalizations seem to have been reached before he had obtained the materials on which they are made to rest; his facts are often conjectures and sometimes fancies, and the grand phenomena of the material world, which other minds have woven into noble and elevated truths, have become, in his hands, the basis of dangerous and degrading speculations."

NATURAL SELECTION.

Another form of this materialistic theory is new only in the name—Natural Selection, which Dr. Darwin, its last and most distinguished advocate, gives it. He is an enthusiastic student of nature. Science owes him something for his patient collation of facts, but less for the use he makes of them. All the processes in nature start from a single monad progenitor, and proceed by the despotic law that might makes the right, both to being and advancement, the stronger everywhere bearing down and superseding the weaker.

Selection generally implies choice, design, and is, therefore, a singularly infelicitous designation of the theory. For the author shuts out of his system all ideas of "creative plan," "unity of design," and every thing intended "for order or beauty." The whole genealogical line, it is claimed, is traceable from the parent potential atom, through lapses of time "inap-

preciable by the human intellect." No links are missing in the author's scheme, though none are found in the works of nature. The ancestral monad is clear and certain somewhere in his system, but not a glimpse of it is seen in science, in history, or anywhere else. Some abysmal gulf has swallowed it up, and with it all the links in the interminable chain.

But why should this utter negation of intellect and will in this stupendous process be misnamed selection? Nature chooses nothing. The suns and planets do not perform their revolutions by natural, but by providential selection. Gravitation is not natural selection, nor is heat or electricity. Nor is matter in any form possessed of will or choice. Does the structureless tend to the most complicated constructions? the inorganic to the highest organisms? and the planless to the most wonderful devices and plans?

With more and more distinctness does all science proclaim the immutable fixity of kingdoms and species in nature. Against the commingling of the vegetable, animal, and rational kingdoms by genealogical flux from any paternal atom, natural history most earnestly protests. Chemistry declares that it is not found in any of her crucibles; Astronomy indicts it at her bar as a mere conjecture; and Geography, latest born in the family of the sciences, rules it from her presence as a falsifier of facts.

Professor Agassiz, who has no equal in paleontology, and no superior in natural history, is very explicit in his judgment on this whole scheme. "Until the facts of nature are shown to have been mistaken by those who have collected them, and that they have a different meaning from that now generally assigned, I shall consider the transmutation theory a mistake, untrue in its facts, unscientific in its method, and mischievous in its tendency."

"I confess," says Sidney Smith, "I feel so much at ease about the superiority of mankind; I have such a decided contempt for the understanding of any baboon I have ever seen; I feel so sure that the blue ape, without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, or music, that I see no reason whatever why justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul and tatters of understanding which they may really possess."

NATURALISM OF HISTORY.

Mr. Buckle constructs what he calls a philosophy of history out of the great average of events, which are brought about by an iron necessity and the omnipotence of natural laws. But it is commonly understood that law knows nothing of averages. He professes to explain

the course of the world by general causes. But he passes over almost entirely that which, for the last fifteen centuries, has been a ruling force in the progress of science and civilization. The influence of Christianity in modern history is as apparent as the sun in the solar system. But Buckle knows nothing of it.

History is a form of Divine providence. He denies providence, and affirms that the movements of nations and races are determined solely by their natural antecedents. It includes in its archives the record of miracles. This class of events he regards as the "offal of a by-gone age." There can be no science of history, he thinks, so long as one holds that the actions of men are determined by free-will or providence, and not by fixed laws. He is a naturalist, and the whole moral kingdom he reduces to the laws of soil and climate, of volcanoes and breadstuffs, making man Nature's servant and not her master.

This absolutism of natural law is finely drawn in the following humorous representation of Mr. Buckle's creed:

"I believe in fire and water,
And in Fate, dame Nature's daughter.
Consciousness I set aside;
The dissecting knife's my guide.
I believe in steam and ice,
Not in virtue nor in vice;
In what strikes the outward sense,
Not in mind or providence;
In a stated course of crimes;
In Macaulay and the Times.
As for Truth, the ancients lost her;
Plato was a great impostor.
Morals are a vain illusion,
Leading only to confusion.
Not in Latin or in Greek
Let us for instruction seek;
Fools, like Bossuet, that might suit,
Who had better have been mute.
Let us study snakes and flies,
And on fossils fix our eyes.
Would we know what man should do,
Let us watch the kangaroo.
Would we learn the mental march,
It depends on dates and—starch.
I believe in all the gases
As a means to raise the masses.
Carbon animates ambition;
Oxygen controls volition;
What'er is good or great in men
May be found in hydrogen;
And the body—not the soul,
Governs the unfathered whole."

O, WHAT an ease it is to the soul when the fear and doubts that hang about it are gone; when a man sees what he is, and what he has in Christ and the promises, what he has to do; what are the gifts of God and of his love; even to spend the time between this and heaven in admiring the grace of God.

POPULAR IDEAS OF RIGHT.

WE can not but think that the adoption and diffusion of the doctrine of self-interest as the rule of right has lowered the standard of morality in this country within the last half century.

This theory of virtue is so nearly allied to the theory of self-indulgence that nothing in the world seems more easy than to practice it. Accordingly, whole classes of men, who know but little of abstract speculations on the origin of moral obligations, are insensibly led by the prevailing tone of argument on these subjects to slide into the epicurean view of human duties. Mr. Mill may argue that the utilitarian system is of necessity identical with the highest precept of religion and objective morality, and that the service of humanity may acquire, even without the aid of belief in a Providence, both the psychological power and the social efficacy of religion; but the world does not take that view of the matter, and the results of his theory are quite different from what he would himself anticipate or approve.

The desire of procuring and of spending wealth becomes intense, because it is the key to all the most alluring forms of enjoyment. In politics, fixed principles of right and duty succumb to the prevailing popular interest or impulse. In trade, there is a marked decline in commercial good faith, provided success can be purchased, or ill success can be concealed by dishonesty. In manufactures, any expedient is tolerated which will put a tempting surface on cheap productions. The respect for parental authority is weakened in England and extinguished in America. The reckless self-indulgence and prodigality with which multitudes of young men of the upper classes rush to ruin, denotes a feeble sense of duty and self-control. In the relations of the sexes, and the decorum of female life, there is a striking change, which may be traced in a thousand indications of manner, literature, dress, conversation, and art. Crimes of the deepest dye are defended as venial, and even hailed with popular applause, if they are attributable to political motives—a circumstance which in truth only aggravates the guilt of such offenses. There is less veneration for the sanctity of an oath, because there is less of faith in that which gives to an oath its sacred character, not only as an obligation between man and man, but between man and God. We are living in what would have appeared to our forefathers a relaxed state of morality, and the reason is not far to seek.

The utilitarian system of morals consists in

the substitution of a purely mundane, finite, temporal, and limited rule of action for that moral law which rests upon the will of God and the order of creation. The one is the moral rule of paganism, the other is the moral rule of Christianity. It has been justly observed by Professor Maurice that Mr. Bentham, the founder of modern utilitarianism, "rejected a Divine basis altogether for human society, and for the life of the individual man." That is the essence of his system, though it has not been rigorously adhered to by all his followers. If there be no God, no hereafter, no conscience, and no soul, the principle of utility may serve indifferently well to guide men in their actions toward one another in this obscure and transient world. But the moment we admit the religious idea, and a conception of the immortal destiny of man, the whole range of his moral obligations is enlarged. The direct mundane consequences of this or that action cease to be the truest test of its worth. Actions in themselves the most contrary to human prudence or interest become, on the contrary, the most virtuous and laudable. The real test to be applied to either theory of morals is, therefore, in our opinion, whether it rests on a conception of human interest or of Divine law. The morality of paganism was just as imperfect as the religion of paganism; and the utilitarian doctrine of morals brings men back to precisely that point at which paganism had left them, before the conception of morality based on the religious idea had illuminated and regenerated the world.

THE MAGIC OF LOVE.

POOR old cat! She sat there in a little pinched heap, lank and shriveled, her round eyes squinted up in an indifferent, hopeless way, as disconsolate and forlorn looking a creature as a cat can be—poor kittie! I pitied the forsaken thing, cat though she was, and so would you have pitied her too, I fancy, if you had seen her that cheerless morning out there in the cold. Perhaps, too, you would have been as sentimental as I, and thought how many desolate creatures there are in our world, how many desolate human beings, lone, disconsolate souls, drifting up and down through the world, gathering themselves up in just such a hopeless way, shutting their eyes and dropping their heads as if they were comfortless!

Earth's joys are all too scanty, and even her sweetest pleasures are tainted and foul, even her brightest hopes are uncertain. And then when her promises fail, when her lights flicker

and grow dim, the disappointments are so bitter and the night so dark, it is no wonder that we shrink back heart-sick and fold about us our soiled and tattered garments, no wonder we shut our aching eyes and hang our weary head.

Thinking these thoughts, I looked vacantly at the neglected cat, and softly called her, "kittie!" Then she opened her eyes and looked up at me wistfully, opened them wide and began to purr in a brisk, contented way, as if there were magic in the words I uttered. Perhaps there was pity in the tone, pity that touched her cat's heart soothingly, giving her assurance of comfort and shelter, for she sprang up quickly and came toward me, nestling up against me in a happy, thankful way. Then when I saw what a simple thing had brought joy to one of earth's creatures, even though it was a cat, I took a goodly lesson home to my heart, and have been trying ever since to learn it well.

Humanity craves sympathy, is touched by pity, and warmed by kindness. When our souls stand shivering in earth's bitter blasts, when the earth-storms are cold and rough, then we need the warmth of pleasant, friendly words, the light of generous, loving deeds, need them so much; only God and our own aching hearts can understand the craving, only God and our yearning souls can measure the relief and comfort there is in human sympathy.

Not great deeds alone are the outgrowth of this precious sympathy, not these alone, but little acts as well. The voices that come to us in a thousand gentle ways, in little deeds and little words, are full of sweet assurances of love, assurances that fall like heaven's own dews and sunshine. O yes, it is little things, even as simple as the one little word which so much blessed the poor old cat, that sweeten our lives, that lighten our burdens, and cheer our souls—little things.

Through the narrow channels do the streams of our comforts flow, channels that are narrow and half hidden, yet marking lines of beauty across our life plains. And it is very easy to send forth these healing streams, very easy to speak kindly, to smile pleasantly, and in those myriad nameless ways by which a warm, sympathizing heart finds utterance, to shed cheer and sunlight through the world.

How much would the air we breathe be purified and sweetened thereby! O, how many tears would be wiped away, how many aching hearts comforted, all by giving heed to our Savior's precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them!" These golden words would then have blossomed into golden deeds.



THE MIRACLE AT NAIN.

FORTH through the solemn street
The sad procession swept,
Pacing its mournful way with measured feet :
While inly wept

One mourner, in a grief
Stern as the silent years,
Which seemed to mock the common, weak relief
Of outward tears.

Keen was her sense of loss,
And agony untold ;
For Death had seized, amid a world of dross,
Her piece of gold.

They bore her only son,
Star of her evening, fled ;
Whose lesser light recalled that vanished one
Now long since dead.

For her best loved had died ;
And, stunned from former bruise,
The widow's joyous oil of life had dried
Within her cruse.

Desert her heart, and bare ;
Like lone house on a wild
No voice to make blithe music on the stair—
No laughing child.

No solace from the past,
No hope in days to come,
She cowered, as if sorrow's second blast
Had struck her dumb.

But, near the city's verge,
A sudden silence came ;
The hired mourners swift forbore their dirge,
As if in shame

To mourn a lifeless clod,
With such despairing cry,
While the Redeemer—"the strong Son of God"—
Was passing by.

"He came and touched the bier."
They wait, in curious pause :
Has he the power and will to interfere
With Nature's laws?

He walked upon the waves !
His word the thousands fed !
Is he imperial in the place of graves
Over the dead ?

Then spake the royal word ;
And, quick with rushing throes,
The red life in the clay obedient heard ;
The dead arose !

And spoke—just as before—
Unconscious of eclipse :
Like babe, who only knows that night is o'er
From mother's lips.

Or one who, free from harm,
From the perfidious sea
Comes home, and finds all in his father's farm
Which used to be.

No desert dream of tombs,
Naught but life's love and joy ;
As Nature has no thought 'mid Summer blooms
That storms destroy.

The same through endless time,
Thus Jesus healeth now,
With "many crowns," for victories sublime,
Upon his brow.

Conqueror in each stern fight
O'er mortal sin and dread ;
And mighty, from corruption's foulest night,
To raise the dead.

AN APRIL IDYL.

How veiled in mists, by sunbeams rent,
Comes April, lovely herald, sent
To wake the sleeping flowers :
She steepes the earth in her warm tears,
And straightway countless glittering spears
Of emerald wave above the mold,
Jeweled with diamond showers ;
And daisies ope their eyes of gold
And waxen lips from marly beds
To drink the drops sweet April sheds.

Her magic voice is on the breeze,
Her magic touch is on the trees
Within the forest deep ;
And lo, transformed, each monarch stands,
And each young sapling claps her hands,
To feel her pulses leap !
A resurrection-angel, fair,
With cloudy train and dewy hair,
Sweet April walks through woodland bowers,
And weeps and whispers to the flowers.

Her feet in fields where she hath trod,
Have left their impress on the sod,
In buttercups and violets blue ;
And from her mine of wealth untold,
She coins the dandelion's gold,
And strews it o'er the pastures old,
Gleaming with gems of dew ;

Which children gather, simple things !
And think themselves as rich as kings.

The wind-plant dreaming on the rocks,
Beside the tardy mountain-phlox,
Awakes and lifts her head :
She heard in dreams the oriole's trills,
The young lambs bleat upon the hills,
The gurgling laugh of silver rills,
That down the hill-side sped ;
Bright streams, that burst the frozen chain,
Which bound them in old Winter's reign,
And flashed like sunlight to the plain !

The zephyrs linger as they pass
O'er pale spring-beauties in the grass,
To whisper they are fair ;
But soon they leave behind the heath,
Hoping to catch a sweeter breath
When pansies' purple eyes uncloze,
Each sparkling with a tear—
When faintly glows the early rose,
And golden flowers of Easter-time,
Start up to hear the joy-bells chime.

God leaves no age without such cheer,
No human life without this hope :
While standing 'mid the ruined year,
We see the hills, in fancy, slope,
All clad in hues of Spring ;
We wander in the leafless woods,
Where silence, 'stead of swallows, broods,
Or crickets shrilly sing,
And think, "Each verdant bough, erelong,
Will tremble 'neath a weight of song."

See yonder bow on April's brow !
How bright its beauteous colors glow,
Reflected in the wave !
God formed it when old Time was young,
Ere yet the song the bright stars sung,
Had thro' heaven's diapason rung,
And so this promise gave :
That day and night should never cease,
But ev'ry season know its place—
While earth remains, each circling year
Should bring the blade and ripened ear.

L I F E .

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are ;
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew ;
Or like the winds that chase the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood.
E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies ;
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

RISING gently from the banks of the Inny is a spot where a few humble houses form a hamlet; one of them has disappeared, that in which Oliver Goldsmith was born. It passed into the hands of "the fairies," who, in Ireland at least, do not keep tenements in repair, and are never ejected. And so it crumbled away. Some two hundred years ago the family of Goldsmith migrated from England and settled in Ireland. They had good blood in their veins—it is said even the *sangre azul* of Spain—they maintained a respectable position in society, and always contributed a minister, and sometimes even a dignitary to the Reformed Church. Family characteristics are usually as distinctively marked and as well preserved in the human as in the lower animals. So it was with the Goldsmiths. They were ever right-hearted and generally wrong-headed; benevolent, unworldly, improvident, and poor. Shallow people called them oddities, shrewd people called them fools. One of them, Charles, following the family instinct, took holy orders, and then, in 1718, took a wife, the daughter of his school-master, the Rev. Oliver Jones, of Elphin, in the county of Roscommon. The young couple went to reside at Pallas. They were poor enough, eking out with difficulty an annual pittance of about £40 between the profits of farming, the stipend of the chapel of ease of which he was curate, and what Mr. Goldsmith's uncle, Mr. Green, allowed the young man for assisting him in the discharge of his parochial duties in the neighboring parish of Kilkenny West. But poor clergymen are generally rich in children, and Charles Goldsmith was no exception to the rule. They came quickly enough; so that on the 10th of November, 1728, O. S., Oliver brought up the number born at Pallas to five, which was afterward increased by three more.

Some little rudimentary education Oliver received from the magnate of the village school of Lissoy, an old veteran who had fought in the Spanish wars. A genius in his own way was Quarter-Master Thomas Byrne, a fitting pedagogue for little Noll, now six years old. His soldiering life furnished him with a rich store of strange adventures, which he delighted to recount; he was a votary of the Muses, too; wrote verses and dealt in big words. His head was crammed with all the legends of the country, and he believed devoutly in ghosts and hobgoblins. Tradition has preserved the outlines of his character, but the picture has been filled in with inimitable vividness and humor by his pupil in that exquisite portraiture of the

school-master in "The Deserted Village." Under such a mentor book learning, of course, made little progress; but no doubt the native germs of romance and poetry were insensibly nurtured. Young Noll was familiar with the wild raids of robber and rapparee, knew every haunted spot in the country, loitered o' nights about *Knock-ruadh*, where the fairies danced around the elfin light, and had actually perpetrated rhymes, to the delight of his mother.

But these pleasant days soon came to an end. He was smitten down in his eighth year with a terrible malady in its severest form, and he escaped with difficulty the jaws of death to rise scarred and pitted with the small-pox. Poor boy! disfigured for life, awkward, ungainly, and odd, he was sent forth to that microcosm of probation and suffering, a public school. John Goldsmith, his uncle, resided at Ballyoughter, in the neighborhood of Elphin, and thither he was sent to attend Mr. Griffin's school in that town. These were changed times for Oliver. His uncle, it is true, had discernment enough to see that there was something beyond the common in the boy, and pronounced him "a prodigy for his age," but his school-mates pronounced him a blockhead—little better than a fool; he was accordingly a butt for their practical jokes, and one whom every body made fun of. A blockhead! So he seemed to the thoughtless mates that cuffed and jeered him. But genius in its abstractions, its moodiness, its solitariness, its shyness, often eludes the observation of ordinary intellect, working all the more inwardly that its outward exhibition is impeded. Yet would the sense of injury or insult at times arouse the indolent and kindly nature of the lad to resist an affront with a promptness of wit that told of a power which could make itself felt; and several anecdotes are preserved which display the same spirit in the boy that flashed out in the "Retaliation"—the last light of the genius of the man.

After about three years Oliver was removed to a school in Athlone, kept by a clergyman named Campbell, and thence he was transferred to a similar institution in Edgeworthstown—that of the Rev. Patrick Hughes. We are not without some memorials of him during those days, derived from fellow-students. Idle, and desultory in his application, he yet evinced a love for the Latin poets and historians. His shyness would at times give place to the dash of one who loved fun and adventure; and he was often the ringleader in some boyish exploit, and as often the victim of the frolics of his playmates. There can be no doubt that by the time he had reached his fifteenth year, his family were con-

vinced there was too much good stuff in the young man to be used up in the drudgery of a trade. A mother's instincts told her he was destined for better things, and she pleaded not in vain with the good pastor. He must be sent to college. But how was this to be compassed? His brother Henry had already entered as a pensioner, and the family purse, drawn upon by other domestic events, could ill bear any further depletion.

A charter of Charles I allowed the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, to appoint a certain number of sizars—poor scholars; these were educated without expense, had free lodgings in the garrets, and were permitted to “batten on cold bits,” the remnants that left the commons’ table, where in return they were obliged to attend and to discharge other menial duties. As a sizar, then, must Oliver enter. So distasteful was the proposition to him, that for a year he refused to obey, and was only persuaded at last by one who had been himself a sizar—that “Uncle Contarine” who appears so often in his after life as his best friend; and so, on the 11th of June, 1744, he was admitted a sizar of Trinity College, Dublin.

The college life of Goldsmith is not one on which we dwell with pleasure. His tutor, the Rev. Theaker Wilder, a man of some mathematical ability, was violent in temper, insolent, and overbearing in manners, and of a harsh, vicious, and brutal nature. Oliver detested mathematics, and so incurred the wrath of his tutor, which the indolence and thoughtlessness of the pupil gave too many occasions to gratify. He was subjected to taunts, ridicule, and insults almost daily, sometimes even to personal chastisement from one who, exercising over him the rights of a master over a servant, persecuted him with unrelenting rancor. Still Oliver was not without some white days in his college career. More than once he received “the thanks of the house” for his attendance at morning lecture, and this, too, in midwinter, at seven o’clock. It is useless to speculate what the young man’s progress might have been under kinder treatment. Brutality first outraged and then discouraged a sensitive nature. He sought relief from his wretchedness sometimes in dissipation, often in reckless disrespect of discipline—he wasted his time, neglected his studies, and dissipated the scanty supplies which his father could afford him. But even those supplies were soon to cease. Early in 1747 that father was snatched from him. How truly the son loved and revered the parent is proved in that enduring and pious monument which, in after years, he reared to his memory.

Scant as were the young man’s resources before, they now become scantier. His widowed mother leaves the parsonage and takes a lodging in Ballymahon, living “in low circumstances and indifferent health, *nigra veste senescens*,” and he is cast pretty much on his own ways and means. The genius that brutality checked was quickened at the call of “squalid poverty.” To supply the pressing wants of daily life he wrote ballads for street minstrels. There was a printer of the name of Hicks who published broadsides at the sign of the Reindeer, far away in Mountrath-street, at the other side of the city. Queer things they were—dying declarations and last speeches of wretches going to be hanged; sacred songs with grotesque illustrations; elegies on defunct celebrities; and popular songs to boot. Thither he brought his songs, and sold them for a crown apiece, often spending the money on his way home, yielding to some sudden impulse of sensibility awakened by the sight of real or feigned distress. Then in the evening he would steal out of college, and, with all the vanity of an author, follow the steps of the ballad singers and listen to his own songs. And so he struggles on—now penniless, pawning books and other property for the exigencies of existence; now flinging away his scanty shillings with the recklessness of a millionaire; now studying fitfully, now joining in some daring breach of discipline, led on by a love of fun and an exuberance of spirits that prudence could not repress, nor poverty extinguish.

The Spring commencement of 1749 terminated his college life, when he took his degree of B. A. on the 27th of February. As he passed out for the last time through the wicket in that massive gate beside which he so often loitered, how little did he think that the time would come when he should stand there, in the mimic bronze, forever—no loiterer now, friendless, nameless, neglected—but honored and admired, one of the great names that fill all lands and ennoble their own! But no such thought cheered the heart of the poor scholar as he made his way back to Ballymahon, to the humble lodgings of his straitened mother. He was now close to all the haunts of his early life, and gave way to his indolent and reckless habits.

Two years thus spent, and Oliver is rising twenty-three, with no occupation. His Uncle Contarine proposes the family profession. He presents himself, after much persuasion, to the Bishop of Elphin for holy orders, and fails. Whether the defect was in the inner or outer man—ignorance of theology or a pair of scarlet breeches—posterity is never likely to know, nor will they ever regret the result. He next tries

tutor-life in the family of a Mr. Flinn, of Roscommon. One can scarcely fancy an occupation more unsuitable and distasteful to him; and so, after a year of dependence, he suddenly terminated the connection, and in a few days after disappeared from his mother's house.

Thirty pounds in his pocket and a good horse under him, he sallied forth, whither? Who knows? A strange account he gave of himself when, in six weeks after, he reappeared, penniless, bestriding a skeleton which he dubbed with the name of "Fiddleback." He went, he says, to Cork, sold his horse, took his passage to America in a ship which very improperly sailed while he was enjoying himself with his friends. When he had spent his time and all his money, except two guineas, he bought "Fiddleback," and turned his face toward home; divided his last crown with a poor woman; put up with a miserly old college friend for a day; changed his quarters to the house of a hospitable counselor, with whose two sweet daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord, he lingered day after day, till at last he reappeared at Ballymahon. The story, whether true or false, is told with much humor and *sang-froid*, and is certainly not inconsistent with Goldsmith's nature.

Uncle Contarine came to his aid, and, with inexhaustible liberality, supplied him with fifty pounds to go to London and study the law. Alas! Dublin lay in the route to London, as Cork did to America. Each was fatal to Oliver's destination. At Dublin he fell in with old acquaintances and old vices, and lost all his money at the gambling-table. There he remained, starving, mortified, and contrite, till at last he is invited back to the country. His mother, poor soul, was very angry, and would not for a time forgive him, and so he had to take refuge with his brother Henry. But what use was there in being angry with such a wayward being, who had absolutely no strength to resist temptation? Uncle Contarine was more practical; he forgave, and again was active in his service. A family council is called; what is to be done for him in the way of a profession? It is Hobson's choice; physic alone is left. And so they make a stock purse, Uncle Contarine, as usual, contributing; and in 1752 he is sent to Edinburgh to commence his studies. What he gained by his medical studies there we know not; probably not much, if we are to judge from his professional attainments in after life. He attended lectures, and seems to have been fond of chemistry and natural history; he contracted some friendships, too, that stood to him in after life; but he was still the same hilarious, reckless,

convivial fellow that sang songs and wrote them, too, and spent his money freely and foolishly, and dressed gaudily, just as at Dublin and Ballymahon. But he neither liked the country, the people, nor their habits, though he was sometimes in very good society; so after eighteen months terminated his residence in Edinburgh.

Restless as ever, the love of a vagrant life now came strong upon him. He would travel and see the world, and fill his mind with better knowledge than that of medicine. True, he had no money, but what of that? Others in like case had traversed Europe. Holberg had done so when younger than he, with nothing but his flute and his voice to help him along! Ah! this is the very thing for him. He can play touchingly on that old Ballymahon flute, and sing sweetly, as all his boon companions confess; he has a strong frame and a vigorous constitution, a light heart and an irrepressible spirit. What more is wanting? So away he trudges, in February, 1755, having first, with a generosity ludicrous, yet touching from its gratitude, spent nearly his last coin in a purchase of tulip roots for Uncle Contarine.

A year was spent in these wanderings, and on the 1st of February, 1756, he stands again on the quay of Dover. To London he turned his steps, and fought his way there, Heaven knows how, battling for very life through that terrible fortnight. At last he stands in the streets of London, face to face with all those horrors that surround the destitute stranger in that populous solitude, and make the heart sink with dismay. Into the depths of that gloom and misery we may not penetrate if we would. Goldsmith himself seems always to have shrunk from any full revelations of them. There is a sanctity for the degradation of starving genius as there is for the dead within the grave. One cry, however, from those depths he uttered, exceeding bitter but not unmanly. "Many, in such circumstances," he said, "would have had recourse to the friar's cord or the suicide's halter. But with all my follies I had principle to resist the one and resolution to combat the other."

Let us pass the uncertain and unaccredited, and come to the reliable. After a thousand failures and repulses, the shy, ungainly, sensitive man, with threadbare garments and an Irish brogue, finds employment from a chemist on Fish-Street Hill, partly as a charity and partly from his knowledge of chemistry, and that the man saw in him talents above his condition. This gave him a few months to take breath and rest. Then came an unexpected deliverance. One whose friendship he had

gained in Edinburgh, the excellent and eminent Dr. Sleigh, happened to be in London. Sunday affords an hour or two of respite, even in a chemist's shop, so Oliver smartens himself up in his shabby-genteel suit, and pays the Doctor a visit. Ah! the poor fellow knew not what a change hard life had wrought in him. "Sleigh scarcely knew me," said he, in describing the interview to a friend; "such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty. However, when he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse of friendship with me during his continuance in London." Then Dr. Sleigh and apothecary Jacob put their heads together, and they start him as a physician in Bankside, Southwark, in a tarnished old suit of green and gold. His practice was not successful, and lay only among the poor.

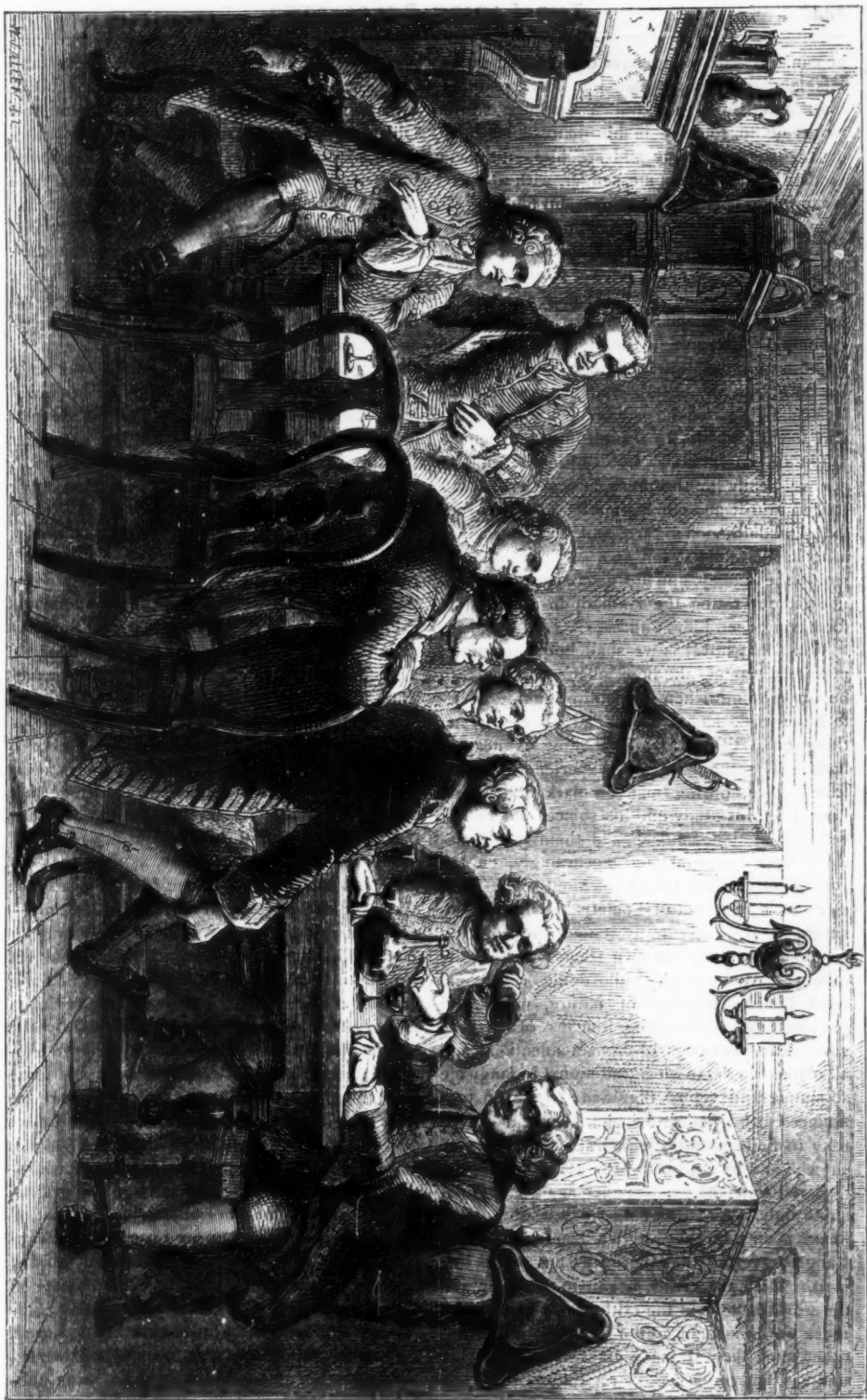
One of his patients, a journeyman printer, suggests that he should call on his master, and so Goldsmith turns "reader" to Samuel Richardson, corrects his press, and becomes acquainted with Dr. Edward Young, then past seventy, serene and imperturbably polite, who used to come up from Welwyn to see his bosom friend, the literary printer of Salisbury Court. But drudgery of printing-office and prescribing could scarcely support his existence. All his ambition seemed now but to live, and he accepted an ushership at Dr. John Milner's school at Peckham, in Surrey. There are stories of his short stay here, which show how little trial and misery had changed him. Elastic as ever, his spirit rose the moment the pressure was removed from it; he was the same kind, merry, and generous being, playing off practical jokes and lavishing his scanty stipend, till kind Mrs. Milner suggested that she had better take care of his money as she did for the school-boys. Still the life of a tutor was hateful to him, as he abundantly testified afterward in his writings. So he took advantage of the acquaintance which he there formed with Griffiths, the bookseller of Paternoster Row, and engaged with him, in April, 1757, to write for the "Monthly Review" for one year, living with the bookseller and receiving a salary.

A more merciless being than Griffiths could not be found—save in the compound Griffiths man and wife. The matrimonial and trade firm worked their Grub-street hack, without intermission, from nine in the morning till two, and sometimes during the whole day and late into the night; and, to the personal discomforts of a penurious housekeeping, the woman added the indignity of *correcting* and improving what Goldsmith wrote. The articles written in the "Review" during this period of bondage were

first given as such to the public by the industry of Prior; and they show with what liveliness, and force, and critical judgment Goldsmith discharged the functions of a reviewer. This slavery soon became intolerable. Dr. Griffiths mercilessly exacted "the tale of bricks," and then cried, "Ye are idle, ye are idle!" and made his heart bitter with hard bondage; and Mrs. Dr. Griffiths, who, as De Quincy says, "would have broken the back of a camel, which must be supposed tougher than the heart of an usher," cut down his food and cut up his writings. Then came an open rupture, and fierce words and angry recriminations from both sides, and the lease of the human chattel was canceled by mutual consent, after five months, and Oliver went forth a free man, with the privilege of paying for his dinner, if he had a shilling, and sleeping with "the beggars at Axe Lane," if he could not hire a garret.

For two years more we trace him through this garret-life, struggling for bread, writing for various magazines, "The Busy Body," "The Ladies' Magazine," "The British Magazine," and "The Public Ledger." During this time also he issued several smaller works, some of them afterward enlarged into greater ones; such as the "Memoir of Voltaire," "The History of England," and at length in 1759, the "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe." Now his fame was made; the volume was savagely attacked and highly praised. It was the turning-point of the author's literary life. "The History of England" also was a great success. Publishers now began to seek him, instead of his begging for publishers. In the mean time he had been making acquaintances, such men as Percy, and Hogarth, and Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson, and then came that fellowship which contributed so largely to the happiness of Goldsmith's checkered life—that club, nameless at first, but which, after Goldsmith had passed away, was known as the "Literary Club." Great names now rise before us, and fill every cell of memory with light. Many a brilliant pen has sketched the characters of the giants that were in those days.

In such society time passed pleasantly enough, and the evening meetings at the Turk's Head were the compensations for many a day of privation; for Goldsmith was too imprudent, and his literary remuneration too precarious, to be ever above want. We find him borrowing money as freely from one friend as he parts with it for the necessities of another. Johnson seems to have taken him into his care as tenderly as a father would take a child, counseling, and comforting, and keeping him as straight as



THE LITERARY CLUB.

he can. At last things have come to the worst. His landlady has arrested him for arrears of rent. Goldsmith has not a farthing, so he writes off to Johnson in his distress, beseeching his friend to come and see him. Johnson sends a guinea by the messenger, with a promise to follow soon. So he does, and finds Oliver in a violent passion at the indignity, and cooling his rage with a bottle of Madeira, into which he had converted the guinea. Noble, tender-hearted Johnson! he knew what it was to owe for his lodgings, and to be hurried away to a sponging-house, and to be relieved by a true friend—and such a friend he is now. "I put the cork into the bottle," said he afterward to Boswell; "desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated." Goldsmith says he has a novel ready for the press, and shows it. "I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating the landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

What that novel is we shall know hereafter; now it lies among the bookseller's purchases, to be brought out when Goldsmith's name is before the world as a favorite, and is worth something on a title-page. That time is near at hand. The thoughts and experiences of his travel have, during many a dark and lonely hour, been his study and his solace, and he has wrought at them and shaped them into something very beautiful, and accordingly, on the 19th of December, 1764, comes out "The Traveller; or, a Prospect of Society, by Oliver Goldsmith, M. B." Assuredly it took the world by surprise, and even his own friends were of the number. What high philosophic reflection! what life-like painting of nature, moral and physical! what exquisite touches of pathos! what heart-yearnings of human affection! and all clothed in verse so harmonious, in language so simple and yet so dignified! Johnson pronounced it "a poem to which it would not be easy to find any thing equal since the days of Pope;" and he read it to Miss Reynolds till she declared that she would never again call Goldsmith ugly. And Fox said "it was one of the finest poems in the English language." And Langton averred that there was not a bad line in it. Then the critics began to praise it, and the world believe in the critics, and in a month there was a second edition, and soon after another, and then it made its way into foreign tongues, and got a world's reputation.

Dr. Goldsmith became the fashion, and essays

and nameless things of his were collected and reproduced, to the great benefit of the booksellers, and with little profit to the author. Oliver thinks that a fashionable poet may become a fashionable physician. He has removed to respectable chambers on the library staircase of the Temple; and out he comes, on a fine Summer's day, in 1765, "in purple silk small clothes, a handsome scarlet roquelaure, buttoned close under the chin, a full professional wig, a sword and cane," to practice in higher regions than Bankside. But practice would not come; and somehow an apothecary was thought a safer guide by one of his patients—a lady friend—and Oliver indignantly declares he will prescribe no more for his friends. Then malicious Beauclerk retorts, "Do so, my dear Doctor. Whenever you undertake to kill, let it be your enemies!" Yes; there is better work than feeling old ladies' pulses. He will soon feel the pulse of the whole world, as it throbs to his touch.

Francis Newberry bethinks him of the novel that he paid £60 for; so he looks it up, sends it to the printing-office, and gives it to the public on the 27th May, 1766: "The Vicar of Wakefield." To-day we look back with something like wonder at the slowness of Johnson's appreciation of its merits. He told Reynolds he did not think it would have much success. Possibly its utter simplicity made him undervalue it. "I looked into it," he said, somewhat coldly, "and saw its merit." The world has been looking into it ever since, and sees its merit—sees it more and more, as time goes on. Criticism has exhausted itself in its praise, in every country and in every tongue. One only—a man whose genius had little in common with that of Goldsmith—has been found to subject it to an unjust analysis, and to censure it upon untenable objections. The unfriendly criticism of Lord Macaulay has been ably refuted by Mr. Whiteside, while he substitutes his own eloquent and genial estimate with a truth and force that command our heartiest assent. But we have a higher criticism to adduce—the criticism by which all critics must ultimately be judged, and from whose judgment there is no appeal—the criticism of the people at large; not of to-day, but of all time; not of one locality, but of every nation. Governed by no scholastic canons, testing by no artistic analyses, but guided by the instincts of the heart and the dictates of the intellect, they pronounce a judgment abiding and irreversible, because slow and matured.

On the 26th of May, 1770, "The Deserted Village, a Poem, by Dr. Goldsmith," was published. Here is no hesitation as to its reception.



THE TOMB OF GOLDSMITH.

The public judgment anticipates the critic's function. Praise is universal, and success immediate. Within a fortnight there is a second edition, four within the month of June, and a fifth in August. "Even his enemies in the press," says Mr. Forster, "were silent, and nothing interrupted the praise which greeted him on all sides." Truly they were great critics who praised it then—Johnson, and Burke, and Gray—and in every age since great critics have affirmed the praise. Goethe and his friends hailed it with transport. Campbell, Scott, Byron, are loud in eulogy. "The judgment," says Mr. Forster, "has since been affirmed by hundreds of thousands, and any adverse appeal is little likely now to be lodged against it."

One might now expect that with a reputation firmly established, a favorite poet, a popular novelist, a successful dramatist, the

condition of Goldsmith, if not one of affluence, would assuredly have been that of comfort and freedom from care. Alas! it was not so. Money for Goldsmith was less a release from debts than an incentive to extravagance. Increase of funds brought increase of expenditure. The attractions of club-life, the passion for all social pleasures, the love of dress, and it is to be feared the love of play—all these, added to a nature reckless, improvident, generous even to squandering, and ever disposed to banish in present enjoyment the thoughts of the future, made him always poor—poorest often when he was acquiring most. Accordingly, his life henceforth, apart from the drudgery of writing for daily necessities that arose as fast as they were satisfied, is to be traced in the clubs which he frequented, at dinners and festivities, often the delight, oftener the amusement of those around him.

Through all these scenes we shall not pursue him. To what purpose should we do so? If we see him in the Literary Club happy, thoughtless, uttering a thousand sprightly things, and as many silly ones, we see but the picture in the sunlight. We must look at it with the shadows falling around it, sobering, and saddening, and darkening it. We must follow him home, to find him struggling under the almost hopeless pressure of the difficulties which his own imprudence was perpetually creating; writing books, not for money, but to complete the contract, the price of which he had already received and expended, and projecting new labors upon the proposed execution of which again to raise money in advance.

But we approach the end. It is terrible to look into the last days of Goldsmith's life: joyless dissipation to stifle mental anguish; the weariness and depression of that drudgery which "lowers the spirits and lacerates the nerves" of the literary man, toiling at his labor "when the heart is not in unison with the work upon which it is employed." Bewildered, disheartened, desperate, yet hiding from the true friends that would aid him the extent of his embarrassments, he at last forms the resolution to sell his chambers in the Temple, abandon the town, and seek in the retirement of his favorite Hyde, whither he had now fled, quiet henceforth for his distracted mind, and some chance of retrenchment of his expenses. Alas! it was not to be. His mind was now diseased beyond ministrations. The struggle was killing him. He became nervous, absent, irritable, and strangely moody among those social scenes into which he rushed in the vain hope of flying from himself.

It is the month of March, 1774. Goldsmith is again in town, ill with a low fever and a complaint of some standing. He struggles against his ailments, and wishes to be at the club in Gerrard street on the 25th. Before evening he is seriously indisposed, with febrile pulse and violent headache. A kindly surgeon-apothecary and a skillful physician prescribe, but he rejects their remedies, and adheres obstinately to his own. Then he grows worse. Another physician is called in; a week of conflict with the disease ensues; at one time there is a strong hope of recovery; but more than bodily disease is at work; he can not sleep, he can not take nourishment, he grows weaker and weaker. "Your pulse," says Dr. Turton, "is in greater disorder than it should be, from the degree of fever which you have. *Is your mind at ease?*" The curt answer justifies the sagacious physician's fears, and reveals what is killing him.

"*No, it is not.*" Words never revoked, for he never spoke again; words that leave with us a feeling of permanent sorrow; the last confession wrung from the troubled spirit of him who, in his day, had soothed many an aching heart, had instructed and charmed all who came within the sphere of his influence.

The rest may be shortly told. Let us do so in the words of Sir James Prior: "At twelve o'clock on Sunday night, the 3d of April, he was in a sound and serene sleep, perfectly sensible previous to falling off; his respiration easy, the skin moist and warm, and the symptoms altogether of a favorable description. A little before four o'clock the gentleman in attendance, Mr. Hawes not being then employed, was summoned, in consequence of an unfavorable change; he found him in strong convulsions, which continuing without intermission, he expired about half-past four on Monday morning, the 4th April, 1774." So passed away from the world, in the prime of life, in the full vigor of intellect, one of the greatest geniuses of his country and his day—a man whose fame and popularity have been daily growing deeper, wider, firmer, in the affections of mankind and the literature of modern times.

JESUS AS RELATED TO THE WORLD.

THE great man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from without and from within; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns; and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching.—CHANNING.

THE greatness and grandeur of Christ's character nowhere more conspicuously appears than when contemplated from the purely human, and particularly political stand-point.

Jesus was a public man, and, as such, was of course exposed to all the peculiar temptations of public men; chief among which, perhaps, is the temptation to compromise with the world for the sake of success.

The character of a great public leader is to be estimated in the light of two considerations: First. What are the *ends* which he proposes to himself; and, second, what are the *means*, in the use of which he hopes to reach the object of his ambition? Any deviation from the strictest moral rectitude in the choice of either must, manifestly, vitiate the result. If the object itself at which a man aims be selfish or unworthy, this, of course, will be sufficient at once to brand his conduct as immoral, and, it may be, infamous. It is true that this estimate, about which we are now speaking, is likely to

be modified somewhat by circumstances. We naturally worship success. There is connected with every grand and successful career a glamour that seems to blind our eyes to the moral qualities, even of the *objects* of the hero's ambition. We instinctively like to see things go. We admire efficiency; and so great is our admiration of that stuff, of those qualities in men that enable them to succeed, to conquer, to subdue opposition, and compel all things to pay tribute to the purposes of their will, that we are in danger sometimes of overlooking the moral character of both the means and ends involved. Had Napoleon died on the throne of France, instead of St. Helena—had Jefferson Davis succeeded in overthrowing the Union, and on the ruins of this Republic erecting a powerful empire, himself its autocrat and master-spirit, his very success might have extorted from us a tribute of respect, in spite of the infamous character of his designs. Alas! for the weakness of human nature! How liable, ere we are aware, to be lured into the folly of setting up before us some golden calf or other, and then falling down before it and worshipping it!

But, making all due allowance for the influence of circumstances of the nature of those just named, for this tendency on the part of mankind to hero worship, it is still natural for us to form an estimate of a man's character according to the nature of the *ends* which he proposes to himself as the object of his habitual, his life-long endeavors. It is not so natural for us, there is reason to believe, either in estimating the moral character of our own conduct, or that of the conduct of others, to take into account the nature not only, indeed, of the ends proposed, but also of the means that are used. How many there are who would not for a single moment, nor for all the world, entertain the thought of deliberately setting up before them a wicked, a mean, an impious enterprise, who will yet, under the stress of certain peculiar emergencies or temptations, allow themselves to be seduced into the opinion that, provided their *ends* are only righteous, it is not so absolutely essential they should be so very scrupulous in regard to the character of the *means* that are employed—that, to use a certain well-known Jesuitical phrase, the *end* may be regarded as *justifying*, or *sanctifying*, the *means*! It is doubtless at this very point that a great many otherwise great and good men stumble and fall. This, in fact, may be said to be one of the peculiar and most formidable temptations to which public men, and particularly political leaders, are most liable. Up to the time, for example, of Mohammed's flight from Mecca,

and his establishment among the Moslems of Medina, there is no sufficient reason to believe that he was an impostor. Certainly the man who could go alone, and at the imminent peril of his life, and with accents of prayer upon his tongue, to summon an idolatrous city to repentance, must at least have believed in his own doctrine.* But mark, now, just the very moment the tide began to turn in his favor, and worldly success to appear within his reach, that moment a change begins to come over the spirit of his dream. From that moment his fortune rises, it is true, but his character begins to degenerate. His *ends*, indeed, still remain the same; but, alas! his *means* now become the very basest. His object is still none the less to establish the service of the one living and true God; but his means, henceforth, are most emphatically of the earth, earthy. Up to the Hegira Mohammed might, also, with Jesus, have said: "My kingdom is not of this world." But from this time the sword, and falsehood even, lying, plunder, and cold-blooded murder, were to serve him as his most faithful servants in building up Islam. What sadder, more humbling tragedy, indeed, than to see a great soul, a truly master-mind, thus conquered by success, or seduced by a worldly ambition! Mohammed had borne adversity and opposition with a faith and patience almost sublime. Hitherto he had been a prophet of God, teaching God's truth to all who would receive it, and, by the manifestation of that truth, commending himself to every man's conscience. Now he is to become a politician—the head of a party—contriving expedients, utterly regardless of their moral character, for that party's success. Before his only weapon was *truth*; now his chief means are *force*. Formerly he was content to *convince* his opponents; now he compels them to submit by the terror of his power. The opportunity is presented for vastly aggrandizing himself in the use, not only of carnal, but of wicked means, and he proves himself to be unequal to the temptation. Mohammed, indeed, may be said to add another, and perhaps the greatest illustration, to that long and melancholy list of noble souls whose natures seem to have become subdued to the element they work in, who have been tempted to seek high ends by low and unworthy means, and who, while talking of the noblest truths and the worthiest

*Reference is here made to a mission of Mohammed to Tayif, a place some sixty or seventy miles east of Mecca, in hopes of converting the inhabitants. Who can think of the Prophet, in this lonely journey, without sympathy? He was going to preach the doctrine of One God to idolaters. But he made no impression upon them, and, as he left the town, was followed by a mob hooting, and pelting him with stones.

objects, have descended to the meanest prevarications and deceits, and thus have thrown doubt upon all sincerity, honor, and faith.

That person has certainly read human history to very little purpose who has not discovered upon almost every page of it something to illustrate this fact, that, first, every man who attempts to realize a great idea must needs come at once, and very sternly, in contact with the lower world; that, second, in order to influence, effectually to move and overcome that world, he must place himself upon its level; that, finally, but very few, if indeed any, really succeed in placing themselves thus in sympathy with the world they would move, without themselves being overcome by, rather than actually overcoming it, without, sooner or later, compromising their higher aims, and, at last, forfeiting them altogether. Such a man in modern times, and in the political world, was Lord Bacon. Such a man, among conquerors, was Cromwell. And among even Christian sects, how often do we see the young enthusiast and saint ending as an ambitious self-seeker and Jesuit! He continues, it may be, to mouth the familiar language at the time when his heart was really true and simple, and tries, no doubt, thus to delude himself into the belief that he is still as true and as earnest as before, though in reality he has degenerated into the unscrupulous place-seeker and time-server, and almost no chicanery is too base for him to resort to, provided only he can thereby promote either his own personal interests or those of his own particular party or sect.

Such, then, is the weakness of man—such his liability, when assailed from the quarter and upon the side just indicated, to fall. Not but that, now and then, with extreme and melancholy rarity, examples have been afforded of an integrity that was proof against the most subtle and seductive temptations. The sacred writings of the Hebrews, for example, point us now to a Joseph who preserved his purity unsullied amid all the corruptions and solicitations of an Egyptian court; and now to a Daniel who remained inflexible and incorruptible in spite of all the blandishments and persecutions of a Babylonian court; and now, here and there, standing in gloomy and solitary grandeur against the dark background of the age in which they lived, to a true prophet of God, faithful, like Milton's Abdiel, among the many faithless, "faithful only he."

Nor are the annals of the Church, since the Christian era, by any means without instances of an incorruptible virtue; of an integrity that could go unbenighted in the midst of what-

ever temptations and trials; of a faith so heroic, so sublime as not to

"Shrink
Though pressed by every foe;
That would not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe."

How noble was that response returned by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson to a person of influence, who had significantly intimated to him that, provided he would veil certain heretical views he held, speedy preferment awaited him! "The Lord Chancellor," says he, "might give me the richest preferment in the world, but he could not give me peace of conscience with it. The world has nothing to give me which I care for. I hold the true thing to be ever the safe thing, and I can not turn so much as one hairs breadth for the sake even of royalty itself." How few would have been able to return such an answer as this to the flattering overtures of the world! Nay, would even Mr. Robertson himself, had he once entered the arena of ecclesiastical politics? Perhaps the expression of this suspicion is both ungenerous and unjust, and we will still hope that had this eloquent and prematurely blighted Gospel preacher been promoted to the seat even of the Lord Chancellor himself, his hatred of all shams, and contempt for all cant would have been no less intense and outspoken than it was, and that he would still none the less have been able to testify: "I would rather live solitary on the most desolate crag, shivering, with all the warm wraps of falsehood stripped off, gazing for unfound truth, where no bird finds hospitable bush, or insect wing flits over the herbless granite, than to sit comfortably on more inhabited spots, where others are warm in a faith which, though true to them, is false to me."

But by far the most illustrious, the most conspicuous, radiant, and beautiful example of a sublime superiority to all the solicitations of a worldly ambition, however sweet or enticing, is that afforded in the humble yet matchless earthly life of Jesus of Nazareth.

There came, we are told, in the history of Jesus Christ, that same moment which came also to Mohammed, and to Cromwell, and which sooner or later comes to all great leaders, whether in Church or State, when he saw that he could have great apparent success in the use of worldly means, when the temptation was presented, for the sake of an immediate and splendid success, to yield a little something to what was attempted to be made to appear the political necessities of his position. Some slight concession to worldly wisdom; some little compromise with existing errors; some hardly perceptible variation from perfect truthfulness for

the sake of conciliating some hoary abuse or fashionable folly; some trifling surrender of principle, or mere *suppressio veri* so as not to excite or collide with certain time-honored, highly respectable prejudices—this would be all. And now, lo! the kingdom of God would be at hand. Instead of lingering through long and dreary centuries, the triumphs of the Gospel might attend him from the very outset. The Jew and the Gentile alike might be brought to receive the truth without delay, and his system be established upon an impregnable basis in his own life-time. Surely what evils might be saved to the race, what woes to the world, what nameless anxieties and sorrows to himself and to his followers, if only the divine Gospel of love to God and man might thus be fully inaugurated by the Redeemer himself!

But now, at least for this once, this arch-seducer of mankind, though thus approaching his intended victim in the most seductive and insidious form, has fully found his match. Jesus had the practical sagacity to call it by no higher name, to see that good ends could be safely, permanently, righteously secured only in the use of good means. As intent as he was upon doing God's work, he was equally intent upon doing it only in God's way. He could patiently wait, if necessary, and as patiently toil, but he could never think of compromising with error, however respectable or hoary, for the sake of a speedier success. He could suffer, but he could not possibly do wrong even though it were to save the very heavens from falling. He could submit to being misunderstood, endure meekly the blasphemy and the contradiction of sinners; nay, if necessary he could die, and under circumstances that would leave his name and cause buried, apparently irredeemably, beneath an overwhelming tide of obloquy; but for the sake of securing to that cause any earthly advantage, nay, even if it were to save it from utter and hopeless extinction, he could never swerve from the most absolute rectitude and truth—could never concede one single grain to that godless, unprincipled, and sometimes unscrupulous worldly wisdom called expediency, much less divert that religious movement of which he was the author from its legitimate, its divine, to objects purely human and secular, using it not for spiritual, but for worldly purposes, and for worldly triumphs.

Here, then, at last, we have our earnestly coveted, and commanding example of incorruptible virtue, of uncompromising rectitude, of absolutely infallible truth—a man, indeed, who spake as never man spake before or hardly since; a man who, while living in the world,

yet lived above it—who could, when necessary, use the world, but without becoming subdued to its spirit, or compromising, in the least, his own higher aims; a man, in a word, who, when approached with the offer of all the political kingdoms upon earth as allies of his own, upon the simple and single condition of subserviency to the spirit, and maxims, and expedients of this world, instantly and indignantly repelled the base solicitation, and vindicated his own unsullied purity and absolute incorruptibility by a withering and most uncompromising, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

MY CONFESSION.

"I SEE it! I see it!" cried Pauly.

"Where?" I eagerly asked.

"Up there; just coming through the big gate."

Sure enough, there was the ox-cart, drawn by old Buck and Brindle, and in it was the piano. I knew it, although the big gate was a full quarter of a mile off.

Pauline and I had been perched for two hours on the dairy-house roof watching for that wagon. Indeed, our father had scarcely started Boston off to Mr. Clayton's for the piano, the cart had not fairly disappeared through the big gate, before Pauline and I had scaled the ladder, and, pushing the drying apples and peaches into heaps on the roof, had seated ourselves to watch for Boston's return.

Mr. Clayton, who for seventeen years had taught the planters' daughters for fifty miles around, whose name was a bugbear to refractory misses for many more miles around, Mr. Clayton, I was going to explain, had, after threatening for many successive years to close his school, finally declared that any body might have his head if he ever should teach another day. And so his school apparatus, consisting of a globe, two maps, a long table, five benches, and a piano, was offered for sale. My mother, who was fond of music, and was an ambitious woman, had succeeded in persuading my father, "a stingy man who never did have any pride," she used to say, to buy the piano, which for seventeen years had been devoted to the scales, "Life let us Cherish," and the other half dozen airs which rounded the circle of Mrs. Clayton's musical acquirements. With what wonder I had heard her music pupils talk of crotchets and quavers, and semi-quavers, and demi-semi-quavers! How marvelous had seemed their execution of "Money Musk," and "The White Cockade!" What a superior order of beings

these music pupils seemed to us more humble pupils, the daughters of small planters, owners of only a dozen or score of slaves! How I had longed to finger that famed instrument! And now it was ours. We owned the only piano in the neighborhood. Is it any wonder that Pauline and I could watch two hours for its coming?

Having assured ourselves of its approach, we hastily backed down the ladder, darted over the stile, and went flying down the lane, past the apple-orchard on the one hand, and a "cotton patch" on the other, raising, at every step of our bare feet, a cloud of dust. On the brow of the hill we met the wagon. There, sure enough, was the piano, a great box set on four reed-like legs. I smile now as I recall the funny-looking affair. I remember when we bought a new piano, eight years later, my father, who was a close man, according to the Southern idea, endeavored to include the old piano in the trade, but when the merchant came to see the poor old thing he went off into a fit of laughter, so uncontrollable and protracted that my father, who was at first offended, became infected, and laughed until the tears started.

"Stop! stop, Boston, and let us in," we both shouted, panting with running.

"I ain't got no time to be foolin' with you children," said Boston.

"O! do, Boston, let us get in," pleaded Pauline.

"Stop, or I'll tell pa," I screamed.

"Ho, Buck! ho, Brindle!" said Boston, influenced by one or both of us, and soon we had climbed into the cart.

There was no key to the piano; that had been lost years before, and Southerners seldom repair such losses. So we soon had the instrument open, and while Pauline touched the keys reverently, and as if with velvet brush, I pounded the rickety board until the air was filled with the cracked, wheezy sounds. Our father came to meet us, demanding, with impatient peevishness, "Are you going to pound that pianer to pieces? Take yourselves into the house, you miserable torments you, and get your books."

Those words, "Get your books," had a galley-like sound to us. Were we flogged, as we too frequently were, with the final blow came the hated words, "Now go and get your books." Did we grow noisy at play? "Stop that noise, and go and get your books," this was certain to greet us. Did we get into a dispute? The penalty was to be set down to our books. And they were not such books as children have now, pretty picture-books with funny poems and thrilling stories. They were "Murray's Grammar"—I do not remember when I did not study

this book—"Olney's Geography," or, at the best, the "English Reader."

Pauline and I got the books, per order, and then, looking over their tops, we loitered as near the scene of action as we dared, watching the progress of the piano, up the steps, and into the parlor, as we called the single carpeted room of the house, and saw it placed against the east window.

That evening my father sat in the dining-room nodding over the first number of the "Ladies' Repository"—we were Methodists—my mother was sewing a coarse negro shirt, pausing every few moments in her work to waken, by cuffs and boxes on the ears, a mulatto girl, Katy, who was knitting, with great glancing needles and almost cable yarn, an unshapely stocking for negro wear during the coming Winter. Pauline was lying asleep on the floor of the open passage between the two main rooms. Let me dwell a moment on the memory of that innocent slumberer. Let me go back of all these long, hard years—back of my own great sinning against the sweetest spirit I ever knew. She was lying on the hard floor, with one slight arm under the head. The little feet were bare and unwashed from the stains of the day. The pale, yellow hair, scant and unkempt, hung over the white forehead, and dirty lines were about the mouth; but there was a delicacy and refinement in the thin features which redeemed them from plainness. The brow was thoughtful, the mouth pensive, and the eyes, when waking, were solemn like the stars at midnight.

I would linger over the sleeping child, for on that night, standing by her as in memory I this morning do, I entered upon that pitiless struggle with her. O, my little Pauline, could I indeed roll back the years I would lay you in my heart; I would cherish thy gifted spirit as my crown. I was blind, blind.

With a presentiment of the struggle that was to be waged between us, I assured myself that Pauline slept, that she would not know of my efforts, and then I crept off to the parlor. Happily the full moon was pouring her light on the piano, so that no candle was needed, for we children were seldom allowed the luxury of a light. Softly I opened the instrument, and stealthily began touching one key and then another, seeking for the first note of "Days of Absence," one of the first airs I had learned to sing. After repeated hap-hazard efforts I found it. "That is to be struck twice," I said, humming the air. The third note I discovered readily, it being the next on the key-board. The fourth was found as easily, and in half an hour I could play the whole air with my right

forefinger without more than a half dozen blunders. When I returned to "the other room," as we called it, and which served as dining-room, sitting-room, etc., my mother spoke some words of praise, and even my father, always more ready to blame than to approve, roused up, and half smiled, half winked from sleep-beared eyes his pleasure.

The next morning Philip Martin—the Martins were our nearest neighbors—came over to borrow our partridge-net. His mother was going to tie him one, and he meant to have a gay time netting, come Autumn. He had come three miles and a half on this errand, and, as a matter of course, spent the morning and took dinner. So we three children went every-where—to the barn, to the hen-house, to see the pigs fattening for the Winter's killing, over the garden and wood lots, to the spring, to the orchard, bringing up shortly after the sound of the dinner-horn, which was to call the negroes from the field, around the piano. Philip wished he had known that it could be bought for forty dollars, he would have had his father buy it for his sister, she had such a taste for music. I told him exultingly that I could play a tune, and forthwith, slowly and hesitatingly, and with many a blunder, I hammered out with my rigid forefinger "Days of Absence." And then little Pauline, casting her eyes down, said shyly, "I can play that, too, and I can play a bass to it."

"Let's hear you then," said Philip in a challenging tone. "I sha'n't believe you till I hear you."

She went timidly to the piano, turning her toes in as she walked, and, placing the old family Bible on a windsor chair—she was then but eight years old—she played the air through with precision and a pretty expression. When had she learned it?

The impression of that hour on my heart will abide through all time. Then I became possessed of the demon envy, which gnashed and tore me through long years.

"You think you are mighty smart," I said, spitefully.

Pauline hung her head, as though she had done something guilty.

"And she is mighty smart, I tell *you*," said Philip. "She's a *genius*."

Pauline proved herself a genius. I had musical talent above the average, perhaps, but, though I spent much time at the piano, being urged on by the threats and promises of my ambitious mother, and by the dread of being surpassed by a younger sister, I was yet no match for her. Her musical ear was true, and quick as thought. She learned without instruction

every air she heard, and fitted a bass to it with perfect harmony. She became the wonder and talk of the neighborhood, and it was but a short time before I grew ashamed to have her hear my efforts at the piano, they were so inferior to hers. She shall not scorn me, shall not exult in her superiority, I said. So I feigned an indifference to music, thinking, if she were striving for supremacy over me, to put her off her guard, to lull her zeal. Perhaps, I argued, I may manage to overtake her, and, if I should be surpassed, it will appear to be because I do not care for success, and not because I am inferior. But, though striving to appear indifferent, I, nevertheless, assailed the cracked-voiced instrument with great industry; but I chose my times for this. These were when Pauline was not by to see and hear, when she was watching the turkeys to their nests, or seeking under the leaves or in the hollows of stumps for the great clumsy goose-eggs, or when she was at her play-house, on the mossy knoll, under the beech-tree, "playing with sticks," as she used to express it; or when she went to visit old Aunt Silva, to hear her African legends, as she tottered back and forth at her spinning-wheel.

Had my parents dealt judiciously and kindly with my imbibed spirit, it might have been cured. But they reproached me ceaselessly with my inferiority to Pauline, and my mother, especially, never lost an opportunity to exalt my sister's talents—their praises were ever on her lips. I can forgive now your pride in them, my poor mother. God knows there was little enough in your life on which to pride yourself.

One day she accused me openly, in the presence of my father and Pauline, of jealousy toward my sister. Pauline had just executed "Bruce's Address" in a graceful manner, and with an expression truly wonderful, considering her age, and that she was self-taught; and to make the performance appear yet more remarkable, my mother said:

"Pauline learnt that in less than an hour."

"Why, mother," I interposed, hastily, kindling with envy, "I've heard Pauline practicing that piece three days."

"How dare you contradict me?" she said, harshly. "You say what is not true, and you say it because you are envious of your sister. I know it; I've seen it for a long time! Instead of being proud of her, you are jealous of her. You had better thank God that he did not pass us by, and leave us to be nobodies. He has given Pauline something that will make us all distinguished—something by which we can all rise."

"I do n't want to rise by her skirts," I replied, passionately. "I wish that old piano had never come into the house;" and I rushed into the yard, where I continued: "I wish she had been born deaf—I hate her; I hate her."

Hurrying on, I found myself at Pauline's play-house under the beeches. I never knew another such play-house. She must have had collected there thousands of sticks, splints of pine and cypress and hickory, whittled and carved into all shapes and sizes. With these she had managed to construct fields and gardens, woods and orchards, cities and roads, furniture and people, horses and cattle—a world, in short. And over this world reigned a wonderful queen, a doll with hair dressed high, much in the present style, jointed at the knees, and thighs, and elbows, so that she sat on her throne and held a scepter, and with a very dirty face, from one cheek of which all the rose had been washed. Pauline had bought this doll from one of her school-mates—one of the boarding pupils—giving in exchange for it seven pickled cucumbers, a hickory-bark tooth-brush, for snuff-dipping, and sundry pieces of white clay; there being a bed of this down by the spring.

You smile at this recital, as at something grotesque; but I—I have wept over this passage in the child's shadowed life a thousand times. My heart has almost burst with its yearning toward the poor little one, as I have remembered her digging, with a great unwieldy hoe, for the clay—as I have seen her in memory working into the night to earn the seven cucumber-pickles—out at the wood-pile, filling her blue-checked apron with chips, or carrying great baskets of sweet potatoes to the cellar, and singing, always singing, as she worked.

I knew I could not deal Pauline a harder blow than to strike through her doll—her Aurelia—for this puppet was inexpressibly dear to the child, who had never had a toy bought for her—our father would have called it wasting money to invest it in toys. I tore up her cities, and gardens, and orchards—all the accumulations of months—making a huge pile of the debris. Then I went to the kitchen for fire, which the cook gave me in a rusty tin wash-basin. When the pile was all ablaze I called to Pauline. She came wondering, for in all my pastimes it was now my habit to ignore her existence.

"Come and see my bonfire!" I cried.

When she beheld the desolation which reigned over the land where her populous cities had been, she, usually so quiet, so undemonstrative, broke into sobs, which—ah! me!—I have heard many a time since.

"And Queen Aurelia," I said, mockingly and

facetiously, "I mean to drown her for a witch;" and I exhibited the beloved doll, the pride of Pauline's heart, with a stone about her neck, and, heedless of her piteous petition, "O! please don't, Rachel," I tossed the doll into the pool, and saw it immediately disappear from sight. Then Pauline threw herself on the earth, with the gesture of a despairing mother beside her dead child; and there I left her with her face in the dust.

When the passion in my heart had subsided, I was greatly alarmed for my deed, for I knew not what punishment awaited me. I think I began then to comprehend the feeling of a man fresh from some crime, expecting hourly to hear the bay of the blood-hounds on his track. But as days passed, and I heard nothing concerning the matter, I began to understand that Pauline had kept my secret. When I was assured of this, I scarcely know which was predominant—relief that I was to go unpunished, or mortification, hate, envy that Pauline was superior to betraying me—superior to me.

I can not recount the persecutions of those years toward my sister. I have not the memory of a single kindness to ease now my suffering heart; and I have not the memory of a provocation on her part, or of a complaint or a reproach. Her sweetness and saintliness have ever been to me a mystery. Her mother was a stern, ambitious woman, often a cruel tyrant with her children and slaves—never a loving woman—her father was a hard, miserly, vulgar man; her sister—alas! there are no words to tell that story—slavery made her home a pest-house. I took in all the taint of my surroundings; but Pauline's dainty nature assimilated only the good and pure about it, throwing off the impure. A fresh wild flower, it bloomed sweet and beautiful mid poison and malaria.

I was fourteen years of age when it was decided that I should be sent to boarding-school, and that, in two years, Pauline should join me. I petitioned that I might be allowed to study music, hoping, with the aid of a teacher and systematic study, to distance Pauline.

"No," said my father, peevishly, "it's as much as I can do to afford to send you to school and pay your board. You won't do any good at music. Here you've had a *pianer* this four year, and you've learnt nothing worth talking about; and just look at Pauline, how she can play. If you were ever meant for a musician, you'd a learnt to play before this, just as Pauline has. Besides, what good is it goin' to do for you to learn music, unless you can teach it? Poundin' a *pianer*, and screeching away at nonsense tunes ain't a goin' to help

you make bread or buy a picayune calico dress." And my father went into an adjoining room for his best coat and a clean collar—he was going to the village to enter me at school.

Then I heard Pauline's voice:

"Father, do let Rachel take music lessons. She has a good ear for music, and such a pretty voice; I'm sure she'll learn music. And it won't cost much, only twelve dollars a session"—a session was a half year—"and I'll help make that money."

"I'd like to know how you are going to make any money."

"O, I'm sure I can. I'll do Kitty's housework, and let her go to the field; she'll make more than a half hand. She can make a bale of cotton, and that'll more than pay for the music-lessons. Then I'll go barefooted all the Summer, and you need n't get me any Winter dress. And you know I can knit very fast, and I am sure that at odd times I can knit a pair of socks every week, and I can sell them for thirty cents a pair. O, you must let Rachel take lessons; it would be a pity to have her lose the chance. I'm sure I can make money some way, may be raising chickens and turkeys."

And then my mother came in and put in her plea—"Music would be of use to Rachel; it would make her better thought of"—and so it was decided that I should study music. I think I remember that my heart was somewhat softened by Pauline's pleadings for me; I try to believe that it was. I know I felt less bitter toward her than usual, as I argued that with two years of musical instruction, while she would be raising chickens and doing Katy's work, I could make such progress in music, that she would never be able to overtake me.

So I went to boarding-school and studied music with a very ordinary teacher, though at the time I did not know this. But even with her poor instruction I might have achieved success, according to the standard of the school and of my society, at that time; but the persistent practicing, without which success is impossible, was wanting. Had Pauline been there to stimulate my envy, I might have overcome my indolence and love of ease, but my efforts were spasmodic. At times, when I had heard from home of Pauline's progress, the old flame of envy would be kindled, and with frantic energy I would devote myself, for a time, to music. But my fears were easily lulled. Without a teacher she must fail, I would argue. It did not concern me that other girls in the school were outstripping me; it was of my sister only that I was envious. Had she been my elder, I could have forgiven her superiority, but

I can not even now, after so many years of remorse, see a younger sister greatly an elder's superior without a sigh of regret. My sympathies have always been with Leah instead of Rachel; with Esau, not Jacob. O, I could comprehend how the brethren could sell Joseph into captivity!

I had been away from home four months, when I returned to spend the Christmas holidays. For a few weeks previously I had practiced faithfully a few striking selections from the pile of half-learned music over which I had been spreading my time and energies. When I was called to the piano by my parents to give an exponent of the progress I had made, I responded with a feeling of conscious superiority. This time I felt sure of my triumph. I sang the "Old Arm-Chair," then very popular, and rose from the instrument with a glance of triumph at Pauline.

"Much good the money has done that I've spent on your music," said my father. "Pauline can beat that playing. Go to the *pianer*, Pauline, and sing that song."

"Let me sing something else," she pleaded in an undertone.

"No, sing that song."

And she did sing it with an exquisite pathos and untaught grace, though I did not stay to hear it through. Before she had finished the first stanza, I rose with a feigned weariness and left the room; but I paused at the closed door, listening with strained ears and with fire at my heart. When she had finished I ran out into the frosty air to cool the fever in my veins.

Going to the chamber which I had always occupied with Pauline, I found her already there and asleep. I had intended not to occupy the same bed with her, my little sister from whom I had been months separated; but as I stood by her side, looking upon her gentle, peaceful face, I felt awed and guilty. She seemed the victim, I the assassin. Conscience once more pleaded for her and for me; but the devils triumphed as they always did, and I quitted the apartment, where angels seemed to watch their own, for an attic-room, where for hours I mused my hatred.

The next day Philip came over. I resisted all his importunities for music, until the afternoon, when Pauline was on a visit to the negro cabins, where she was helping first one and then another of the negroes at quilting; for in every cabin a quilt might have been seen, stretched in a rough frame, suspended from the bare rafters. Then I yielded to Philip's pleading eyes, and executed a piece of music in my best style.

"That's pretty well, Rachel, but Pauly can beat that."

Thus was the humiliating truth being forever dashed in my face.

After two years Pauline was sent to join me at boarding-school. I had made average progress in my music; still Pauline, though she had received no instruction—I had studiously withheld any aid which I might have rendered the struggling child—was in advance of me. I had, perhaps, some superiority over her in my knowledge of the science of music, but Nature had taught Pauline more than my instructor could ever teach me, and Nature had taught her secrets which our mediocre teacher could never learn. So, after Pauline had received a few hints concerning time and fingering, she was independent of her teacher. Three days in the week she went to take a lesson, as it was called, but the exercise was really an exhibition of her superiority to any instruction which her teacher could give. Pauline, child of genius, rose untaught to heights which poor Miss Holiday could never have attained. She soon became the wonder of the school, and of the village, indeed, and was more than once the subject of a paragraph in the little newspaper published in the town.

Pauline's first year at the academy closed with a concert. Miss Holiday had assigned me the bass in a duet—"O Dolce Conento," giving the first part to Pauline. I refused to appear with her; Miss Holiday appealed to the Principal, and I was brought to decide between expulsion from the school and submission to the programme. So the evening of the concert found me thwarted, humiliated, revengeful. Ours was the third piece on the programme. The preceding exercises had been stupid, and the audience spiritless and undemonstrative. But now there was a buzz—a rousing up, and a murmur of satisfaction. I understood what it meant: the audience were eager to hear Pauline. O, how I hated her in that moment of triumph! I resolved that she should fail.

There was a burst of applause as we advanced to the piano. There must have been a complete contrast in our appearance. I was then seventeen, tall and full, with a *hauteur* and stateliness of manner, people said. My mouth was proud, my eye dark and flashing. Pauline was fifteen, and very small for that age, and fragile as a reed. Her pale yellow hair was worn short in the neck; her blue eyes were timid, with a look of beseechment in their depths. Her face was pale, and thin, and quiet; the pensive mouth told of a shadowed life.

She wore a white muslin dress, made with short sleeves and a full baby-waist, revealing her thin arms and neck, and the skirt was tucked to show her small slippered foot and slight ankle.

She, perhaps, detected my nervous excitement as we seated ourselves at the piano, for she gave me an affectionate, reassuring glance, and said, "Do n't be frightened, Rachel. You play it beautifully. We won't fail."

"You shall fail," I said mentally as I set my teeth. "I have no laurels to lose, but you shall be uncrowned."

I cast my eyes around on the audience and caught sight of my mother and father. Coarse, sun-burned, countryfied they looked in their holiday dress. I had little affection for them, and felt ashamed of them among the fine village folks, yet as I saw the pride on their faces at the applause which greeted their daughter, I felt a momentary relenting. It was only momentary, and I had played but a few bars before I had entered upon the execution of my plan. I began to blunder, striking wrong notes, losing the time, etc., finally jumping a bar ahead, making horrible discord. Pauline tried to set me right, but I persisted in blundering. I think Miss Holiday read my plan for defeating the child, or she might have perceived that the success of her most brilliant pupil depended upon her interference. Hastily approaching the piano, she laid her hand authoritatively on mine, and forbade my striking another note. I thought it policy to obey rather than to have a scene in the face of the audience, so I folded my hands on my lap. But Pauline was not disconcerted. Without waiting for a suggestion, with ease, and grace, and correctness, she fitted a second to the treble, introducing variations so brilliant and surprising, that I almost forgot my chagrin and bitterness in my admiration of the artist. She retired from the piano amid a storm of applause. Cheer followed cheer, growing in enthusiasm until the shy little figure again stood on the stage. The cheering ceased, and, amid a breathless expectation, her voice was heard in

"John Anderson, my Jo."

It was a pure soprano, sweet and flexible, and, in subdued passages, pathetic, like the voice of a young spirit born under a cloud. I do not know to what Pauline might have attained by study and culture; whether or not she would have won fame when she should have come to measure her strength with the athletes in song; but the music she made was like the warble of birds; no culture could create such, and no criticism could destroy it. I shall never forget

the pathos in her voice, and eyes, and face, as she sang the words,

"But now we're toddling down, John;
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

It seemed as though a life-long yearning for sympathy, a ceaseless heart-ache, a shadowed past, were all gathered into the music of that moment, and revealed to the audience. They did not break into noisy applause. Indeed, it was not till she had made her funny little bow, and was leaving the stage, that the spell seemed lifted, and her listeners took breath. Then the room was filled with tearful sounds. My mother looked softened, and more womanly than I had ever seen her, while my father was vigorously blowing his nose on a red silk handkerchief.

I do not know into what depths of sin and cruelty the demon envy would have led me, had not God's hand touched me. It was during the following Summer, and one still afternoon when I was alone in the lonely plantation-house, that two slave men brought my sister home to me—drowned! They had gone to the river to water their plow horses, and had found the body tangled at the foot of a cliff, from which it had fallen to the swift current.

I can calmly record these things now—but Pauline, my angel, have you not witnessed the blackness that settled down about me—the agony, the remorse of these long years! From thy place of blissful rest, come this peaceful morning to thy old haunts. Follow the wasted fingers that trace this confession; look into these eyes, dimmed by anguish; see this blanched hair and furrowed cheek. Behold, under the apple-tree, the little hillock; it is covered with softest green; not a weed is there, while roses and violets bloom above the pure heart. And, listen: Your sister's tears keep them fresh. Look into this poor heart, and see there that I love—love all God's creatures—and then go, child of light, open the great book, and see if it is not written against my poor name: "She is forgiven."

THE Bible is the bravest of books. Coming from God, and conscious of nothing but God's truth, it awaits the progress of knowledge with calm security. It watches the antiquary ransacking among classic ruins, or excavating buried cities, and rejoices in every medal he discovers, and every inscription he deciphers; for from that rusty coin or corroded marble it expects nothing but confirmations of its own veracity.

"MODERN ATHENS."

"Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labor plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise:
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode." BURNS.

IN the county of Mid-Lothian, and about two miles from the Frith-of-Forth, is situated "Modern Athens," the metropolis of Scotland. Having heard much of the unrivaled beauty of Edinburgh, I was somewhat fearful that on seeing it I should be disappointed; but, instead of this being the case, I am now ready to say, the half was not told me. On my arrival in the city I took the advice of one who has rambled over not a little of the world, and, by experience, has learned the art of sight-seeing. "It would be wise," she says, "in travelers to make it their first business in a foreign city to climb the loftiest point they can reach, so as to have the scene they are to explore laid out as in a living map beneath them. It is scarcely credible how much time is saved, and confusion of ideas obviated by this means."

After learning that the Castle was the highest point in the city, and having secured a room in a good temperance hotel, I started out with guide-book in hand to see the Queen of the British Isles. Crossing over the deep ravine, which divides the old city from the new, and, after spending considerable time and strength in climbing, I found myself on the very summit of this once strong fortification. Here, elevated three hundred and eighty-three feet above the level of the sea, is a point admirably fitted to gratify the taste of the most fastidious spectator:

"St. Margaret! what a sight is here!
Long miles of masonry appear;
Scott's Gothic pinnacles arise,
And Melville's statue greets the skies,
And sculptured front and Grecian pile
The pleased yet puzzled eye beguile."

Right well was I paid for my time and toil spent in working my passage up to this lofty rampart. The view which spread itself out before me was novel, romantic, beautiful. At my feet lay the city, with its gigantic buildings, wide and narrow streets, squares and gardens, monuments and towers, all scattered round in seeming wild confusion. Running between ancient and modern Edinburgh is a deep ravine, once a hiding-place for the burglar and bandit—now the highway of commerce and travel. On the north there is a gentle declivity, leading to the village or port of Leith, a broad estuary laughing in the sunlight, and all around are

noble residences, with handsome lawns and well-kept walks. On the east is Arthur's Seat, kingly and majestic, Salisbury Crags, bold and rugged, and Carlton Hill, covered with monumental glory.

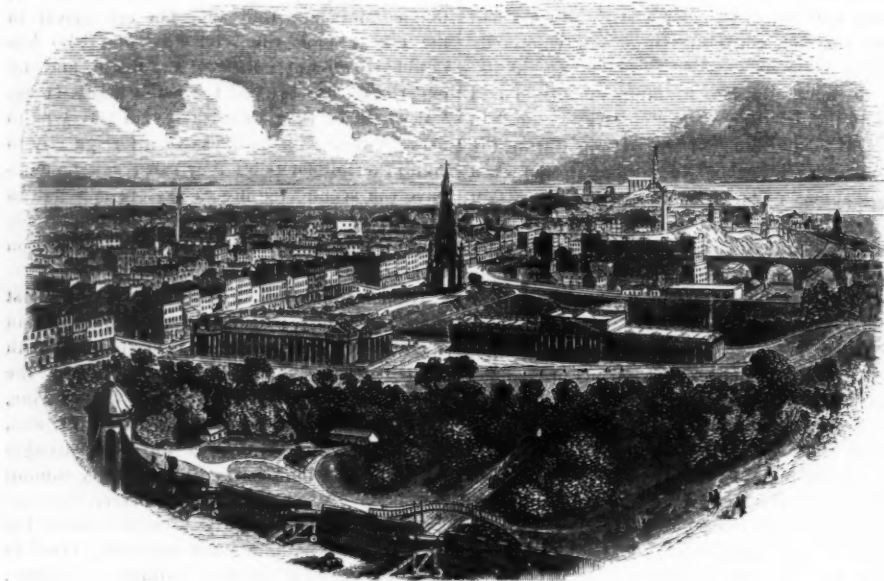
The Old Town presents a jumbled and confused appearance, which, contrasted with the elegance and regularity of the New, form a picture of much beauty. Indeed, it would be impossible for any one at all susceptible of the beautiful in Nature or art to stand here without being over-charmed, yea, ravished with the sight. I believe that for picturesqueness of situation and scenery, mountains and valleys, rocks

and glens, and of the sea itself, within hearing and seeing distance, Edinburgh has no equal!

"Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers!"

To give a minute description of every thing that attracts the eye would be to give a description of the whole, for "every prospect pleases," and would require a large volume. I shall only attempt to sketch a few of the many places of interest connected with "Auld Reekie," in the order in which I saw them.

On the west terminus of High-street, on a lofty rock that rises on three sides several hundred feet above the level of the ground,



EDINBURGH (NEW TOWN) FROM THE CASTLE.

stands Edinburgh Castle. Tradition says that it was once occupied as a fortification by the aboriginal tribes, long before the conquest of the country by the Romans: if so, its situation must have rendered it impregnable. But much of the early history of this ancient stronghold is unknown—time kindly shuts out many of the dark actions of the past. When Dr. Johnson visited the Castle the guide mentioned that tradition asserted that a part of it had been standing three hundred years before the birth of Christ. "Much faith," replied the Doctor, in his usual manner, "is due to tradition, and that part of the fortress that was standing at so early a period must, undoubtedly, have been the rock upon which it is founded!"

On my way up to the top from the lower yard I met fifteen or twenty soldiers; some on

duty and others lounging lazily around. They were dressed, not in kilts, as I expected to see them, but in the English red and black. Having passed through the outer and inner yards, and then up a long circuitous alley, I found myself in a broad, open space, with soldiers, citizens, and great guns. On the Bomb Battery is quite a large cannon, called "Mons. Meg." It is eighteen feet long, hooped like a barrel, and can carry a ball five feet in circumference, according to history. Mons. Meg was forged at Castle Douglas in 1489, and presented to James II by the M'Lellans, when he was besieging the Castle of Threave. "Meg" was rent in 1682, when firing a salute in honor of the Duke of York's visit to the city. Too great a quantity of powder had been put in, and, as the charge was made by an Englishman, the

Scotch say that it was done out of malice, there being no cannon in England so large. At the south-east corner of the Castle top is a little room, not more than twenty feet square, and, adjoining it, a bed-room not ten feet square, where Mary, Queen of Scots, became a mother. Here James VI first saw the light; and tradition says that when he was eight days old he was let down from the little chamber window in a basket, two hundred and fifty feet, and carried off to Sterling Castle, there to receive Catholic baptism. On the wall of the chamber is the prayer Mary is said to have offered up on the birth of her son. It is painted in old English. The following is a copy of it:

"Lord Jesu Christ, that Crownit was of Thornise,
Preserve the Birth whois Bodyie heir is borne,
And send Hir Sonne Successione to Reigu still
Long in this Relme, if that it be Thy will;
Also Grant, O Lord, what ever of Her proceed,
Be to thy Glorie, Honor and Prais sobeid."

"Year 1566—Birth of King James—Month 19 Junii."

The room in which the Scottish Regalia are stowed is on the east side of the quadrangle; but not having an order from the Council Chamber, I was unable to see it; and my time being limited I did not think it provident to go and get one. The Regalia consist simply of a crown, scepter, sword of state, and other jewels—symbols of Scotland's ancient glory—now of her submission! These were long supposed to have been lost, but, after lying in an old oak chest from the date of the Union—1707 to 1810—they were brought to light by Sir Walter Scott.

While on my way down from the airy tops, I

thought, if the old Castle could but speak, what tales she might tell me of olden times. These walls, now weather-beaten and time-worn, once surrounded infuriated mobs, and by them have passed the funeral train of successive generations. And over these streets have marched kings and queens—some in honor and some in dishonor. Yes, and greater than kings or queens; for here, upon these pavements, Buchanan, and Robertson, and Hume, and Mackenzie, and Ramsey, and Chalmers, and Knox, and Miller, and Burns, and Scott, have often strolled! Visions of the past come up before me—a sacred antiquity looks out from every crevice, centuries have left their traces on these pillars, and touching memories are inscribed on every stone!

Passing down High-street, toward Canongate, my attention was called to the first house on the right, a miserable-looking old structure, but worthy of a passing notice. This was once the residence of the first Duke of Gordon; and in the gable wall is to be seen a cannon ball, which is said to have been shot from the Castle, while the Pretender had possession of the town. Continuing my journey down the street I passed the Canongate Church, where repose the bones of Ferguson, the poet, and Adam Smith, the political economist. And a little farther down, where the street contracts into a narrow lane, called the Neitherbrow. Here, at the commencement of this narrow street, stands a queer-looking old building, projecting nearly half-way across the street, called—



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

This is the house of all others in Edinburgh I wanted to see most. Here, in this quaint old building, lived and labored one of the boldest spirits of the Reformation—a man over whose grave the Regent of Scotland triumphantly pronounced this noble eulogium: "Here lies he who never feared the face of man;" next to the house stands the church in which he preached fearlessly to kings and queens, and in which it is said the second Reformation received new life through the action of a woman. Jenny Geddes had brought her stool with her to Church on the memorable day in 1637, when the obnoxious liturgy of Laud was to be introduced into Scotland by authority. The Bishop of Edinburgh had just asked the Dean to read "the collect for the day," when Jenny exclaimed, "Colic, said ye; the de'il colic the wame o' ye; wud ye say mass at my lug?" and having finished her speech she lifted her stool and sent it flying at the Dean's head.

There is nothing very remarkable about Knox's house except its great antiquity.

"Time consecrates ;

And what is gray with age becomes religious."

Over the lower door are the nearly obliterated remains of the following inscription: "LYFE. GOD. ABOVE. AL. AND YOUR NIGHTBOR AS. Y'R. SELF." On the corner which puts out into the street, under a sort of canopy, is a figure of a man on his knees—supposed to represent Moses on the Mount receiving the law—with hand raised and finger pointing to a stone on which is cut the name of God in three languages, thus:

Θεος. Deus. God.

Above the inscription is a coat-of-arms, to which no clew can now be found. It is a wreath of flowers encircling three trees and three crowns, bearing initials J. M. and A. M. at the four corners.

What changes has the hand of old Time brought about in this street! Here, in these dingy houses that surround me, once lived proud princes and nobles, now filled with the poorest of the poor. Here, where once was heard the voice of song and the merry laugh, now only the wail of want and misery. Princes, knights, and nobles have given place to toiling artisans and emaciated children of poverty. Here was once witnessed the clash of arms; here foe met foe in deadly grasp, and here the gathering war-clouds of angry passion often emptied themselves without law or justice. Sir Walter Scott thus refers to such:

"When the streets of high Duneden
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the Slogan's deadly yell."

On most of the old houses may be seen rudely carved inscriptions—some in old English, but the majority of them in Latin, telling of the times previous to the Reformation. Few of these can at all be deciphered; the waste of years and the hand of the scavenger have put out of sight many records of the past.

"Time lays his hand

On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite
What all the fond artificers did think
Immortal workmanship: he sends his worms
To books, to old records, and they devour
Th' inscriptions. He loves ingratitude,
For he destroy'd the memory of man."

Having satisfied myself in looking at the exterior of Knox's house, I passed up the outside stair, at the top of which is a door opening into a small hall; here I was met by the lady who has the house in charge, and who, for sixpence, showed and explained to me every thing from sitting-room to garret. From the hall below there is a narrow, circular stairway, leading first to a room fitted up as a museum, and then higher still to the chamber in which the Reformer slept. The recess in which stood his bed was pointed out. Here he laid down the armor and took up the crown. Just a little before he died he said to his wife, who stood by, "Read me the chapter [17th chapter of John] where I first cast anchor." Dr. Preston being with him offered up prayer, and then asked him if he heard it. "Would God," said he, "that all men could have heard it as I have," and then added, "I praise God for the heavenly sound." His friend, Richard Bannantyne, drawing near his bed, said, "Now, sir, the hour that you have longed for, to-wit, an end of your battle, has come; and seeing now all natural powers fail, remember the comfortable promises which oftentimes ye have shown to us of our Savior Christ; that we may know ye understand and hear us, make us some sign." Upon this he lifted up his hand twice, and died without a single struggle.

"Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?

Yes, but not his; 't is Death himself there dies!"

John Knox is not dead! He still lives. Lives in the hearts of Scotia's sons and daughters: Lives to-day in the actions of a Protestant world more powerful than ever!

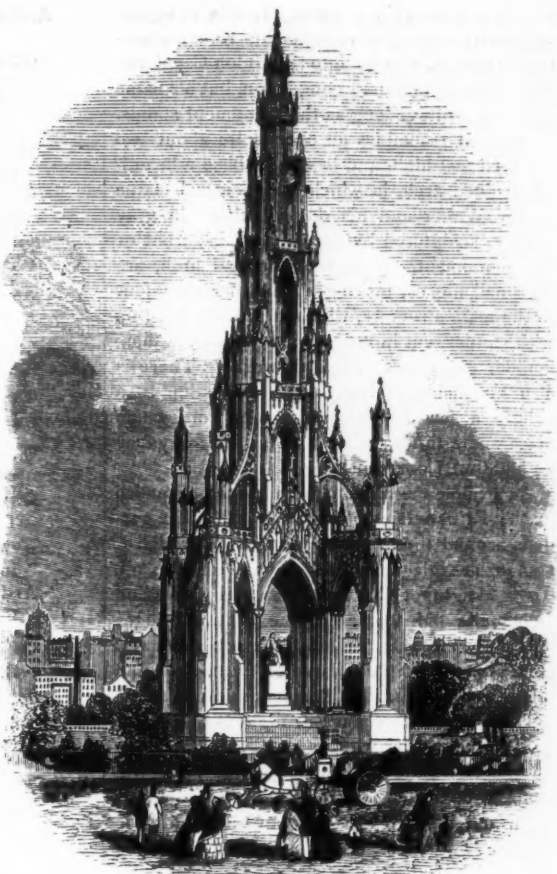
From the bed-chamber I was taken into a little room not more than six or eight feet square, called the studio; here he was wont to clothe himself with strength for the battle. On the window of this little room is a likeness of Knox; also his crest, the year of his birth, 1505, and of his death, 1572. Here, too, is an old chair, said to be the only article of furniture in the house which belonged to him. My

guide called it his study-chair. I took a seat in it for a little while and thought of the inspiration which filled the soul, nerved the arm, and made brave the heart of the great Reformer.

If the date on the window be correct, Knox came into the world just twenty-two years later than Martin Luther, and four years earlier than John Calvin. He was the leading spirit of the Reformation in Scotland, as Luther was in Germany, and Calvin in Switzerland—men raised up and anointed from on high to battle with error in high places.

The highest point in the new town has an elevation almost equal to the Castle Summit of the old, and is called "Carlton Hill." The Scotch have been trying, it would seem, to cover it, like the Acropolis of Athens, with monuments of their warriors, statesmen, and poets. Of these the most conspicuous are Lord Nelson's and the National Monument. The former is about one hundred and twenty feet high, which, with the hill, gives it an altitude of over five hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is built after the form of a light-house, and serves the double purpose of monument and prospect-tower for sight-seers. By the payment of a sixpence the visitor is admitted to the summit, from which there is a magnificent panoramic view of surpassing beauty and variety. On the flag-staff there is a large time-ball, which drops exactly at one o'clock, Greenwich time, and in connection with this there is a gun fired by electricity at the same moment from the Castle.

But the most noteworthy object on Carlton Hill is the national monument—a monument to the nation's folly, for having commenced the work without counting the cost or measuring their strength. After the battle of Waterloo gratitude welled up within the Scottish heart, and they "resolved, at a great public meeting in Edinburgh, to erect some public building which should perpetuate the remembrance of events, in which the heroism of Scotsmen was so conspicuous." The work of erecting the same was commenced in 1822, during King George's residence in Scotland, and the idea was to produce an exact model of the Parthenon



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

at Athens. At the expiration of two years over ninety thousand dollars was spent in the erection of three steps and ten exterior columns, and, for want of funds, here it has rested for almost fifty years, and doubtless will rest for many more. It has been thought by some that the monument, as it now stands, is more picturesque than if completed, but I can't see it in that light. It is all very well for the Scotch to make the best of their misfortune. The fox said, "The grapes are sour," when he found out he could not reach them, and we often find out what we will do by learning what we can't do.

But the handsomest monument in the city is Scott's, situated on the finest street in the empire, and well worthy of such a place. It was erected in 1844 at an expense of over one hundred thousand dollars. This stately pile, rising in rich artistic beauty, might almost be worshiped without sin, for its like is not in heaven above, nor on the earth beneath, nor in

the waters under the earth. It was designed and partly built by George Weikle Kemp, a self-taught genius, who fell into the Union Canal and was drowned before its completion, but his name and fame will live long as the monument stands. In form it resembles an open spire about two hundred feet high, and has in its base a beautiful groined arch, in which is a colossal statue of Sir Walter and his dog "Maida" in gray marble, sculptured by Steel. In each front of the monument, above the principal arch, are six small niches, making a total of twenty-four in the main structure, which are mostly filled up with statues, cut in red sand-stone, of the most familiar characters in Scott's works. There is also an inside stairway which leads up to a gallery a few feet from the top, from which place some think the best view of the city may be had, but I do n't believe it.

As a whole the monument is not to be equaled in the British Isles, if in the world. The gardens around the slope, on the brow of which it stands, are elegantly laid out and free to all. To the right of the monument, as you stand facing the old town, on one of the bridges spanning the vale, is built the art gallery, a solid stone structure pillared on every side, and might well be called the Parthenon in miniature. The view from this place at night is one of the finest I have ever witnessed. Facing the east, on the right, are the houses of the old town, running up eight, ten, and even twelve stories high, and then rising one above another as if desirous to reach the skies, and these being crowded with the poorer classes from the cellar to the garret, every room has its separate occupant, and consequently every window in this immense pile of buildings is illuminated. On the left is Prince-street, with its long row of well-lighted, beautiful stores looking over the flower and tree filled valley. The illumination of the old city is the consequence of poverty and wretchedness, and in the new of wealth and luxury; but both uniting make an illuminated picture of remarkable effect. Here poverty and wealth have met together, wretchedness and luxury have kissed each other.

HOPE is the sweetest friend that ever kept distressed friends company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way, and the miseries of our pilgrimage. It tells the soul sweet stories of the succeeding joy; what comfort there is in heaven; what peace, what joy, what triumph, what marriage songs and halleluiahs there are in that country whither she is traveling, that she goes merrily away with her present burden.

A PSALM OF THANKSGIVING.

O! THOU divine Eternal One,
My soul's Creator, Love and Lord,
My Father and my faithful Friend,
My Trust, my Comfort, my Reward!
My heart seems bursting with its load
Of gratitude and loving praise,
As rapt and still I meditate
On all thy gracious, glorious ways.

How shall I thank thee as I might?
What can a stamm'ring mortal say
When visited in love by Him
Whom all the rolling spheres obey?
I had not thought to know this joy
While in the flesh, O, Ever Just
To answer all thy people's prayers;
It bows my spirit in the dust.

O! what am I that thou shouldst hear,
Or stoop to answer to my cry?
Or what my father's house to thee,
That thou our need shouldst thus supply?
Now do thy servants know thee well,
In every truth the faithful God,
And may our trust ne'er waver more
Beneath thy smile, beneath thy rod!

O! blessed, loving, pitying Lord,
Behold, behold my choking heart,
That can not speak its love and praise,
Nor its high thought of what thou art.
There is a language for the soul,
Able to voice its throes of love,
Able to sound thy praises forth,
And I shall speak that tongue above.

A SPRING MORNING.

THE earth hath felt the vernal tides again,
The upland snows flow down into the glen,
The foaming torrent rushes to the main,
The streaming ground gives pledge of Summer rain.

The barn is open, and the cattle stand
And snuff the air, blown from the pasture land,
And dream of sunny slopes, and grasses sweet,
And winding paths that wait their loitering feet.

The children riot o'er the greening lawn,
Fresh vigor gleaming strength of brain and brow,
While, o'er the threshold bars, baby's shout
On quivering wings of rapture flutters out.

In through the open window glide the feet
Of wand'ring winds, laden with odors sweet,
From orchards culled and from the ferny woods
Where Spring is weaving, in the solitudes,
The mysteries of bud, and leaf, and bloom,
Hinted to us in whispers of perfume.

O! shall the days when Summer blooms are fair,
When bobolink with music floods the air,
When swallow sweeps the azure with his wing,
Bring sweeter life than thou hast brought, O Spring?

STORY OF THE SANGREAL.

OF all the old chivalric legends which have come down to us from the days of King Arthur and his famous Knights of the Round Table, not one conveys a better idea of what a true knight should be—*sans peur et sans reproche*, brave, true, pure, and faithful—than the story of the Sangreal, and the search for it by Sir Launcelot du Lac and Sir Galahad.

The Sangreal, or Holy Grail, was the cup from which our Savior drank at the last supper that he partook of with his disciples. After his crucifixion "the gentle knight," Joseph of Arimathea, brought it with him into England, where he founded the Abbey of Glastonbury, and where he abode many years. After his death it remained long in the custody of his descendants, and by its beneficent presence shed peace and plenty over all the land.

But the guardian of the Sangreal must be pure in thought, in word, and in deed; and at last it befell that a young monk, to whose charge it was committed, forgot his vow, and it vanished from the sight of men; and then over all the land came down the iron age of violence, and oppression, and distress. At last Arthur ruled over the people, and brought back somewhat of happiness and prosperity.

One day, when all the Knights of the Round Table were feasting with the King at Camelot, a soft radiance suddenly illumined the hall, and the air was filled with sweet odors, and there entered the room the Holy Grail, veiled in robes of samite, and passed slowly down the apartment.

Then up rose in his seat Sir Gawaine, the Courteous Knight, and vowed a solemn vow to go upon the pilgrimage of the Sangreal, and one after another the rest of the knights followed his example.

Then appeared an old man leading by the hand a youthful knight of fair countenance, and the old man said, "Peace be with you, fair sirs! I bring here a young knight of the line of Joseph of Arimathea"—and the name of the knight was Sir Galahad.

Now at the Round Table there were twelve seats for the twelve disciples, and one for the traitor Judas, and in that seat none had ever ventured to sit, since a bold Saracen who placed himself therein was swallowed up; and it was called the Siege Perilous from that day.

But there sat Sir Galahad unharmed, and on the table before him appeared these words: "This is the seat of Sir Galahad, the good knight." And they marveled greatly and said, "Surely this is he who shall achieve the adventure of the Sangreal."

The knights then celebrated a solemn mass, and set forth each upon his own way to seek the Holy Grail. Many a strange adventure had they; but we will see what befell two of them—Sir Launcelot du Lac, the bravest and most accomplished knight of the Round Table, and Sir Galahad, the youngest of them all.

Sir Launcelot du Lac wandered on through pathless forests, and came at last to a stone cross, near which was an old chapel; and looking through a chink in the wall, he espied an altar richly decked with silk, and on it a tall, branched candlestick of pure silver, bearing lighted tapers.

Here he fain would have entered, but there was no door, and sad at heart he laid him down upon his shield beneath a tree at the foot of the cross. And as he lay between sleeping and waking, there came a sick knight borne in a litter, who lamented and complained, crying, "O, sweet Lord, how long shall I suffer thus before the blessed cup shall appear to ease my pain?"

And then Sir Launcelot saw the candlestick come out before the cross, and the Holy Grail with it, borne on a salver by invisible hands, and the knight was healed of his disease; and then the tapers and the cup returned into the chapel, and all was dark.

The knight kneeled before the cross and gave thanks; and as he arose he beheld Sir Launcelot sleeping, and wondered that he could rest thus, while the holy vessel was present near him. "I trow," said his squire, "that this man is guilty of sins of which he repenteth now, and hath not confessed"—and they departed, and Sir Launcelot awoke, and wept and sorrowed until the birds sang at the daybreak.

Then he arose and wandered on until he came to a place where dwelt a saintly hermit, and to him he confessed his sins; and the hermit absolved him, and ordered him to perform a severe penance; and Sir Launcelot abode with him for a day, and repented him sorely.

And it chanced that one night, when the moon shone clearly, he came to a great castle, guarded by two lions. And as he entered he laid hand upon his sword, but it was smitten out of his grasp, and a voice said, "O, man of evil faith, trustest thou more in thine arms than in thy Maker?"

And Sir Launcelot crossed himself, the lions suffered him to pass by unharmed, and he came at last to a chamber where the door was shut, and within a voice sweeter than any mortal's sang, "Joy and honor to the Heavenly Father!" As he kneeled down and prayed, the door opened, and all around was a wondrous bright-

ness, and a voice said, "Enter not, Sir Launcelot!"

And in the chamber he beheld a table of silver, and on it the Sangreal, veiled in red samite. And about it stood a throng of angels holding a cross, and the tapers and ornaments of the altar.

In joy and amazement Sir Launcelot forgot the command, and stepped forward to enter the room, but a hot breath smote him to the ground, he felt himself lifted up, borne away, and laid upon a bed, where he lay for twenty-four days; and in his sleep he saw many a vision of strange and wondrous things. When he awoke, and told those about him of what he had seen, they said to him, "Sir, you have seen all that you shall see, and the quest of the Sangreal is ended for you."

Then Sir Launcelot returned thanks unto God for the favors that had been vouchsafed him, and arose, put on his armor, and took himself to the court of King Arthur, where he was received with great joy.

Sir Galahad rode forth without a shield upon his journey, and for four days he met with no adventure, till on the fifth he came to a great white abbey, where he met two knights, who told him that within that place was a shield that none might wear save he alone who was worthy.

On the morrow they heard mass, and afterward rode to where the shield was hanging; when one of the knights called King Baydemagus, took it and hung it about his neck. Then came riding a knight clothed in white armor, who tilted with King Baydemagus, overthrew him, and wounded him sorely, for the shield slipped from his shoulder and refused to cover him.

The next day Sir Galahad put on the shield, when it hung in its place. He then rode to the place of meeting, and asked of the white knight a solution of the mystery.

The latter replied, "This is the shield of the gentle knight, Joseph of Arimathea, and when he died he declared that none should ever after safely bear it, save only the good knight Sir Galahad, the last of his line, who should perform many wondrous deeds;" and speaking thus the white knight vanished from sight.

Many great deeds did Sir Galahad, and many a lonely heath, many a gloomy forest, many a pleasant countryside, and many a town, did he visit in his wanderings, till at last he came to the borders of the sea, guided by a gentlewoman, the sister of Sir Perceval, a brother Knight of the Round Table.

There he found a vessel in which were Sir

Bohort and Sir Perceval, who welcomed him warmly. They afterward passed over the sea to two great rocks, where was a fearful whirlpool; and there lay another ship, by stepping on which they might gain the land. The three knights went on board, Sir Galahad first.

Here they beheld the table of silver and the Holy Grail, veiled in red samite; they all kneeled before it, and Sir Galahad prayed that whenever he should desire to die, his prayer might be granted. Then was heard a voice saying, "Galahad, thou shalt have thy wish; and when thou desirest the death of thy body, it shall be granted thee and thou shalt find the life of thy soul."

The ship now began to drive before the wind till it came to the city of Sarra. There the knights took the silver table out of the ship, Sir Bohort and Sir Perceval going first and Sir Galahad behind. On reaching the city gates they met a man upon crutches, and Sir Galahad called him to come and help to carry the table; when the cripple arose and bare it with Sir Galahad, although it was ten years that he had not walked without aid.

The king of that city had just died, and in the midst of the council a voice cried out bidding them choose as ruler the youngest of the three strangers. When Sir Galahad was chosen king, he commanded a chest to be made of gold and jewels, wherein he placed the Sangreal, and every day he and his comrades kneeled down and prayed before it.

When it was a year to a day that Sir Galahad had reigned in that country, he and his friends came to do homage to the holy vessel, and behold, there kneeled before it a man in shining raiment surrounded by a multitude of angels; and he rose up and said to Sir Galahad, "Come, servant of the Lord, and thou shalt see what thou hast long desired to see." And when the king beheld him, he trembled and the stranger said,

"Knowest thou me?"

"Nay," replied Sir Galahad.

And the man said, "I am Joseph of Arimathea, whom the Lord hath sent to bear thee fellowship."

Then Sir Galahad lifted up his hands to heaven and said, "Now, blessed Lord, if it pleaseth thee, I would no longer desire to live."

Then he kissed his two companions, and commended them to God, and kneeled down before the Sangreal and prayed; and before their eyes a multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, and a hand came from above and took the Sangreal up out of their sight; and no mortal man has ever since beheld it.

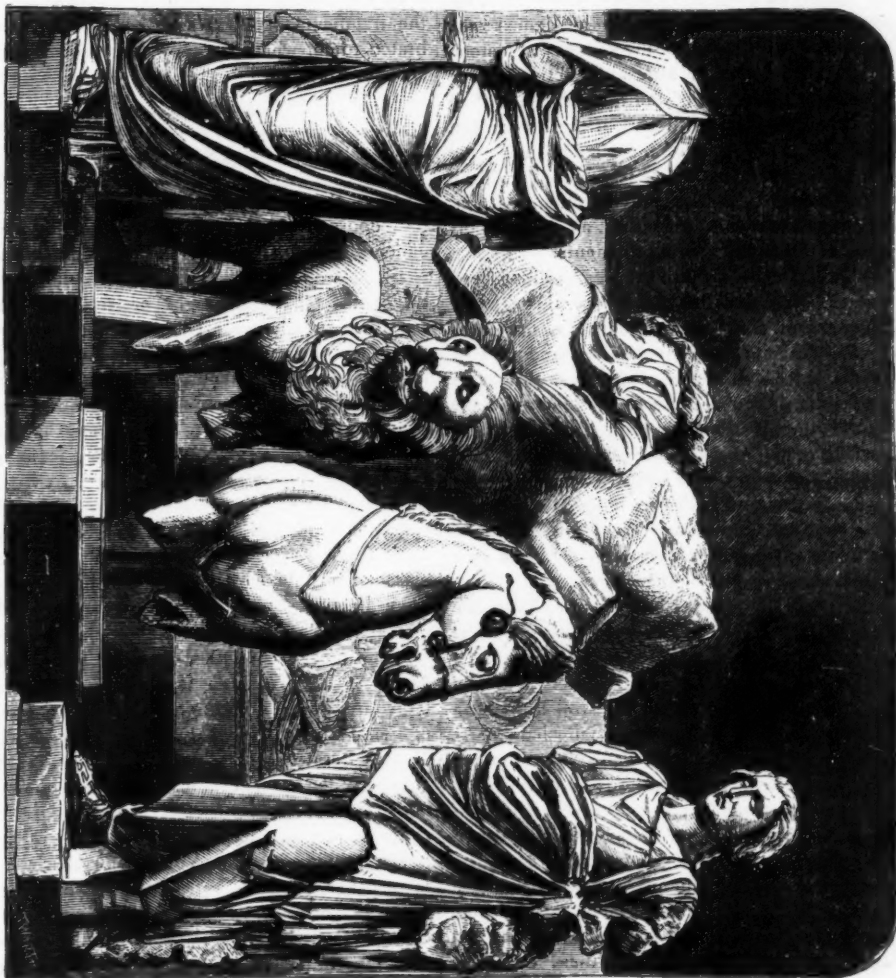
THE TOMB OF KING MAUSOLUS.

KING MAUSOLUS, the oldest of the three sons of Hecatomnus, the wealthiest of the Carian dynasty, died B. C. 353, when his widow, Artemisia, mixed the ashes of her husband with wine, which she drank, and erected to his memory at Halicarnassus—now Budrum—a superb tomb, which was esteemed one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and, by its artistic

celebrity, has given the name of *Mausoleum* to tombs and sepulchers of stately character.

The tomb of Mausolus was designed by the architects Satyros and Pythias; the names of the sculptors were the celebrated Scopas of Paros, and Bryaxis, Timotheus, Lochares, and also Pythois; and we know the part of the structure which each of the sculptors embellished with his work. Artemisia died before the monument was completed, when the artists

FRAGMENTS OF THE TOMB OF MAUSOLUS, FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



are said to have finished the work for their own honor and the glory of art. Strabo in the first century, Pausanias in the second century, Gregory of Nazianzen in the fourth, Constantine Porphyrogenitus in the tenth, and Eudocia in the eleventh centuries, respectively speak of the Mausoleum in terms which imply that it was still existing during these periods; while Fon-

tanus, the historian of the siege of Rhodes, states that a German knight, named Henry Schelegellot, constructed the citadel at Budrum out of the Mausoleum, and decorated the walls with its marbles and bas-reliefs.

To the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Newton, the keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities at the British Museum, the world owes

the recovery of the best part of the remains of this famous tomb. They consist chiefly of a large portion of the frieze—one of the slabs preserves its original sharpness of sculpture in a remarkable manner—several of the lions which stood in the intercolumniations; the head of a lion, treated in the best style of art, and for which Mr. Newton paid a dollar! part of a colossal equestrian statue finely modeled, probably one of the corner decorations; the statue of Mausolus himself, of which, however, Professor Westmacott doubts the genuineness; the companion statue, that of the goddess who stood in the quadriga with Mausolus, acting as his charioteer; portions of the horses; a head, in very fine condition, with part of the bronze bit, etc., and a fragment of the chariot itself; the head of the statue, which is believed to have represented Artemisia, and torsos, heads, and pieces of several other statues, as well as portions of the architectural ornaments.

The existence of these marbles had long been known, when, in 1846, they were, through the influence of Sir Stratford Canning, presented by the Turks to the British nation, and are now in the British Museum, which thus possesses fragments of two of the Seven Wonders of the World—the Mausoleum, and a fragment of the carving of one of the Pyramids of Egypt. That the bas-reliefs now in the Museum were inserted in the Budrum walls by the Knights of Rhodes is proved by the escutcheons, Latin sentences, and date 1510, as well as by an inscription on a shield borne by one of the figures.

The entire tomb was raised on a platform, a parallelogram, four hundred and sixty-nine feet on the outside, in the center of the finest street of the city which Mausolus himself delighted in—Halicarnassus, now the cheerful little town of Budrum. It comprised a small chamber in the basement for the remains of Mausolus; a *podium*, or temple, upward of fifty feet high, in which the admirers of the deceased might assemble to pay homage to his memory; a *pteron*, or colonnade, above this, consisting of thirty-six graceful Ionic columns, thirty-seven and a half feet high; a pyramid of steps and pedestals, with a base one hundred and eight feet long and eighty-six wide, resting upon these columns; and on the top of all a colossal group, representing the apotheosis of Mausolus—Mausolus carried to heaven by his favorite goddess in a chariot drawn by four horses abreast. At the corners of the basement, and level with the ground, were placed colossal groups of sculpture; above, between the columns, deities and heroes reclined, while lions and other animals guarded the *cella*. The material was Parian

marble, parts being colored, some pure red, the others pure blue. When Anaxagoras saw this costly work he exclaimed, "How much money is here changed into stone!"

From the description of this monument by Pliny has been modeled the upper part of the steeple of St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, London, the surmounting figure, instead of Phaëton, being that of George I in Roman armor.

In the illustration we have a view of some of the fragments grouped together of this, celebrated tomb, which are now to be seen in the British Museum.

LIFE IN PARIS.

THE Frenchman finds his pleasure out-of-doors, in the cafés, in the singing and dancing gardens, in the parks, sitting on a chair, looking at the flowers and at the passers-by; in the theaters at night, or strolling along the Champs Elysées. He does not envy his Anglo-Saxon neighbors their domestic life. The fireside would be tedious, if such a thing existed. That is the estimate most Americans will make of Paris life. The estimate is true and false. There is home life among many of the French; but it is not the prominent characteristic of Paris. Americans see chiefly the absence of it, unless they live long enough in Paris to gain access to the homes of the better class of people. Most Parisian houses are large lodging-houses, where you are allowed almost absolute privacy. The inmates know but one official connected with it; that is the *concierge*. Every house is entered through a large archway. Adjacent to this is the room of the *concierge*, always a woman of middle life. None enters or passes out without her knowledge. When you establish yourself in her house she records your name, birth-place, country, age, and occupation. It is a part of the police system of Paris. You pay for your room in advance, at such rates as you can agree upon beforehand, ranging all the way from thirty to three hundred francs a month, according to accommodations and quarter of the city. If you would live cheap go south of the Seine. If you are a bachelor establish yourself in the Latin Quarter, near the Pantheon or the Gardens of the Luxemborg. There you will see French life as it is; there you will be able to see the student life of Paris. There are abundance of good restaurants where you can obtain a breakfast or a dinner, consisting of soup, one plate of meat, one plate of vegetables, half

bottle of wine, bread "at discretion," and a dessert, for from one to two francs. Many live in this quarter for a dollar a day, and even less, by practicing such economy as the poorer class of students practice. Here you are within a few minutes' walk of the colleges of law, and medicine, and theology; the grand old Cathedral of Notre Dame, and of the Garden of Plants, with its rich botanical and zoological collections; of the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg and the Theatre Oden. Here also you will be above the Catacombs, those vast under-ground receptacles of millions of dead. Here, too, from the dome of the Pantheon, the highest elevation in Paris, you have the grandest views of the city and its suburbs; within, you have the never-ending services of the Church, calling incessantly upon the votaries of pleasure in the midst of life to remember their mortality. Here, all around you, is that institution of semi-marriage, known only among Parisian students. Near at hand, also, is the Seine, most beautiful of rivers that flow through the heart of a great city. Through this whole region passes the Boulevard St. Nickel, with its palatial buildings and broad pavements.

North of the Seine, as north of the Thames, you come into the region of high prices, of resplendent shop-windows, of the centers of fashion and dissipation for the foreigner. You are in the region of the Grand Hotel, that huge Caravan Serai, chiefly patronized by Americans and English, with its miles of halls, its rooms for 1,200 guests, its gorgeous dining hall, with waiters in white kids; its large reading-room, covered with Paris dailies, and the London *Times*, *Telegraph*, and *Star*; its central court filled with chairs and little stands, about which John Bull and Jonathan are drinking their coffee or smoking—all overarched with a glass roof in an iron framework.

Southward outside the hotel, which is somewhat triangular in form, and faces three streets, is the Boulevard des Italiens, once, as the name would seem to imply, the head-quarters of the modern Romans, but now usurped by all the world. This is the gayest thoroughfare of all Paris. It is very wide, with very broad sidewalks, adorned with trees planted along the border. Along the Boulevard and its extensions are the costly luxuries of Parisian handiwork, displayed at the windows in such manner as to attract the newly-rich, who covet diamonds and cashmere shawls, silks and satins, tapestry and porcelain, silver-ware and Oriental carpets, as the outward insignia of their wealth. At the Grand Hotel you are within three minutes' walk of the Madeleine, that glorious church, modeled

after the model of the Parthenon; within five of the Place Vendôme, with its lofty monument, made out of the cannon taken by Napoleon in his German campaign of 1804; within ten of the Palace of the Tuilleries, where live Napoleon and Eugénie, and where in the Gardens, from five to six every afternoon, the grand military band of the emperor discourses daily the delicious music of Gluck, of Gounod, of Meyerbeer, of Mozart, of Weber, and all the master-spirits of music; within ten of the Place de la Concorde, where two fountains are ceaselessly playing, as if intent on washing out the many blood-stains of the guillotine, which here butchered Louis XVI, Charlotte Corday, Robespierre, Danton, and 2,800 others, in a little more than two years, from January 21, 1793, to May 3, 1795.

Would you ride about Paris? Here are the cheapest vehicles in the world. Paris is traversed in every direction by omnibuses that hold fourteen inside and twelve outside. A convenient map is published by the omnibus company, showing you all the routes and their connections. For the privilege of driving five hundred omnibuses through Paris the company pays the government a million francs a year. If an omnibus is too slow or too plebeian for you, there are ten thousand other vehicles which you may hire at from one and a half to two francs an hour, with an inevitable "*pour boire*" of a sou or two thrown in for the driver. But the top of an omnibus is the place whence to see Paris. Mounting the steps at the rear end, you sit back to back, looking at the sides of the streets as you pass by. In a moment the conductor of the omnibus mounts after you, with a "Pay for your place, gentlemen, if you please." The "if you please" is never omitted, no matter how low you may descend in the social scale. "*Merçi*" and "*S'il vous plait*" are always on a Frenchman's tongue. For three sous, or four cents, you can ride to the end of the route. For six sous you get a ticket, "*correspondence*," which takes you on any other route in connection. If you get inside you pay six sous, with or without correspondence, as you choose. On the omnibus is, "*Liberte, egalite, fraternite*"—that is, first come, first served. There is no crowding, no cramming. An omnibus can carry so many, no more. If you would learn wisdom ascend to the tops of omnibuses, those elysiums for the weary poor, those lookouts for the curious stranger. Here there are no women; they must all go inside. But here is the talkative, smoking Frenchman. He will interpret the little French you may talk as a profound knowledge of the language, and will rattle-on

at a racer's pace, until he sees the clouds of blank ignorance and despair gathering upon your face. Then his enthusiasm dies out, and he either talks slowly, or resigns himself to unhappy silence, wondering why all the world does not know French. Possibly he resigns himself to his evening paper, and therein reads about the theaters, about the musical concerts, about the various kings, emperors, princes, dukes, queens, and princesses, which Napoleon has succeeded in enticing to his gay capital.

No city in the world probably has such a multiplicity of street cries as Paris—perched on to omnibus, as you pass from one quarter of the city toward the outskirts, the cries of venders of fruit, of vegetables, and little articles of handicraft, increase in number. To my ears there is deep melancholy in the appeals of these wandering Parisians. It is the voice of the French Revolution—it is the battle-cry that the poor of Paris sometimes raise when the struggle for bread begins. And thus will Paris unfold its outward self to you. You will see its bright, airy Boulevards, and its narrow, dirty streets. You will see its gay pleasure-seekers, and will catch glimpses of its miserable and its poor. You will pass its cafés, rejoicing in lusty life, and its hospitals, filled with the suffering. You will contrast its theaters and its prisons. If you go far enough eastward you will penetrate beyond the Bastille, among the manufactories and work-shops. You will see where other revolutions may be quietly brewing, waiting another opportunity to gratify the French thirst for blood.

But Paris by night is pre-eminently Paris. There are not wanting books that promise to admit the stranger into its mysteries. But these are unnecessary. Every-where you are safe, far more so I believe than wandering through London. The police are omnipresent, and Paris is just now content. Let us, then, visit the Summer Dancing Gardens. These are what many an American, I fear, will chiefly remember of his visit to Paris. Nominally it is Terpsichore who presides, but it is well understood that another goddess receives homage also. "There," says the enthusiastic guide-book, "under the green trees and amidst the glories of a thousand gas-jets, every youthful heart beats with a more fiery pulse, every bewitching eye is still more entrancing, every blooming cheek yet more blooming!" "There," says the astounded American, "you will see the most beautiful young women of the demi-monde dancing in a style that puts womanly modesty to shame. There you will see thousands of young men and girls." This is enough.

Mabille! Mabille! That is the magic word, and Saturday night is a festal night. Situated near the Champs Elysées, it is easily accessible. It was established in 1831, and from being, for many years, a dancing garden, with a half-franc admission, it has grown to be the great fashionable resorts of the "lorettes" or "cocottes" of Paris. Here no "grisettes" come. This would be endangering their fragile reputation. In 1847 the proprietor, Mabille, spent 500,000 francs in making this garden, in beauty and elegance the most attractive in all Europe. Since then it has been growing in attractiveness, until now it is one of the best types of "modern civilization" in Paris.

The Garden is not large, but on entering, the long succession of gaslights makes a genuine artistic background, that suggests an almost endless continuation. Shortly you turn to the left, passing through a blooming avenue of trees and flowers, and are, at once, in the center of all this wildering blaze of ten thousand gas-jets and in the presence of the central orchestra of fifty performers. Around it is a hard beaten floor of sand, on which the dancing is conducted. Here four or five groups have made as many rings, within which two couples are dancing. Both male and female are probably hired to dance by the proprietor. But certainly there can be nothing so remarkable in all that, you say. Wait a moment. The dancing attraction of Mabille is all in the *Can-can*. This is a wild, aboriginal dance. Then are witnessed those violent gymnastics of feet and legs that are nowhere visible out of France, unless it be among the Bushmen of South Africa. You stand on the edge of the ring, and suddenly the gleam of a dancer's foot is in your very face, or your neighbor's hat is rolling in the sand.

It is not alone in the dancing, however, that Mabille has its attractions, for, of late years, there is but little dancing, and this is chiefly done by hired persons. It is the resort on festal nights of the aristocracy, of the "demi-monde," that half-world, which, in Paris, hovers midway, only, between respectability and shame. On every side, seated, wandering along the illuminated paths, or clustered about drinking-tables, at the further end, are the short-lived women, whose ways in Paris, as elsewhere, literally "take hold on hell." They are dressed in the latest and often most eccentric style, many of them in garments hired for the evening. All the blandishments of female beauty, gotten up with pencils for the eye, "rose d'Armide" for the cheeks, powders for the complexion, carmine for the lips, "*nymphia blanche en liqueur*" for the shoulders, are before you.

This is their trap. They affect smiles and heavenly rapture. They feebly attempt to impersonate both the beauty and the innocence of an angel. It is the old story, however. They could not conceal their restlessness, their anxiety. Their eyes wander to and fro as if seeking some one. To the man who will look at it rightly, it is a ghastly spectacle of painted women, who exhaust, by dissipation and excitement, the few golden days of their beauty, only to die in a hospital before they are thirty, or to drag out a miserable age. Nowhere are youth and beauty in a woman such dangerous and such potent gifts as in Paris. Beauty is worshiped as long as it lasts. In these, at the Mabilles, your inexperienced youth looks, possibly, for hearts. Alas! there are they who have no hearts, or at most "marble hearts." They estimate their victims in francs alone, and yet, shall I say it, if they are like craters, long burnt out, is not man largely at fault? It is only the old story of war between the weak and powerful, the former employing artifice instead of strength.

But the Mabilles is gotten up especially for the foreigner. Here you do not see the Parisian in his natural state. Go to the Bullier, near the observatory and at the end of the Luxembourg Gardens. Here you see young enthusiasm and a genuine French devotion to pleasure, such as you do not see in the glittering Mabilles. There five francs admit you, here but one is needed. The Garden is not large, but amply sufficient for the crowds that stream into it. The dancing is in great contrast with the tame, hired shuffling of feet in its aristocratic rival. Here it is wild beyond all description. Each attempts to outdo the other in crazy whirling and capering, twisting and jumping. Here the "Cancan" is seen as a spontaneous production and not nurtured by money as in the Mabilles. The Bullier has its "great" and its "little" days. Saturday, Saturday night, and Monday night, the Latin Quartier turns out the students and their grisettes who have to play the part of a faithful one to several of their lovers. Here are they who toil not and spin not, and who except in innocence bear a slight resemblance to the lilies of the field. Like them, too, they bloom for a brief Summer, and are swept away by the cold winds of advancing age. Always piquant, often with charms of beauty, their chief occupation is converting gold into silver and silver into nothing, with a rapidity quite surprising. On Sunday night, however, this Garden has its festal night. Then wildness and excess rule the hour, and all goes merry as a wedding bell.

There are similar places in various parts of the city, all enjoying more or less reputation with the Parisians or with the foreign world. Each is frequented by its special class of persons, each having its special merits or defects, according to the taste of the individual. Here the natural results of that socialism which so pervades Paris life are seen more prominently. Ostensibly, in all these Summer balls, it is dancing which is the attraction. In reality, it is another divinity that is here worshiped. All this asks no apology here. It is not crowded out of public sight, as it would be in other lands, if it were even allowed to exist at all. The spirit of it all is totally foreign to Anglo-Saxon life. It is the peculiarity of Latin civilization. It is not my province to decry or to preach. I merely paint the picture, not in overdrawn or prejudicial colors, I trust, but simply as it presents itself to any careful observer. In Anglo-Saxon countries the Summer balls would be scenes of rowdyism and pugilism. The irrepressible animal would assert itself in noisy, coarse, often brutal exhibitions. Not so here. French courtesy has penetrated the lowest strata of life, and nowhere at these Summer balls will there be any thing to offend, unless it be the singular freedom there is between the sexes. But enough for this time. I have given you the outlines, you can do the moralizing or philosophizing at your leisure.

"WHY DID N'T SOME ONE SPEAK TO HIM?"

"PLEASE hasten to the house of Mr. M. Their oldest son has died very suddenly, and they wish to see their pastor." That message sunk into my soul like lead, for I was afraid the boy was not prepared to die, and that his parents had no grace to support them in their bitter and sudden bereavement.

In a few moments I stood beside the lifeless form of one of our Sabbath-school boys. Samuel was an amiable lad. For several years he had been a regular attendant of the church and Sabbath-school. He was respectful and obedient to his parents, attentive to his teacher, kind to his playmates, and deservedly a favorite with all who knew him. But he had in life given no proof that he was a Christian, and at the early age of seventeen he had suddenly died, and left no evidence in his last moments that he had experienced the great change. The only hope was that he had heard the truth, and, unknown to others, he might have trusted in Jesus.

His parents, alas! were careless people, who

had paid more attention to worldly matters than to religion. They had no seat in the house of God, and evinced no regard for the sanctuary and the Sabbath day. They loved their children, but delegated the care of their spiritual and immortal interests to other people. But now they are awake from this strange reverie. They stand aghast beside the corpse of their first-born. How can they believe he is dead? Only three days ago he was apparently as well as ever. An insidious disease laid hold of the youth, and in a delirium he died!

"O!" said the distracted mother, wringing her hands in the most intense agony. "O. that I could have heard him say he died happy! O, that some person had talked with him before his sickness, and could testify, as the result of the conversation, that my boy trusted in Christ! *Why did n't some one speak to him?*"

With thrilling effect that piercing eye met mine, and that pitiful wail of a disconsolate Rachel entered my ear. I blessed God, however derelict I had been in other instances, that heart-rending complaint did not convict me. Only a short period previous to that time had I entered upon my present pastorate, and never before had I seen the boy to recognize him.

But I thought, Here is a great lesson for me and others to learn. As I turned from that chamber of death, I thought, While life is prolonged, while health is robust, while youth lingers with its sunshine and gayety, how often the Christian neglects to speak to one over whom he might exert a powerful and beneficial influence! And all the while the precious opportunity to save that immortal being from eternal perdition is passing away! The sands of life are rapidly dropping—perhaps the last is just about to fall—but the Christian procrastinates, and soon, as he stands beside the bier, or at the grave, the words ring in his ear and sting him with remorse—"Too late!"

"*Why did n't some one speak to him?*" Ah! who is guilty of neglect? The *parent*—the kind, tender parent, who makes careful provision for the temporal welfare of the child—ought he not also to have a regard for his spiritual and eternal interests? When the fond mother weeps over the mortal remains of her child, can she cast off all responsibility for his salvation upon others? Certainly not. It was her duty, above all others, to teach his infant lips to lisp the Savior's name, to accustom him from early childhood to pray and read God's holy Word, and herself lead him to the sanctuary. It was her duty, above all others, to talk to him personally and pointedly about his sinfulness and need of redemption through Jesus Christ, and

use every effort in her power to lead him into the kingdom. The fact that she is not a professing Christian is no excuse. She ought to be, and can be, a true disciple of Jesus, and a humble, consistent member of his Church. And her neglect to perform this duty will never serve as a plea for neglecting the other. And the same thing is true with reference to the father. He has no right to let his children grow up without endeavoring by his example to teach them the power of true religion, and, by prompt and judicious influence, striving to lead them to Christ.

O, parents, neglect not your beloved offspring. Begin early to bend the twig. Begin early, because the younger the child is, the more easily he is influenced. Begin early, because the younger he is, the less delicate will be the work you have to perform, and the better heart you will have to engage in it. Begin early, for life is uncertain, and ere you are aware you may be forced to bury your dead out of your sight. Or, it may be, the summons to depart will sound in your own ear, and as you reluctantly obey the call, your heart will be filled with anguish, not only for your own welfare, but also for the eternal interests of your neglected children.

"*Why did n't some one speak to him?*" Perhaps this inquiry convicts you of negligence, Sabbath-school teacher. You go each holy day to meet your interesting, youthful charge—go prayerfully, go intelligently, and perhaps, to the best of your ability, explain the Scriptures. But do you eagerly seize every opportunity to speak to each dear pupil plainly and affectionately about his soul, and urge him to give his heart unto God?

"*Why did n't some one speak to him?*" Are your skirts clean, pastor? As you perform sacred services over the dead, does conscience utter no upbraidings? It is impossible for the pastor, especially in the busy city, to see every member of his flock, and point him individually to Jesus. Yet because it is an impossibility to see all, is there not danger that the man of God will grow careless, and act upon the principle that he can not see or influence personally any; that all he can do is to stand in the pulpit and draw the bow at a venture; that the work of riveting truth by conversation upon the mind and heart, belongs to others, not to him? And surely if he reasons thus in his mind, or acts upon this principle in his ministerial life, he is wrong. Our Savior and his apostles came in close contact with the people, talked to them individually as well as preached to them in promiscuous crowds; and so must the ministry now, so far as possible.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER VII.

FATS, MEATS, SOUPS, EGGS, ETC.

THERE is perhaps no more convincing proof of our lack of nice discrimination in the matter of wholesome food than the way in which we treat most things in the line of pastry. Understanding by common repute that they are hurtful, we still boldly risk the ultimate consequences, if the stomach will only consent to take them in and dispose of them in some way. Nay, we seldom reason so far as to suppose that there may be any "ultimate consequences" beyond the stomach, and the injury to that we gauge by our immediate feelings. There seems to be a prejudice rather than an intelligent conviction against pies and cake. Men eat them to-day and eschew them to-morrow. Mothers at one time refuse them to their children, alleging that they are hurtful, but anon we find them giving the innocents the very same hurtfuls, perhaps even as a reward; and the grand-mamas and the aunts, when they wish specially to please the little ones, are sure to hold up a piece of cake as a bonus. These practical contradictions form one of those curiosities that would be exceedingly amusing, were they not indicative of profound ignorance on so important a question.

A few sensible persons, it is true, systematically reject pies and cakes, but even they often take other things which violate the same principle. We shall hardly find one in five hundred who can point out the physiological law which they transgress. This is simply because they have not studied the process of digestion, or, if so, that they have not intelligently put together the two well-established facts, that the gastric juice does not digest fats, while it is the indispensable solvent of all farinaceous and fibrous food. Consequently, when this food descends into the stomach, with fats not only mixed into and coated over it, but driven through and fixed into it by heat, how is the gastric juice to gain access to its own proper objects of action through the impervious oily coating? The oil is supposed to be acted upon after it leaves the stomach, but the food can not go with it to get the entangling alliance undone, or if so, it loses all chance of digestion, for here in the stomach is its only proper solvent. What is to be done?

I believe physiologists are not quite agreed as to what is done. Some say that the stomach, by its muscular action, beats out the fat and then acts upon the food. How difficult a task this must be any one may convince himself by trying to wash the fat out of a piece of pie-crust

with his fingers, though they can evidently apply themselves far more forcibly than the muscles of the stomach. If this be the true state of things, we can readily see how all shortened food overtaxes the stomach, and induces dyspepsia with all its attendant train of evils. Other physiologists say that the emulsion of fats is effected in the stomach by the introduction of gall, the duct for which enters the duodenum a few inches below. In this case, if the gall and the gastric juice could work together harmoniously—which is by no means certain—the stomach would still have a much more difficult task to perform than it would if the fat were not cooked into the food. This explains, for example, why pie-crust and crullers are so much worse than bread and butter, why fried meats are so much more difficult of digestion than broiled. If people who care for health would remember this they would much more frequently know what to avoid, and they would also be able to give an intelligent reason for avoiding all such food for themselves and their children.

The stomach does not always rebel at once; it is very patient, and, as one might say, it tries to do the most unreasonable tasks silently even at its own expense; but such tasks always tell sooner or later on its ability to serve us; and if we are wise masters we will not, for our own sake, tax so indispensable a servant unreasonably. We give it hard work enough at best, through our ignorance, and in eating things that we may sometimes be obliged to eat when we can not get wholesome food. We ought to be very grateful that in such emergencies the stomach can adapt itself somewhat to circumstances, rather than permit us to starve; but to tax, nay, outrage this wonderful adaptability for a moment's tickling of the palate, is unworthy of an enlightened conscience. In looking through the catalogue, especially of cooked farinaceous food, we will be surprised at how few articles can be found free from this hurtful characteristic—scarcely one on the baker's counter excepting bread. It will therefore need constant watchfulness to avoid injuring ourselves with these hurtful things, and some test of the presence of shortening is desirable, especially to the gentlemen who will not recognize it by the eye or the palate so readily as will the ladies. If a crumb of the suspected article be pressed upon white paper it will, if shortened much, leave an oily stain.

The excuse given for this wholesale deterioration of food is, that it is done to make it tender. But this would never have seemed necessary to any considerable degree, if the flour had not first been tampered with. Having lost that

which would have made it tender and light—if properly cooked—something also must be put in to supply the deficiency.

As to the dietetic value of fat there is very little accurate popular information. The farmer thinks that his fat pork "sticks by him the longest" of any thing, and it certainly is a long while digesting. It makes its presence felt in the stomach some hours, but that is no proof that it imparts a proportionate degree of strength; rather the contrary. However, this prejudice is decaying gradually. Our progressive, reading farmers and their families eat more fresh lean meats than formerly; but they also eat more shortened and constipating food, so that what they gain in one way they lose in another.

The Esquimaux are frequently quoted as eaters of fat, and it is true that they eat it in immense quantities; but this very fact proves that this substance can not be very nutritious, so the more they eat the worse the argument. It is well known that, in consequence of the vigorous action of the vital powers in a cold climate, fat can be worked off with less injury to the system than in hot climates, where such eating would speedily prove fatal. But the effects of this much quoted diet are not to be envied even by the quoters. Neither the intellectual nor the physical condition of these Esquimaux is desirable, and Captain Hall asserts that they are now rapidly dying off with consumption. But it is not even certain that they could sustain life by the fat alone, for they also eat much lean muscle and some sea-weed. Our Arctic explorers do not copy them so much in eating candles and blubber as in eating their meat raw, and in their devices for keeping out the cold.

Perhaps a little inquiry into the nature of fat will aid us here. It is not fibrous nor muscular. It contains no power or force. If eaten alone it would be a miserable and repulsive diet to us who already like its taste well enough. Wild animals commonly have no fat except in the brain, and to cushion some of the other organs, except occasionally when food is very plentiful. The same is true to some extent with domestic animals, but their opportunities for exercise are unnaturally limited, and when it is desired to fatten them their food is increased, and their chances to work it off diminished. The excess is deposited as dead matter in the loose, cellular tissue, as much as possible out of the way, until the vitality gets a chance, either through diminished nutrition or increased opportunities for exertion, to work it off and restore a healthful balance. Some contend that this excess is taken up and used as nutrition when the latter is deficient, and give for examples the hibernating

animals. It is true that these animals retire fat in the Fall and come out lean in the Spring. The fat may have served a good purpose as a warm blanket, but there is not a particle of proof that any of it has served as nourishment. We know that in cases of human starvation the fat individuals live no longer than the lean; indeed, they often die sooner.

It follows from all this that fattened animals are not so healthy as the lean, and this is further evidenced by the condition of the liver. This organ, being one of the great purifiers of the blood, is soon overtaxed by the excessive quantities of waste matter, and becomes diseased, and, as our butchers are well aware, very few fat animals are slaughtered which do not show by their diseased livers the unwholesome condition of the system. I have been credibly informed that these indications are so convincing that the butchers themselves eat much less meat than other classes of people. As to the propriety of eating such livers no one can hesitate; and livers of any kind, as well as kidneys, would be forever banished from the tables of the tasteful if they but stopped to reflect that, as depurating organs, these must always contain more or less of the peculiar secretion which it is their business to separate from the blood.

In the hog the liver is very rarely in good condition, and the fat is excessive. His enormous appetite is not select, and his habits are not active; hence, much dead matter accumulates, and we are called upon to eat it. One recent writer of some note advises us to receive him as a "good creature of God," and to "consider what he was made for." Gluttonous man argues that if he can find no other use for any thing he must needs eat it. The hog himself acts somewhat on the same principle, so that he really makes himself useful as a scavenger. He eats every thing eatable, but it does not therefore follow that we should eat him. The prohibition of the hog by Moses was reasonable as well as religious, and the prohibition of fats, all of which were to be sacrificed, stands equally approved by the light of modern physiology.

"What shall we eat then?" is the next inevitable question, as if fats and hogs, or indeed meats of any kind, form the bulk of our living. The truth is, that we are not nearly so carnivorous as we sometimes fancy. Probably very few of us ever sit down of choice to a table spread only with meats, while the most of us do sit down to at least one meal in the day without meats whatever. It is, moreover, estimated that more than half the people of the world never eat meat, though we do not find among them the nations with which we are best acquainted.

An elaborate article was recently published in one of our leading magazines trying to show that, as all the leading Christian nations used flesh meat, that article was an indispensable promoter of Christian civilization, or something to that effect. Now, with all due deference, we submit that the writer might as well have made the latter dependent upon the influences of electricity, or of the North Star, since all these nations happen to be located in the northern hemisphere. The simple and self-evident truth is, that the possession of God's Revelation only gives Christian civilization to the nations. It is physiology that teaches us the science of nutrition. From this we learn that we can get no element from animal food which the animal has not already obtained directly or indirectly from the vegetable world for its own nourishment. We may take our choice, use the nourishment when at its highest point of perfection as stored up in grains and fruits, or take it after the animal that has eaten these grains and fruits has half used it up for its own sustenance. It must be remembered that all animal tissues are in a state of change, some of the matter new and fresh, just deposited by the blood, some half used up, and so down in all degrees to that which is just ready to be thrown out. The result is that animal fiber is not so nutritious as the same weight of grain, but what is more important the innutritious matter, even in healthful muscular fiber, is dead and taxes the vitality to dispose of it, while the nutritious—not dead—vegetable matter has its part to play in the vital economy, as we have already seen exemplified in the case of the wheat bran. This tax on the vital energies is supposed to be the principal cause of the "stimulation" felt after eating meat.

Moreover, meat is an imperfect food. The muscular fiber which we eat does not contain materials for bones, ligaments, muscles, etc., in any thing like the proper proportions; hence the tendency to gluttony exhibited by fine meat eaters; they eat much of what they do not want in order to get enough of what they need, and the necessity on the part of others to supply the lacking items from the same source whence the animal obtains them from the vegetable kingdom. We notice further, that those animals which we esteem most for food eat only vegetable matter. But now, if we rush off to the other extreme and suddenly forswear all flesh meat, we shall get into trouble. The action of our stomachs is fixed by life-long habits of eating meat, and any change should be gradual. The composition of the gastric juice varies with the kind of food we give it to act upon, and in case

of a sudden change it would not be able to adapt itself at once, and extract sufficient nutriment to nourish the body in the accustomed manner. We may, however, have required and accustomed it to digest meats without being able to prove from this state of things that we belong naturally to the carnivora. Tradition and revelation, besides the habits of half the world, oppose such a conclusion. It does prove, however, that man's adaptabilities enable him, like a worthy "lord of creation," to obtain nutrition enough for the support of his existence in almost any circumstances capable of sustaining highly organized animal life. This adaptability has, no doubt, been the means of greatly promoting the settlement and replenishing of the earth from the days of Noah, when the permission was given, to the times of our own "Pilgrim Fathers," who, on more than one occasion, would have been swept away by famine if they had not been permitted to hunt in the forests and to "suck of the abundance of the seas." However, this does not forbid the supposition that some kinds of food are better adapted than others to aid man in securing the highest mental, moral, and physical development. What these classes of food may be we do not yet despair of wresting from the arcana of science. As to the "canine teeth" argument it deserves but a word, for these teeth are not nearly so much developed in man as in the quadrupeds and some other animals who do not eat meat at all. Really, we never use them in eating meat, but rather as testers, the tongue carrying directly for their sharp dissection any hard substance, and especially any little seed that we may find in our food.

No doubt there are many worse things that we do dietetically than to eat meats, at least in the direct results. As to the more extended results we must needs leave them to the scientists, among whom this question is by no means settled. We probably, in this climate, eat too much meat, especially those of us who eat it three times a day. One proof of the fact of excess is, that we sometimes become almost as crazy for it as a dram-drinker for his dram. I heard an amusing instance in the case of two ministers at a camp-meeting, where, on account of some delay in the arrival of supplies, they were without meat some twenty-four hours. At last the craving became so imperative that they were obliged to resort to some excuse for leaving the grounds in order to satisfy it. Now, if they had been accustomed to eat it but once a day, they would not have found themselves so enslaved by the appetite. Men rush into habits and form appetites without reflection. Is it not

possible, and if possible is it not worthy of the dignity of and the independence of man for him to be able to make one meal, or several, on any good wholesome food without an uneasy longing for some accustomed but missing article?

We have known the change made from eating meat three times to eating it once a day much to the advantage of all concerned. In some cases soup was substituted at breakfast, which made a nutritious and comfortable dish, and, moreover, did away with the necessity for tea and coffee. The soup was made by putting about a pound of lean beef or mutton into three quarts of cold water, and simmering gently three or four hours: this extracts much more of the soluble part of the meat than when it is put into hot water. It was then skimmed closely and one cup of chopped cabbage and one cup of chopped onion were added, boiling one hour; then a cup of pearl-barley—previously cooked five or six hours—and sometimes a sprig or two of Summer savory or thyme, or a little chopped parsley, cooking ten minutes longer. If any one likes carrots, parsnips, celery, turnips, etc., cut into slices, or a cup of stewed tomato, they can easily be put in, only observing not to put in too many kinds at once, and not to mingle such things as turnips and parsnips, or celery. Cabbage and onions can hardly be dispensed with. Potatoes in small slices add to the richness, as also a little macaroni or vermicelli; and oaten groats are much liked by some. The vegetables may be strained out or not before the farinaceous materials are added. Do not flavor highly; let each salt and pepper for himself, if he must have it. Soups once spoiled with much pepper can not be restored, and many stomachs ought not to receive this article at all. Those who like their soups thickened still more, will find wheat meal a rich addition. Eat with butter-biscuit, breakfast rolls, oatmeal breakfast cake, cracknels, or any thing else you fancy.

The French fashion of keeping the soup-boiler constantly on the stove, and throwing in any clean bits of meat, raw or cooked, is an excellent one. The richness of the soup is greatly improved, also, if the bones, especially the larger ones, should be pounded up finely and added. The soup-boiler should be set off occasionally to let the fat cool and be removed. This skimming is practiced, in one way or another, by all the best soup-makers, and it is perfectly physiological treatment. Melted fats or butter, either in soups, gravies, sauces, or on hot bread, floats on what liquid there may be in the stomach, and makes it much more difficult to be reached by the bile. Sometimes the effort

throws some of the mingled fluid up to the throat, causing that distressing symptom known as heart-burn, or water-brash. In some stages of dyspepsia, where the moisture of the food and drink is not speedily absorbed by the stomach, this symptom is common.

Pea soup and bean soup, both very excellent and nutritious, may also be used. These are to be made with the peas and beans cooked very thoroughly, as directed in No. IV, of this series. Add about one-half pint of either to one quart of water, boil till quite diffused, run through a colander, return to the fire, thicken to the taste with wheat meal—say about two heaping spoonfuls or one gill—cook five minutes, salt slightly and serve. Rye and Indian bread goes excellently well with the bean soup, and wheat meal and oatmeal with the pea soup.

The fashion of soup for breakfast is winning its way favorably in many quarters. It is found to refresh quickly, without being likely to overburden the organs with a heavy meal to be digested. The children especially enjoy it. If variety is wanted, after the meats and tea and coffee have been dismissed so long that they are no longer cared for, some of the mushes already described may be introduced, with occasionally good fresh eggs. The latter are probably the purest animal food we get, though no more digestible, when cooked up into cakes and puddings, than fat in some other forms; the yolk contains a large per cent. of fat, though in this case not dead fat; the albumen is very nutritious, though, when fried up in fat or cooked hard in any way, it is leathery, and very difficult of digestion. So we will not fry eggs nor boil them; we will pour boiling water over them, and, setting them well back on the stove, let them stand where they will not boil about seven minutes. The time required, however, will vary with the dish, and the proportions of eggs and water; but a careful cook will soon learn by experience with her own utensils. The tests of excellence will be that the white throughout will be as tender as a custard, and the yolk unstiffened, or slightly stiffened, as you choose. They may also be broken into milk and simmered slightly, and then dished on toast; but omelettes, poached eggs, and such preparations, are very unwholesome. Raw eggs are much more digestible, but, whether raw or cooked, it should be remembered that they are very nutritious, and they should always be eaten sparingly, with food containing a larger amount of waste matter.

In the selection of meat we must look first, of course, to the habits of the animal from which it was taken, and next to its health-

fulness. The latter is not always easily ascertained. If slaughtered at home you can know whether it has had air, exercise, etc., and whether the liver is in a healthful condition. Sheep being nice in their food and habits, and dying quickly when diseased, afford the healthiest meat commonly accessible; beef next, and fowls next. Of the beef the round is probably the purest; and a most excellent way to cook it is to trim off all the fat, cover it up tight in a kettle and set it over a slow fire, where it will barely simmer, five or six hours, or until perfectly tender. Remove the cover as seldom as possible, so that the aroma may not escape. Salt when done, cook it a few minutes longer, and then serve.

It would be folly to undertake to specify many dishes in this department of cooking, and, indeed, we do not think it called for, but rather to indicate some general principles to be observed in the processes already practiced. In boiling meats they should be plunged at once into boiling water, as this coagulates the albumen on the surface, and prevents, to a large extent, the escape of the juices into the water. Also, in roasting, the oven should be hot enough at first to scald the surface quickly. Basting tends to draw out the juices, or to saturate the roast with fat.

Broiling is far more desirable than frying, because the heat commonly being greater, not only is the surface quickly seared, and the juices retained, but the fiber is not so incased with fat that the stomach is injured with efforts to dissolve it. But if you would have it at its best, do not put a fork into it to let out any of its juices: use the new wire-gridiron, with handles, where the meat is put in between the wire-nettings, and it can be turned quickly and constantly without any other utensil. Any one ought to be able to broil well with such a device and a good bed of coals. But if the latter is not ready, meat can be cooked in a frying-pan very passably by remembering the principle—the quick application of heat. Have the pan hot, so as to sear the meat at once, cover close, and cook quickly. Boil thoroughly, broil lightly, and do not fry hard.

Do not salt while cooking, as that will draw out some of the juices. Add the salt afterward, but no butter nor pepper. Abjure mustard, pepper, horseradish, and all high seasonings, with meat as with other things. If your appetite is not good do not force it in this way. The benefit you gain from your food depends not so much on the amount you eat as on the amount you can profitably digest. If the stomach is in good condition it will call for all it

needs, and, if not, biting condiments will not cure it. As to taste, you will soon enjoy your food more without them than with them.

Salt meats are not nearly so nutritious as fresh. When we put salt on the meat we can see the rich juices flow out, and they are always found in the brine. Besides, the texture of the meat is changed, hardened, and rendered less digestible. Drying increases the indigestibility, so that dried beef is by no means the innocent food sometimes fancied. Smoking makes it still worse. In short, all of the substances commonly used to preserve meat against the action of the atmosphere also preserve it against the action of the gastric juice, at least until they are dissolved and washed away.

Gravies are partly a device to help us hurry down our food. If made at all they should contain no fat. The albumen, and much of the osmazome, or flavor of the meat, are found in the juice; these are wholesome, if not burned, and, if more is wanted, add some of the stock from the soup-boiler; thicken with wheat meal, and, for venison or mutton, add capers, if you like, or a little lemon juice. But a better plan is always to have prepared fruit of some kind that will harmonize with the meat, and succulent vegetables, and especially some moist dish, as beans, peas, succatash, corn, samp—the Southern hominy—or some vegetables dressed with a white sauce, made with milk, thickened with wheat meal. Then, above all things, we should eat slowly, and masticate thoroughly, and we will not only get the good out of it as we go along, but we will avoid the necessity for washing down or slipping down the food. If we will thus send proper food to the stomach, properly prepared for digestion, and stop when we have eaten enough, we shall be likely to go clear of dyspepsia.

THE PARKS OF COLORADO.

VISIT TO MIDDLE PARK.

ONE of the distinctive features of Colorado is her system of upland parks; these are generally distributed amid the mountain fastnesses of the interior. There are four large parks that constitute what is commonly understood as "*The Parks of Colorado*." These are the North, Middle, South, and San Luis Parks. They vary in size, from twenty by fifty, to one hundred by two hundred miles. North Park extends to the northern limit of the territory and within about forty miles of the Union Pacific Railroad. Its elevation is too great for an exuberant vegetation, but game is plenty, and

the streams full of trout. Middle Park lies below, separated from the North by a range of mountains. It is just across the grand "Snowy Range," that line that divides the continent, where start the rivers of the Atlantic and Pacific. Three lofty peaks are stationed near—Long's Peak at the north-east, towering 14,050 feet, Gray's Peak at the south-east, 14,251 feet, and Lincoln Peak at the south-west, frowning down from a height of nearly 14,000 feet. South Park communicates with North Park; Pike's Peak and Lincoln's Peak are situated respectively at the south and north, while the Snowy Range is left on the west. Its waters flow in the Arkansas and South Platte Rivers. The scenery is diversified, soil rich. Here Nature has been prodigal of her wealth in form and color; every-where the eye is delighted with the brilliance of flowers and foliage, the smoothness of the valleys and hills. The San Luis Park is in Southern Colorado and New Mexico. It is the largest and probably best adapted to agricultural purposes. As yet it is little visited, being the haunt of hostile Indians.

On the first of September last we started for a trip over the "Range" into the Middle Park; this is the most visited from the fame of its hot soda-springs; said to be a panacea for illness and ennui. Our party were seven—three of whom were tourists from Massachusetts, the rest, with the exception of myself, Coloradians. There are several passes by which to reach Middle Park—all precipitous and rough. During the past Summer the experiment has been made of taking horses and wagons over; this is found barely practicable on the Bowlder Pass alone.

One of our number, W. B. Walling, an old Coloradian, who had been over the route before, acted as guide and furnished the outfit of horses and accouterments. Following his advice we should have ridden ponies and packed an extra number with our provisions and other necessities; but we thought what had been *once* done could be done again. Our Eastern friends were unused to equestrianism; the ladies were delicate. We thought a wagon would be convenient for our baggage and a comfortable change for ourselves when tired of horseback riding. So, with our company mounted on sturdy ponies, our wagon furnished with the necessary provision, clothing, and camping paraphernalia, all amounting to not more than a few hundred pounds, we started on a pleasant day from Central City.

The ladies, four in number, were dressed in stout alpaca dresses, water-proof cloaks, broad-brimmed hats, thick gloves and boots. The

gentlemen wore stout, serviceable suits. For the first ten or fifteen miles the road was tolerably good, then it began to ascend abruptly over rough crags and huge boulders; there was merely a track; one of the gentlemen was obliged to walk by the wagon nearly all the way and hold, with all his strength, first upon one side, then the other, to prevent its overturning, as the wheels would separately mount on immense boulders and the horses scramble painfully over. At intervals the way would become so impassable as to render it necessary to transfer the baggage to the ponies and "pack" over the bad places. Here we began to congratulate ourselves on the excellent guide and driver improvised of our versatile friend; a perfect adept in horse-knowledge—such a driver as you might dream of but never see twice in a life-time. No matter how impassable seemed the route, a gulch under one wheel and a precipice under the other, that man, kindly urging his horses, sitting firmly, with one foot on the brake and his watchful eye every-where, drove triumphantly over; and his horses seemed to partake of his determination and courage; straining every nerve and muscle, till the veins swelled and knotted beneath their glossy hides, they clambered on over the rocky steeps, the wagon jolting and bouncing after. He was a rare sportsman, who never made a false shot, but brought down his game inevitably; a man of resources and expedients; just the one to bring order out of chaos—to establish a camp, have a fire builded, tent pitched, beds made of elastic pine boughs cushioned with blankets, and all by an hour's quick work and timely direction; with the best of spirits, the most genial cheerfulness, and that happy talent of smoothing difficulties, he was just the person to general such an expedition.

The second night found us bivouacked at the foot of the "Snowy Range." Our camp was among the pines on the border of a little green plateau, where our horses found delicious pasturage. First a slanting shed was constructed, two tall trees serving for front corner-posts; this was covered with a heavy canvas, and over that were laid branches of hemlock and pine. The front was open, and right before it crackled a magnificent fire, whose high, ruddy flame lit up the evergreen lodge, the bright faces and negligent, reclining figures of the group gathered before it, the grazing horses, the heaps of saddle-bags and accouterments, while it cast in deep shadow the heavy back-ground of somber pine forest. It threatened to be stormy before morning. Right above us, beyond the timber line, swept up the barren slope of upper mount-

ain, gray with rock or white with snow; over the crest circled and eddied a storm of sleet and snow, white and silvery in the shivering moonlight. Now and then the clouds gathered and hid the mountains, then they would disperse, and the bare, bald brows stand out bleak and cold; again, over the summit would whirl the white storm in waving lines, sweeping and circling down the sides almost to the place where lay our little camp, a spot of brightness in the weird, eerie scene.

Morning came, and with it sunshine, although at intervals we could still see storms careering over the heights. The temperature was cold and the atmosphere thin at this altitude. Wrapped in cloaks and shawls we mounted our ponies, all heavily packed, in order to lighten the wagon; and now came the real trial, for we were to cross the summit of the Range to-day. Slowly and laboriously we toiled up the precipitous pitch, often delayed at some particularly ugly place to "pack" over the little remaining load. We came to look upon Mr. W. as a magician, and his horses and wagon enchanted, else what prevented them all from being dashed in pieces a hundred times? Our ladies abandoned the idea of finding comfort in *that* vehicle, and contented themselves with clinging to their saddles or picking their way on foot. The storm that had been threatening us all the morning descended; it sleeted; the wind bore down in our faces sharp as a knife; the ponies winced and the riders shivered. We drew our heavy garments around us, but the gale snatched them away like rags. The difference in the atmosphere was painfully perceptible to all, especially to those of us unfortunate enough to possess weak lungs. I was seized with violent fits of coughing, and not being able to get breath enough to walk, I had to content myself with bouncing in the wagon, while the rest trudged, panting, along, equestrianism being any thing but agreeable in that piercing cold, and amidst that tempestuous wind.

The storm temporarily abated, the sun shone out, and we stopped to rest in a little grove, the extreme outposts of the "timber line." Right before us was a nearly perpendicular pitch of considerable length, the last sharp step before we struck the rolling swell of the summit; directly beneath our feet, down an abrupt declivity of perhaps a hundred rods, lay a little valley with two tiny lakes, green as emerald, nestling in its breast; toward the north, on the upheaving slope, was an immense snow-field, stained by weather and furrowed by streams flowing from and over it into the ravine below. Above and around peak on peak towered frowning to

the sky, with ever and anon the angry storms circling round their brows.

Again we resumed the march. We had achieved the ascent of that last steep, and had before us the crossing of the broad, bleak summit, when the tempest burst again upon us. Four of our number, two ladies and two gentlemen, were walking, and so far in the rear, that before they had overtaken the wagon in which the remaining three were riding, they were completely chilled and wet with the cold rain accompanying the sleet. They thought it would be dangerous to discontinue their exercise in such a situation, and concluded to walk till the storm should slacken, riding horseback being entirely out of the question. But the storm did not slacken, the wind increased to a hurricane, the cutting sleet drove directly in our faces, the horses were blinded and refused to go; irrespective of whip or threat, they trembled and stood still. Here was an alarming predicament; however, by some process of necromancy, they were at length persuaded to go on.

Clear across the wide summit of that terrible Range we traveled that fearful day. Sometimes I thought we must surely freeze, and felt that dull lethargy that approaches after the stinging pain of the cold is past; but after we began to descend the western slope the temperature became more tolerable. Benumbed, chilled, and suffering we at length perceived before us a fire, a wagon, and, O joy! human figures. A few moments and we were by that fire with aching limbs but thankful hearts. The strangers were kind, as strangers always are in the West. The sun shone forth in the frigid weather; we had left the storm behind us.

But where were our friends? We felt considerable anxiety lest our track had covered with snow so quickly as to disable them from following us, or that fatigue and cold had overcome them. Either view was doleful; but even as we spoke the four forlorn pedestrians appeared in sight. A loud huzza was exchanged, and directly they staggered in our midst with white, pinched faces, and frozen and bedraggled garments. The ladies especially had suffered much in that long five miles tramp; one of them fainted from chill and exhaustion as soon as she came into camp. It took considerable time, strength, and brandy to revive her from the convulsive spasms that followed the fainting fit. We all felt serious results from our eventful day. We had rushed from the lap of Summer into the very jaws of Winter; but it is remarkable how much one can bear of exposure and fatigue in this wonderful country and climate. Night found us snugly encamped on the other

side, having made an additional journey of five miles over a frightful road to the warm timber of the farther slope.

The next day was fair and smiling. While winding along a narrow ridge, a turn brought before us the magnificent panorama of the Middle Park—a vast garden of grassy plateau, gentle hills, winding wooded streams, lovely groves; and all this paradise of beauty encircled by the gigantic sentinel mountains, now frosted and silvered by the storm of yesterday.

At a merry pace we descended into the waving valley. We made a noon halt on the border of a wood, gave our horses their dinners, and part of our number went to fish in a sparkling trout-stream near by, while the rest stretched themselves idly on luxuriant piles of blankets, reading or sleeping, while above their heads the tall pines soughed and sung in the upper breezes. One of our ladies had the triumph of capturing the first trout, a shining, speckled fellow, weighing nearly two pounds. After tiring ourselves fishing we joined the others, and, after partaking of a lunch, saddled up and moved on. That night, by a roaring fire, supper was served up, dainty and delicious enough for a king. How we ate! What appetites we had! The richly browned trout disappeared as if by magic. I would cordially recommend Luther Hill, Esq., of Massachusetts, favored citizen and honored legislator, also a traveler of wide experience, as an admirable *cuisinier*, and fit to grace any lady's kitchen, full of anecdote and pleasantries, as well as a connoisseur in culinary arts. He proved the chief ornament of our camp.

On the day following we met a large party of Ute Indians, mounted and heavily loaded with skins and furs, on their way to Central City and Denver to trade. These Indians are friendly, but the romance that clung so long to these wandering people has faded entirely away, leaving a disgusting reality in the half-naked, dirty red skins themselves. This tribe, selfish like all their race, but more wise than some, have found that the better part of valor is discretion, and are on good terms with the Government; however, this does not prevent them from sometimes taking undue advantage of unprotected whites. No doubt, hatred of the nation dispossessing them of their hunting-grounds is just as bitter in their hearts as in those of their more savage neighbors. After chatting awhile with the chief we purchased some plumed arrows for souvenirs, and passed on.

The scenery became more beautiful as we advanced; it was a delightful change to gallop over the smooth, turfy plateau, instead of painfully picking our way over rocks and gorges. Lo!

the hours flew until, in the waning day, we found ourselves on the bank of the broad, clear Grand, sweeping its sparkling waters on toward the far Pacific, for all the streams of this Park are tributary to the Colorado River, and thus flow into the Western Ocean. Here all the rivers and brooks are so pure and transparent that every pebble gleams up plainly from the bottom, and the speckled trout are seen flashing amid the rapid current. A quarter of a mile away were the "Hot Soda Springs," and close by the rustic lodge of the persons employed to keep the bath-house. Around this cabin were lounging a few hunters and Indians, whose picturesque costumes lent a strangeness to the scene; farther down are clustered the dusky tents of an Indian village, and all was backed by a semicircular sweep of bluff, now steep and rocky, then smooth and waving with grass. Before us rose an abrupt conical hill; at the right, a mile away, extended a low range of crumbling mountain, covered with disintegrated lava, marking it as the debris of an ancient volcano. Immediately about us was the rolling swell of the grassy plateau, and over all, streamed with warm, glowing splendor, the level light of the lowering sun, touching with a finger of flame the bald brows of the circle of peaks and mountains, glistening with the sleet and snow of the tempest, Arcadia with a crown of ice and a heart of fire.

We made our camp on the farther bank of the river, and walked over to the springs. A few rods distant from Grand River, and perhaps fifty feet above it, say 7,725 feet above sea level, on the rising hill before mentioned, the springs boil up in three different places, mingle in a stream and rush headlong over the precipitous bluff, twelve or fifteen feet, into a natural basin in the rock. The waterfall is a foot in diameter, the basin about twelve by fifteen feet; the water is from three to four feet in depth, and from here flows swiftly off to the river. Mr. Byers, of Denver, has, during the past Summer, taken possession and erected a rude shelter over the bath, and furnished necessary fixtures and attendants. The water is strongly impregnated with iron, sulphur, and soda, whose deposits are traced all along the course of the stream above. The temperature of the main springs is 112° Fahrenheit, but one less exposed to the air is as high as 115°; the mean temperature of the bath is 110°. Into this seething caldron, from which arise the vaporous fumes of sulphur, the bather must very warily enter. The almost scalding heat is at first unbearable, and he retreats with a shriek of pain; but by gradually letting the body into the water one soon becomes accustomed to the

temperature, and then it is the most delightful of baths. Standing under the streaming waterfall you may take a hot douche bath, surpassed by no Turkish or Russian system in the world; or you may plunge into the green water below, and luxuriate in a warmth and subtilty of temperature and atmosphere almost intoxicating. However, persons in delicate health should enjoy this luxury with moderation. From its heat and peculiar qualities the bath is necessarily relaxing if too long continued, but if of short duration invigorates and tones up the system wonderfully. Drinking this water is any thing but agreeable. Its warmth and saline properties render it particularly unpleasant, but there is a sparkle and stimulus about it exceedingly exhilarating. Taken internally, and applied externally, it is thought to possess great medicinal virtue in cases of rheumatism, paralysis, and cutaneous affection. During the Summer these springs are much visited by invalids and persons of leisure. To "do" Colorado without seeing Middle Park and the "Soda Springs" is to lose its rarest novelty.

Another attraction is the "Moss Agate Patch," twelve or fifteen miles over the mountains. Gasper, chalcedony, agate, and onyx are found all over the Middle Park, but at this place is considered to be the richest deposit of moss or fortification agate. These are a species of chalcedony in which the colors, usually black or brown, are in dendritic lines, exactly resembling delicate moss; when the stone is decidedly white and transparent, and the delineations clearly defined, the gem is valuable and much used in jewelry. The color is probably due to oxides of iron and manganese. Sometimes the moss is green or red from the presence of oxides of chrome or iron.

On a brilliant morning, having provided ourselves with a guide, a regular old mountaineer, and being joined by the last few lingerers at the Springs, mounted and following our leader in Indian trail, we rode over the hills and far away to this famous "Patch." We found it stretching over a considerable extent of hill. We wandered about for several hours, found the ground literally covered with agate and jasper. We selected some very fine specimens, and found still others by breaking open promising-looking rocks. Certainly this is a paradise for the geologist and collector.

We had a merry ride back through forests of sage brush and across lofty hills; many a picture of natural loveliness presented itself; for miles and miles away we could see the Grand River, like a flashing line of light, winding sinuously through the green meadows, fringed

by willow and silvery aspens. It seemed impossible that this beautiful land, so smooth and garden like, was wild and uninhabited.

The next morning we struck camp and prepared to start for home. We could have spent a few weeks here very pleasantly, but the season was already so far advanced as to render it precarious crossing the Range; also our friends had made arrangements to be in Massachusetts within a limited time; so we reluctantly bade farewell to park, and springs, and river. As we were about starting the Indians, from their village, gave us a parting salute in shape of a musket-ball, whistling a few feet above our heads. We were assured they often paid visitors this compliment, certainly a questionable one. Our returning trip was agreeable. We had the good fortune to have pleasant weather in which to recross the Range. All the startling majesty of scenery that had before been hidden from us by the tempest revealed itself in gloomy grandeur under the clear sunlight of our return. Standing on this great continental divide, looking off upon the surroundings of cloud-cleaving peaks, slashed with the snow of years, and then across to the distant plains, blue and dim in the far horizon, one feels in the immediate presence of God. The loneliness is so impressive, the isolation so complete, that a sense of awe creeps over the spirit. Man seems so weak and little amid this proudest pomp and majesty of Nature. You look down upon the parks, and there is radiant, voluptuous Summer; you gaze around and above, and are locked in the embrace of hoary Winter.

I stood, a strong waif, upon that watch-tower of the Continent, feeling the breath of two oceans mingling in the gale that fanned my cheeks, impressed by the magnificent sweep of distance and beauty of form, characterizing this vast land. I would seem to see, beyond the fading line of the eastern horizon, the palaces and cities of commerce, and over the piles of naked peaks, purple in the western distance, catch the glow of the sunset land. I could almost hear the shriek of the locomotive flying through the cañons at the north, and trace the line of steam that girdles the world, bringing the jeweled fire of the Orient to flash in the golden diadem of the Occident. On the summit, at an altitude of more than 11,000 feet, we found brilliant mosses and delicate daisies peeping from the snow, and looking just as sweet and contented as if growing in a fairy's garden.

On the ninth day from our departure we were again at home, nothing loth to rest our weary bones on a civilized bed, or sit down at a *bona fide* table once more.

BISHOP HAMLINE'S SERMONS.

VOLUMES of sermons are not popular books. Metaphysics, essays, histories, travels, novels, and almost every other literary production, take the precedence of the printed sermon. The sermons of our most eloquent preachers are scarcely an exception. The excitement to hear some popular minister is intense, while his published sermons lie molding upon the booksellers' shelves. The publisher who can run off a single edition of such a book ranks high in his profession. The melody of the voice, the flash of the eye, the expression of the countenance, the magnetism of the speaker, and the sympathy of the hearer, have much to do with this, but they do not fully explain the charm that gathers about the sermon preached, and the lack of interest in the same production printed. Solicitude to hear distinguished clergymen is commendable; it furnishes entertainment, elevating and instructive, but it should not create a distaste for their written productions. It should rather awaken an interest in us to read the writings of these magnates of the pulpit, containing their maturest thoughts, clothed in their choicest language. As far as permanent instruction is concerned the printed has decided advantage over the spoken discourse. In one case only a single opportunity is afforded of becoming familiar with the theme discussed; in the other it may be investigated until thoroughly understood.

Some of the grandest thoughts ever uttered may be found in published sermons. In no other productions can you find sublimer truths presented in more appropriate style. Where can you find profounder discussions of vital truths than in the sermons of Jeremy Taylor, South, Barrow, Watson, or Olin? Where clearer expositions than in the sermons of Wesley, Howe, Edwards, and Dwight? Where more eloquent writing than in the sermons of Saurin, Hall, Melville, and Chalmers? Where more finished productions than in the sermons of Blair, Foster, Haven, and Channing?

Sermons have this excellence, that they present the discussion of any given topic in a briefer, more complete, and condensed form, than it can be found anywhere else. An exhaustive sermon, by a vigorous and well-disciplined thinker, usually presents a comprehensive view of the whole subject in a very few pages; and this, in an age so fast as ours, is a consideration of no trifling importance. There is scarcely a theme in morals, science, or philosophy, that may not be found thoroughly discussed and illustrated in some good sermon.

We have been led into this train of reflection by the perusal of a volume of sermons by Bishop Hamline, published by Hitchcock and Walden, at the Methodist Book Concern. It is got up in attractive style, rivaling, if not surpassing, the issues of the celebrated Riverside Press, at Cambridge.

Hamline's sermons are among the best that have been issued from the press for the past few years. They are worthy to be ranked with those of Olin, Robertson, Alexander, Clark, Melville, Bushnell, Spurgeon, and Beecher. Hamline's will not suffer in comparison with either of these in thought, argument, or style.

The Bishop, in his day, had few superiors as a preacher, and a careful perusal of his sermons will show that he richly deserved the high reputation which he enjoyed. Gifted by Nature with a high order of intellect, enriched with varied culture, possessing rare powers of eloquence, great logical acuteness, and a soul deeply imbued with love to Christ and perishing sinners, he rose to eminence as a pulpit orator, and occupied a rank scarcely inferior to any in the denomination so distinguished for eloquent divines. Dr. Hibbard contrasts him with Olin, who, in our humble opinion, taken all in all, was the noblest specimen of pulpit oratory Methodism has ever produced. "Hamline was impassioned, never boisterous—Olin was vehement; Hamline was earnest—Olin impetuous; Hamline was like the even though often rapid flow of a beautiful stream, bearing its buoyant burden safely and gracefully onward—Olin was like the torrent, or the whirlwind, hurrying all before it. With him the hurricane was inevitable, but he rode upon it in majesty, and, like the spirit of the storm, directed all its forces. Hamline never suffered the storm to arise, but checked it midway; and, if the sweep and force of his eloquence were less, the auditors were left more self-controlled, and the practical ends not less salutary." Bishop Hamline was an eminent lawyer prior to his entrance upon the work of the ministry, and his legal attainments were of great advantage to him as a preacher in assailing error and defending truth.

These sermons are practical, the thoughts fresh, the style attractive, the arguments conclusive, and the theology orthodox. The cardinal doctrines of Methodism are illustrated and defended with an ability that can not fail to command the commendation of all true Methodists.

These discourses are deeply imbued with a revival spirit, and are constantly directed to the salvation of souls. His highest ambition was to preach Jesus and save sinners. He once

exclaimed, "I would rather be Brainerd, wrapped in my bearskin, and spitting blood upon the snow, than to be Gabriel." His sermons were prepared with the distinct object of saving men, and leading them to a holy life. He dissected the heart, and laid bare its depravity, set forth the atoning sacrifice, and portrayed the love of God in the gift of his Son with such fervor and power as to awaken the careless; arouse slumberers, and win souls. He so defended the truth against the attacks of the foe as to drive skeptics in dismay from the field, or bring them, with the grounded weapons of their warfare, to the foot of the cross.

We present a few extracts from these sermons as specimens of their beauty, eloquence, and power. The following passage sets forth, in a style rarely surpassed for eloquence, the divinity and humanity of our Lord:

"Our Savior's life, as well as his birth, displays both his Godhead and his manhood. True, as man, he suffers the pangs of hunger; but as God, he feeds thousands upon a few loaves. As man, he seeks fruit from the tree; but as God, his word blasts the tree from its root. Does he ride into Jerusalem on an ass? He also rides upon the wings of the wind, and makes the waters his pathway, transporting himself from the mountain to Gennesaret, and walking on its stormy waves. Was he derisively robed in scarlet, and crowned with thorns? At his transfiguration he was clothed in raiment white as snow, and his face did shine as the sun. Did he yield to the power of death, and give up the ghost? Even the grave was his empire, and he held its keys. In his own good time he spurned its dominion, and cast away its cords.

"Such are some of the tokens of Christ's supreme Divinity. And now, standing by the cross, and watching the scene of his deep humiliation, let us realize that we behold the true God. Let us never forget that the expiring Nazarene is infinite in glory. Those very eyes, which pour out floods of sympathy at the grave of Lazarus, look through heaven, earth, and hell. Yonder victim of human impotence formed the worlds, marked their courses, and impels them in their flight. He who cries, 'I thirst,' laid earth's broad foundations, reared its massy mountains, delved its vales, and hollowed the beds of its seas and oceans. Is it so? In that weary sufferer are there concealed the energies which impress this fair creation with its charms? To that fainting form may we trace the hidden source of all that ever *was*, or *is*, or *shall be*? Yes. He who is now gasping out his life, once breathed on chaotic ruins and

marshaled them in order. He breathed again, and earth forsook her chambers to greet the new-born light. He breathed again, and from her teeming bosom sprang all that animate her dust, shelter in her vales, or flood with life her watery depths and airy heights."

The following description of the inconstancy of the world is replete with beauty:

"The world is capricious. Her modes are mutable as the lunar phases. At one moment the world is all love and beneficence. She can scarcely bestow enough upon her children. Her ministrations seem as they began to be toward unsinning Adam in Paradise. She sends to caress us all her sweet and smiling ministers. She shines upon us with her light, warms us with her fires, and fans us by gentle breezes. She spreads before us the verdure of Spring; feasts us with Summer dainties, and enriches us with Autumn harvests. She waters us from her cloudy canopy, wreathes the gloom with rainbow charms, and spreads over us the bow of the covenant, to assure us that her love is everlasting. But we soon find her in another mood, and experience from her another dispensation. She yields up her smiles, and meets us with frowns. She puts out her lights and blinds us. She quenches her fires and freezes us. She rekindles them like a furnace and scorches us. She blots out the beauties of Spring, snatches from our lips the fruits of Summer, and consumes from our garners the stores of Autumn. She converts her dews into frosts, her calms into storms, her temperate ardors into torrid heats; and, from caressing, frowns upon and persecutes us.

"The redeemed soul is not thus affected. If we seek aright we shall find it overspread with a perpetual calm, and cheered by constant sunshine. We shall feel the refreshing dew, and dread no blighting frost. We shall find its climes all temperate, its aspects all fair, its moods all amiable. The charms of a moral Spring, and the sweets of a moral Summer, and the riches of a moral Autumn, all blend in its Divine constitution. And no morose Winter will come to despoil it of these glories, and chill and freeze the spirit."

The following description of Divine love has not often been equaled:

"But while traveling through creation for proofs of God's benevolence, we alight upon a scene at which we pause—a scene which arrests not only man, but angel and archangel—a scene which attracts the seraph from his height, and the demon from his depth—a scene which fixed the gaze of every world but this—a scene which will forever challenge the devout

or profane attention of heaven and hell. Approach and behold—while I draw aside the curtain and unveil the sacred mystery. See there! The altar, the victim, the agony of sacrifice, the sprinkling blood and water gushing from a heart all pure and palpitating in the writhings of death, the rays of God's benevolence circling and converging to intense and overpowering ardors till the victim is consumed! Creation groans! But on his bloody cross, and on his crimsoned vestments, and on his dripping hands, and on his gory heart, I read in flaming characters, "God—so—loved—the—world!"

The sermons on baptism furnish a fine illustration of his eminent ability as a logician. He presses the argument against exclusive immersion with relentless power, and scatters to the winds the sophisms with which it is defended.

We commend these sermons to our intelligent laymen, to the sick, and those unable to attend the ministrations of the house of God, for in them they will find elevating and consoling thought, and most eloquent expositions of the doctrines of the Cross. Few books can be placed in the hands of those troubled with doubts in regard to the religion of Christ better calculated to convince the judgment and affect the heart—for the author was a keen logician, distinguished for acuteness in argument, familiar with every phase of error, and he knew how to present the truths of the Gospel so as to remove difficulties from the skeptic's mind, lead to the renunciation of error and the reception of the truth.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY FRIEND'S DIARY.

A CIRCUMSTANCE that occurred a few days ago recalled to my mind a call I received years ago, and a conversation that then occurred, leaving its influence upon the tenor of my entire subsequent life.

How vividly it all returns to me! I was sitting in the nursery with little Emma on my lap, trying to keep her quiet as I rocked baby Joe to sleep, feeling unusually dull and listless, when my Irish Bridget entered with a very unnecessary amount of noise, saying, "There's a lady in the parlor, ma'am."

Resigning my little ones to my maid-of-all-work I went, with a feeling of impatience at the interruption, to meet my visitor. I opened the door, and there, sitting quietly by the bright fire in the grate, was the friend who, in the dear old school-days, had been my inseparable companion. Years had passed since we had embraced and parted, vowing eternal fidelity. We

had heard from each other since then only by letter, but our correspondence, like such affairs among school-girls generally, had died out. Of late years we had altogether lost sight of each other. I only knew of her marriage and removal to some Western town.

Eagerly I scanned the bright face looking so little care-worn—life, I felt, must have treated her very gently—the countenance was more mature. I noticed no other change save an increased beauty in the smile. How rapidly we talked! She had been making her first visit to her parents since her removal to the West, some ten years ago, and was now returning home. Her husband, who had accompanied her, had been compelled to return before her visit was completed. She had failed to meet expected friends through some error in making connections, she supposed, and was now traveling alone. From a mutual friend whom she had happened to meet she had ascertained my whereabouts, and also learned that she could make it convenient to peep in upon me.

We talked of old times, of the teachers we had loved, of the friends who had been scattered,

"Like roses in bloom,

Some at the bridal, and some at the tomb."

Then there came a pause, and I felt that each wanted to know something of the other's inner life.

I broke silence by saying, "And how has life served you? Has the beautiful enthusiasm of your early years all vanished? is it all bare and cold?"

"O, Annie," was the answer, "in my wildest youthful dreams I never pictured life as so truly noble and beautiful as I have found it. And how is it with you, my friend?"

Now one of my infirmities, resulting from mental or physical peculiarities, or both, has always been a liability to severe fits of depression—"the blues," I term them—and I had been that morning, before her call, yielding myself up to the full luxury of making myself miserable, and her presence had not served to exorcise the demon.

Mentally, I had been comparing myself with her. She seemed to be in the full tide of vigorous health, while I felt prematurely old. I could not fail to perceive in our conversation, though she was nothing of a pedant, that she had kept abreast of the current literature of the day, while I had fallen far behind; and yet, in our school-days, I had had no difficulty in keeping pace with her. All this rushed through my mind as I answered, "Your experience of life has been very different from mine. I married young; I have had many children; my hus-

band's business and family connections have required that our style of living should correspond with our social position, even though our income has been very limited; we have not had the means to employ competent servants, and much of household drudgery has devolved upon me; my mind has grown stunted in the society of children, their almost incessant claims upon me, first to wash faces, and then to mend tears in garments, or to tie up cut fingers, etc., have made me almost forget the existence of a beautiful world of literature, or a beautiful world of nature, or of any beautiful world except that 'beyond the flood,' and I have longed for that sometimes with a wild, passionate longing, and yet, not because it is beautiful, or because I shall there see 'the King in his beauty,' but because there is 'rest.'"

She smiled sadly, but answered quietly, "I see you still suffer from your old fits of depression, and under the influence of that depression you exaggerate your difficulties. Come out of your gloomy castle, my dear, and look through my spectacles, and you will see life all beautiful, if not all rose-colored."

"First tell me the circumstances of your life which have given you so different an experience," I answered.

"Outwardly, not very different from yours. It is easily condensed in almost the same words. An early marriage, a large family of little children, many wants, a small income. Inwardly, there have been struggles. I once pictured a life of luxurious ease; I dreamed of affection to be lavished upon me—of treasures of literature which were to enrich my intellect. I have found that the path of selfish ease furnished no such flowers as those which one may gather from the thorny hedges that edge the rugged path of self-denial; that treasures of love poured upon us give not the joy we feel, when we pour those treasures from our own full hearts upon others; that the intellect is never so truly enriched as when we are trying to enrich others. This blessed experience of life has been, very much of it, acquired through the ministering influences of my children. I believe that the highest stage in the mental and moral development of each man and woman is to be reached through the proper discharge of the parental duties. You remember the words of Mrs. Browning:

"I thought a child was given to sanctify
A woman—set her in the sight of all
The clear-eyed heavens, a chosen minister
To do their business, and lead spirits up
The difficult blue heights. A woman lives
Not bettered, quickened toward the truth and good,
Through being a mother? then she 's none."

"Well, I have realized the meaning of those words. I have lived 'better, quickened toward the good and truth through being a mother,' ever since the eyes of my Jamie, my first-born, first looked into mine. I have tried to make myself worthy, with God's help, to be his mother. Faults that I might otherwise never have conquered have been successfully grappled with for his sake. You remember my old habit of hyperbolic speaking about which you so often teased me in the olden time? I considered it then as a foible rather than as a sin, but when I came to train Jamie's character I found that the ideal of truth I had set up for him was far ahead of that to which I had attained. With bitter heart-searchings and many prayers I began the work of self-reformation. How could I 'lead spirits up the difficult blue heights' unless I myself went before them?"

"I remember the sorrow with which I first saw Jamie lift his tiny hand to strike his sister Mary, but my sorrow was vastly increased when, upon the evening of that same day, as I sat reading, I came across this passage, and was compelled to acknowledge its truthfulness: 'The harsh treatment which children inflict upon each other is, in many respects, the reflex effect of the treatment they themselves receive from their elders.' I stood self-convicted. That very morning I had given Jamie an angry blow, for what was rather an accident than an intentional misdemeanor, and in the angry blow he had visited upon his sister I had witnessed the 'reflex effect' of my own treatment. If I was a sadder woman that evening I have been a better woman since. And this is why life seems so rich to me. I am daily growing both mentally and spiritually, and the self-sacrifice necessary to secure this growth is all for the sake of the loved ones. O, often on my bended knees I thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift that I am led, because of my holiest affections, to submit myself to a discipline which I would else elude."

"I can see how these influences may all be made conducive to our spiritual growth," I answered, "though I must plead guilty to having allowed 'the cares of this world to choke the good seed.' But pray, how can you plead the life such as you describe as the best for one's mental advancement?"

"You spoke awhile ago of a mind stunted by the society of little children: only think of these minds full of life, anxious for information on all the subjects with which they come in contact, with an earnestness and glow which is apt to be impaired in later life—think of these little ones coming to a mother with their doubts

and their difficulties, think of the earnest mother-love which should impel her to keep her own mind active for their sakes—it may not be just the mental acquisitions she would have selected—it may not be just the knowledge she would have chosen, but in leading these minds, in solving these doubts, she will often find her own doubts and difficulties vanish; she will be gaining mental power and grasp, and there is a 'reflex' action even here; this happy life of mind and soul will tell upon the physical health, and there will be no great liability of a premature breaking down of the physical life. Joy is a good medicine. O, I often think one needs not, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, be consciously nearing the pearly portals ere he enters the land Beulah, where 'the birds sing and the flowers bloom!'"

Then looking at her watch she rose to leave, saying, "My time's up, and I have monopolized the conversation." I followed her to the door, and, with promises of a renewed correspondence, we parted.

I returned to the nursery thinking of her and murmuring those words of Mrs. Browning:

"And this is love,
To have the hands too full of gifts to give,
For putting out of hands to take a gift."

A few days after the telegraph flashed over the country the news of a terrible railroad catastrophe, and when the papers gave the names of the victims, my friend's appeared among those instantly killed.

The pleasant Western home, the affectionate husband, and the loving children were never more to be gladdened by her presence in the flesh, and yet I doubt not that in that home she, "being dead, yet speaketh;" and through my heart and home vibrate the echoes of that last earnest conversation.

But the circumstance which recalled all this—it was a call from this dear friend's daughter, Mary, now a fine-looking young woman. She brought with her, at her father's request, for my perusal, her mother's Diary. She gave me full permission to copy any extracts I might wish; also to publish them if I desired, but added, "You will, of course, not attach dear mamma's name." I have done as she desired, and below the reader will find some of the passages that pleased me:

"January 10th.—I am sitting in my room by the side of the cradle that contains my sleeping baby—my fourth child; she is just three weeks old to-day. Like the old Jewish mothers, I feel grateful for this addition to our household treasures; and with it there comes an increased sense of responsibility—a more intense desire

to be a true mother to these little tender beings. I think as we grow older we not only *outgrow*, but we actually *forget* the feelings of our childhood, and this very forgetfulness is the cause of our lamentable want of sympathy with the griefs and joys of our little ones. I have thought of a plan which may perhaps assist in reviving the memories of childhood in the breasts of my children when I am laid aside, and when they in their turn shall become parents, as probably some, perhaps all of them may. It is this—I will keep a journal in which I will enter the details of our family life. Childish joys and sorrows, griefs and cares shall here be recorded, and here also my experience as a mother in the training of these little ones, and years hence when these pages are brought to light, and my tall, manly sons and daughters, settled perhaps into sedate matrons, read these pages, the little incidents shall vividly recall to their minds occurrences otherwise but dimly remembered or entirely forgotten; and with this strong hold upon the outer life will not memory help them to a more vivid realization of the internal struggles, joys, and triumphs? If so, they will by that means be the better qualified for the discharge of parental duties than I am. Just now, as I sit with my foot resting upon the cradle, listening for the patter of little feet upon the stairs and the prattle of little tongues at my door—for I know they must soon return from their walk—and dreading also the entrance of the nurse and the arbitrary interdict of longer writing lest I fatigue myself, I feel that there can be no office holier than is a mother's. Give me one child of the Highest, whom I am to train for eternity, and you put the wand of a prophet in my hand, and the crown of a king, and the anointing oil of a priest upon my brow. To-day I feel the exaltation of my high and noble calling. To-day I exult as 'prophet, priest, and king.' Alas, these exalted moods will pass. Perhaps to-morrow I may feel only the weak, tired woman, almost harassed with the cares that seem too heavy for me."

"May 10th.—A beautiful Sunday. Our pastor's text was, 'While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' The sermon helped me—was real food for me. On coming home I met little Jennie in the passage; her face was flushed and her brother was by her side crying. Margaret explained that there had been some difficulty among the children about a picture-book, and that while her attention had been called away to some other matter, Jennie had snatched it and struck her brother. I took the little offender in my arms and seated her on the parlor sofa, bidding her stay till I came for her,

and as I left the room I turned saying, 'Mother does not love you now; mother never loves you when you are bad.' There came a grieved, shocked expression on the little face; an expression that clung to me with painful intensity while I was removing my wrappings.

"Did Jesus treat us so? thought I.

"Had I not just heard that it was 'while we were yet sinners' that he showed his intense love, and yet I had just refused my love to a little sinner; I had just said, 'Mother does not love you when you are bad.' In another light also my conduct was wrong, for were not my words untrue? Did I not love her? Does not the mother always love the erring one, and is the child that remains safely in the fold so likely to call out all her intense agony of love, as the wanderer on the mountains who may at any time fall a prey to the devourer? Should we not always teach our children, even in their infancy, that, whatever may be their faults, their crimes even, yet so long as mother lives, a loving heart shall follow them, a mother's prayer strive hourly at the mercy-seat for their restoration?

"As these thoughts passed through my mind, I sought my little offender. The trembling little mouth was earnestly lifted for a kiss, and as I took her in my arms she whispered, 'Please love me again. I will try to be good.' I answered, 'Mother made a mistake when she said that, dear. Mother does love you when you are bad, but it pains her heart to see her little girl do wrong. Mother loves you always. I must punish you, but I shall punish you, *because I love you*, and wish to make you good.'"

"*March 8th.*—Little Arty came to me to-day saying that Jamie said 'God is every-where.' He was puzzled and said he had looked for him under the table and under the bedstead, but could not find him. I gave him no answer then, but sent him out to play, and have been sitting thinking here since then.

"How gently God led his children, the Israelites, into the knowledge of spiritual truths!

"Although grown men, they were but children in intellect and knowledge. At first they met at the tabernacle court for sacrifice. Inside the tabernacle was the mercy-seat, and above rested the Shekinah, the visible sign of God's presence, and it was not till centuries after that the most enlightened of the nation had learned that in all places God is present, and that 'God is a spirit.' 'Milk,' thought I, 'for babes.' As yet my little one is repulsed by the thought that 'God is every-where,' and so I will not urge it on him. I will teach him that he is all-powerful, and that he beholds all men and at all times, for the little mind, I find, is much more easily

reconciled to the fact that 'God sees me' than that he is 'every-where.' He shall think of him as God in heaven, looking down upon this world, loving us, and providing for us. I will paint heaven to him as a beautiful place; I will let him grow familiar with John's beautiful imagery respecting it, and in after years, when the mind is better adapted to these deep truths, he will have no difficulty in feeling that though heaven is the 'city of the Great King,' yet all space is permeated by his presence, and that, being the author of all spirits, the creator of all nature, he is every-where. I have not found the same repugnance or irreverence in children's minds in accepting the equally incomprehensible truth that God is eternal. It is because of the irreverent ideas with which this truth is received by children, that I object to the premature urging it upon them. I once heard two little girls in conversation upon this very subject. One said, 'He is every-where.' The other answered, 'Yes, he's on your bonnet, but you can't see him.' 'But I can strike him,' said the other, raising her hand and giving her bonnet a heavy blow."

I will not tire the reader by any more extracts. We are generally poor judges of the writings of those we love, and it may be that the knowledge of my friend, the sense of her personal magnetism which to me penetrated her writings as well as her conversation, has caused both to possess for me an interest they may lack for others.

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT.

I WELL remember, when I thought of "a strong-minded woman," much as I would of a hydra or a griffin, considering her a cross between man and woman, a species of monster of which I did well to beware. But at a certain time, happening to be in the metropolis of New England, the birth-place of this movement, I bravely resolved that for once I would attend a woman's convention and judge for myself. Unconsciously drawing my skirts close about me, I entered the crowded hall, half expecting to see bloomers stride upon the stage, smiting with the fist of debate, and fiercely arguing the right of women to be men.

And had I not reason? I had read frequent accounts of this body as "a concentration of all that was vulgar, coarse, and masculine, disaffected old maids, fault-finding widows, childless married women, who had rushed together to vent their spleen upon the world, to exasperate each other, to court notoriety, and to unburden themselves of the gall of bitterness."

How complete was my disappointment! Lady-like in dress and manner, one woman after another made her appearance on the platform, reading reports from female medical colleges, schools of design, and other industrial enterprises undertaken for the benefit of woman. Then followed the story of a colored sister's escape from the house of bondage, and a tender and touching one it was. When the narrator had finished she took the woman by the hand and introduced her to the assembly, which greeted her with warmest acclamations.

Whatever sins may be laid to the account of these women, their fidelity to the cause of the oppressed, as well as their ardent patriotism, must be frankly conceded. In the late war Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, who annually sends in her protest against taxation without representation, claimed the right of being represented on the battle-field by an able-bodied substitute. She thus proved her fidelity to her own principles. Nor was this right disputed.

But to return to the convention. I was not so fortunate as to see that model of true feminine excellence, concerning whom a young girl once remarked: "Say what you please, a woman that can speak like Lucretia Mott ought to speak." At the same time I did not happen to see or hear any of those disagreeably notorious women who affect singularity, and whose efforts, however sincere, are quite as likely to result in *de-forms* as in reforms. On the whole, bating those blemishes and disfigurements common to all human associations, my prejudices were, to say the least, wonderfully modified. And I could not but feel that among the opposers of this movement, and the satirizers of these women, were some who might well say,

"Take them all in all,
Were we ourselves but half as good, as kind,
As truthful, much that women claim as right
Had ne'er been mooted, but as frankly theirs
As dues of nature."

While writing this account the earnest charge of a friend has been ringing in my ear: "Be careful and not glorify those termagants that figure in Women's Rights conventions; those blatant creatures are not good models." Now, if there be any "glorifying" here, since it is due, not to my humble pen, but to the simple facts, I trust I shall be pardoned.

"As to the 'Woman's Rights movement,'" says Mrs. Stowe, "it is not peculiar to America; it is part of a great wave in the incoming tide of modern civilization; the swell is felt no less in Europe, but it combs over and breaks on our American shore, because our great wide beach affords the best play for its waters; and as the

ocean waves bring with them kelp, sea-weed, mud, sand, gravel, and even putrefying debris, which lie unsightly on the shore, and yet, on the whole, are healthful and refreshing, so the Woman's Rights movement, with its conventions, its speech-makings, its crudities and eccentricities, is nevertheless a part of a healthful and necessary movement of the human race toward progress."

Mistakes, without doubt, there are; yet of these, candor suggests that some of them come only from reaching up unwisely or ignorantly, after a true ideal. Intent on one object, etiquettes and conventionalities are sometimes forgotten; and, with a certain class, a breach of etiquette is a greater sin than a breach of the moral law. How many unkind comments were made on that noble woman, Mary Lyon, who bravely did her work in the face of contumely and reproach! Often did she exclaim, "My heart is sick, my soul is pained with this empty gentility, this genteel nothingness." "Coarse," "masculine," "out of her sphere!" such were the taunts flung at this woman, than whom, for strength of intellect, largeness of heart, and exalted piety, no woman of the nineteenth century has stood higher.

I must plead guilty of once having beguiled a gentleman of refined and scholarly tastes to go with me to a large hall, crowded to its utmost capacity, for the sake of hearing Anna Dickinson's "Plea for Woman." You may be sure that he listened with every faculty alive to criticize. But she was too much for him. He fairly succumbed, generously admitting that she stood fully justified in her course. In his cooler blood, the next day, however, he was careful to discriminate, and qualify, and limit, regarding her as *sui generis*, and expressing himself just as much as ever opposed to woman's holding forth in public. I was not disposed to controvert his position, especially as I fully agreed with him, not only that ordinary prating would not serve, but that, to sanction such a mission, the call must be unmistakable.

I had almost a quarrel with another gentleman, who could by no persuasion be induced to compromise his principles so far as to listen to her. I insisted that he was not qualified to judge, because he had not heard her; while, on his part, he insisted as strenuously that I was not qualified because I had heard her.

But, however such instances as Miss Dickinson's may tend to the removal of certain prejudices, it remains as true as ever that woman's influence should be that of a woman, and not of a man; and that, as a general thing, her call is to the private rather than the public walks

of life. And in the exercise of unusual gifts one must take care that she does not starve her heart. There is a whole volume of significance in the confession of Aurora Leigh in her later and wiser days.

"Passioned to exalt
The artist's instinct in me at the cost
Of putting down the woman's, I forgot
No perfect artist is developed here
From any imperfect woman. Flower from root,
And spiritual from natural, grade by grade,
In all our life. . . .
. . . . Art is much, but Love is more.
Art symbolizes heaven, but Love is God
And makes heaven. I, Aurora, fell from mine;
I would not be a woman like the rest,
A simple woman who believes in love,
And owns the right of love because she loves."

Men sometimes taunt women for their lack of independence; but oftener they taunt them worse for its display. Rebuke and sarcasm, however, are not the only weapons which have been employed to keep them within "their own sphere," and to check their efforts for the redress of their wrongs. Man, it is said, is woman's natural protector; let her look to him. This is just what she has been doing all along the ages. But as to the sort of protection given her let history answer.

In 1825, when Dr. Gooch made an appeal in England in behalf of educating women as nurses, he failed to excite the smallest interest. If this be charged to apathy, what will be said to the fact that when a school of design had been opened, a petition was drawn up praying that "women might not be taught at government expense arts which would interfere with the employment of men, and so take the bread out of their mouths!" Unparalleled protection!

In a recent English pamphlet Mrs. Bodichon gives an account of a woman's unsuccessful application to fourteen medical institutions in London for private anatomical lessons, that she might be better fitted for the charge of two crippled children.* A wealthy English woman, who had applied in vain to several medical colleges for instruction, at last took private courses at the expense of two thousand pounds, sometimes paying fifty guineas where a man would pay five. Having completed her studies, she forced The Apothecaries' Hall, under fear of losing its charter, to give her a degree.

When Mr. Barnett attempted to deliver a lecture in England, on opening to women the employment of watch-making, he was interrupted by hisses, and the meeting was finally broken up. Three well-educated girls sought

instruction in the business, but not an Englishman would give it. At length they found a Swiss watchmaker in London, from whom they commenced learning, and in six months made more progress than the generality of boys in six years. But a constant persecution of them and their teacher finally drove them from the business.

The same opposition was made to women's winding silk, weaving ribbon, and pasting patterns of floss upon cards—work purely feminine, yet which was persistently monopolized by the gallant sex. In the steam-factory in Coventry, the employing of women at the looms was at first strongly opposed; and, to this day, one of the lightest and easiest processes of the manufacture is engrossed by the men under heavy penalties.* In the painting of crockery and china, in Staffordshire, in which women are more skillful than men, the latter, in their determination to keep down female wages, induce their employers to forbid women the use of the customary hand-rest.

This same kind of protection has also been extended to women in our own country. In 1854 the journeymen in a Philadelphia printing-office left in hot displeasure because two women had been employed as type-setters, while violent threats were uttered against the men who sought to fill their places. An attempt was also made to stop the printing processes through cutting the ropes by which the forms were raised. In another office all the hands signed an agreement never to work with a woman or instruct her in the business. Indeed, within a few years, there have been more than twenty strikes in printing establishments, consequent on the employment of women.

A similar opposition has been manifested in the higher vocations. Not long since the Pennsylvania Medical society passed a resolution recommending "the members of the regular profession to withhold from the faculties and graduates of female medical colleges all countenance and support; and that they can not consistently, with sound *medical ethics*, consult or hold professional intercourse with their professors or alumni." As these colleges are strictly allopathic, it is evident that this resolution is based wholly on an unwillingness to admit women to the profession. Now if this be protection, it is such as vultures give to lambs. In Australia it has been the custom to break the finger-joints of the female infants. But in this enlightened land, in order to make sure of keeping woman within her own sphere, more than her

*For these facts, as well as much other information, I am indebted to "The College, The Market, and The Court."
Vol. XXX.—25

*Edinburgh Review, October, 1854.

finger-joints are broken. Is there nothing, then, to hinder their entering the various vocations, as has so often been asserted?

In 1847 Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, a resident of Boston, and who had an extensive practice, applied for leave to attend the lectures of the Massachusetts Medical College. This was declined on the ground of "*inexpediency*." Protection! Three years later, on a second application, the desired permission was granted. A great commotion ensued in the class, culminating in a series of resolutions which were passed with but one dissenting vote. As an indication of the times I give a part of them:

"*Resolved*, That no woman of true delicacy would be willing, in the presence of men, to listen to the discussion of the subjects that necessarily come under the consideration of the student of medicine.

"*Resolved*, That we object to having the company of any female forced upon us who is disposed to unsex herself, and to sacrifice her modesty by appearing with men in the medical lecture-room."

These knightly resolutions close with an earnest protest against the proposed "innovation" as "detrimental to the prosperity, if not to the *very existence* of the school." Protection!

Were these scrupulous students aware that their weapon has an edge in the hilt which cuts the assailant more keenly than its blade cuts those whom they assail? If, in the view of such excessively refined young men, a woman forfeits her character for delicacy by joining a male class for medical instruction, do not their female patients much more "sacrifice their modesty" and "unsex themselves" by employing a male physician? If woman is excluded from the class-room with men for medical instruction on the ground of delicacy, surely, for the same reason, should men be excluded from her sick-room for medical practice.

But, fortunately, all esculapians are not burdened with so exquisite a sense of propriety, the Geneva Medical College opening its doors to Elizabeth Blackwell, of whose attendance at the lectures a journalist says: "She comes into the class with great composure, takes off her bonnet and puts it under the seat, takes notes constantly, and maintains throughout an unchanged countenance. The effect on the class has been good, and great decorum is observed while she is present."

Another instance of unaided but successful energy in this line is that of a daughter of one of our most distinguished publishers—the first woman ever graduated at any college of Pharmacy in this country. She is fully recognized

as a member of the profession by *L'Ecole de Medicine* in Paris, the great medical institution of the world. And she enjoys all the honors and privileges it can confer, none of which have ever been bestowed on a woman before.

Contrast with this the narrow policy of the Homœopathic Medical Society of Massachusetts, which, after an exciting discussion, voted—thirty-three to thirty-one—not to admit Mrs. M. B. Jackson, M. D., to their membership. Not a doubt was expressed as to her professional competency, and no objection offered except the worn-out one—that no woman can be a physician without going out of her sphere. And what shall be said as to the late disgraceful course of the medical college in Philadelphia?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LOST ART.

IT is a universally conceded fact that conversation, properly so called, is unknown in this country. This arises from a variety of secondary causes, underlying which is one broad and undeniable fact, the lack of time amid the rush and bustle of our daily life for the cultivation of the æsthetic faculties to any extent. Our country is young; our men, absorbed in business, have no time to devote to the amenities of social life. Many of them have "risen from the ranks," and the struggles and necessities of their early life barred them out from the culture for which, now that they have leisure, they have ceased to feel any desire or need. Women are said to govern the realm of conversation; but the women of an age are, for the most part, such as the men require them to be. While the "lords of creation" are satisfied with "airy nothings" and vapid small-talk in lieu of conversation, so long will women supply the demand. When men rise to a higher level and are capable of responding to a higher tone, then, and not till then, may we hope to see again the reign of brilliant conversers—men and women of intelligence and culture, of wit and refinement, who have made conversation a study as it deserves.

For of all talents there is none which is so available. The musician, the painter, the sculptor charm the select few who are capable of appreciating their peculiar branch of art. To the others, to the masses even of educated people, who have no technical and precise art-knowledge, their works are a dead letter. They feel them perhaps vaguely; they admire as a child would, yet with a restless, dissatisfied feeling—an unexpressed consciousness that there

is a something beyond the outside which is alone visible to them—a something grander and deeper than the outward harmony and symmetry, to which they have not the key.

Worse still is it when, admiring what they see or hear, they turn away satisfied that what their shallow senses have perceived is all locked in their blind ignorance and conceit from the very perception of the hidden beauties and mysteries of the world of art.

Others again admire because it is said to be admirable, and because it is the fashion to applaud, but behind the mask is a weariness more or less utter, a disgust for themselves and the object of their feigned enthusiasm.

But conversation is a charm which works from the highest to the lowest, for the true converser will adapt himself to all with whom he is thrown in familiar contact, and as all have, to a greater or less degree, the faculty of expression, so all can be warmed and charmed by this universal talisman.

Foremost among the requisites for excellence in this art, must of course be placed a well-stored mind, and, moreover, a mind in which knowledge and information are so arranged and systematized as to be always and instantly available. Without this many a flashy and superficial observer will shine, where one of solid but unavailable merit would be overlooked.

Indeed, it is a question whether it is not just those superficial scholars and thinkers who are most successful in general society. In long and intricate acquaintance their shallowness will, of course, be detected; but in ordinary intercourse the very fact of their not being incumbered by the weight of their knowledge, nor confused by its extent, gives them a certain advantage. They flash off their sparkles of wit and trifles of information, and those who see only the foam and sparkle, dazzled by their brilliancy, are apt to take the depths beneath for granted. Unfortunately it is not always the case, in this sense, that

"The foam-flakes that dance on life's shallows
Are wrung from life's deep."

Perhaps the next requisites are fluency and aptness of expression, neatness and precision in language and epithet, a style perfect in its kind, whether terse and racy, ornate and picturesque, solid and concise, or brilliant and sparkling. Better yet may be a happy combination of all, or the faculty of adapting the style to the subject under discussion and the participants of the conversation, for the power of adaptation is indispensable.

Wit and humor, perhaps, hold the next place

in the list of requisites. Wit alone often wearies by its brilliancy, but humor, relieved by flashes of wit, seldom fails to please and amuse. Self-possession and good-humor, enabling one to bear hard thrusts with equanimity and to parry them carelessly and adroitly, or, in case of need, to retort with delicate satire, piercing but devoid of acerbity, are essential to the character of a popular converser, though not, perhaps, to that of a merely brilliant one. Some men wield facts like bludgeons, knocking away specious arguments and light retorts mercilessly to right and left. Such a one was Dr. Johnson, of whom it was said that "it was useless to argue with him, for if his pistol missed fire he knocked you down with the butt end." Such men may be admired, but can hardly be called popular.

Others wield in their defense a Damascus blade, keen, flexible, glittering, cutting close with a fair, clean stroke, which "lets daylight through you ere you know you're hit," and many can bear with equanimity—can even admire, at their own expense, the stroke of a sharp, polished blade, who would shrink from the more brutal blow of an oaken staff.

Most unpleasant companions are the ponderous and matter-of-fact people. Every one knows them. They treat all subjects, grave or gay, with equal solemnity, insist upon arguing upon questions to treat which seriously is like breaking a butterfly upon the wheel. They can not comprehend a joke, and make savage and determined war upon rhetoric, treating irony and hyperbole as breaches of truth too grave for a smile. They insist upon introducing the most serious and the deepest topics at the most inappropriate moments, and consider the smile which the incongruity can hardly fail to call forth, as proofs of the most determined levity and frivolity. No jest will turn them aside, for the very good reason that jests are utterly unintelligible to them. They plod on with the gravity and solemnity of an ox over all the flowers of life, and, like oxen, excellent as they are in their places, are most sadly incongruous with the holidays of life.

Equally unpleasant, though in an opposite way, are the determinately brilliant people, who look on life as one huge farce, and all its incidents as fair food for wit and merriment. Gravity is to them a farce, earnestness or enthusiasm is sentimentality, and, as such, a fair field for ridicule. No feeling is too sacred, no sentiment too delicate, no nature too high to be the object of their mockery. Such people amuse for awhile, but "gayety without alloy wearieth," even sooner than perpetual seriousness, in so

far as jests which wound are more unendurable than heaviness which only bores.

But if even brilliant wit wearies at length, what shall be said of those whose sole idea of conversation is a frantic but futile striving for this end? No more lamentable mistake can be made in conversation than this. No greater bore exists than that sadly common one—the man who aims at brilliancy without the first requisite of success. Have we not all “smiled and smiled” in mute agony, with writhings of the spirit manifold, beneath the elaborate and pointless jokes, the fearfully misplaced “pleasantries,” the dull hackings of what the duller perpetrator fondly imagines to be satire of the keenest? And all the while our tormentor sits blandly smiling, recking nothing of the disgust rampant in our hearts. It is one of the most pitiable sights, and ludicrous as it is pitiable, to see a man who, if he followed the bent of his nature, would be kindly, sensible, inoffensive, thus deliberately impaling himself upon the hook of ridicule, and in serene self-complacency mistaking the attention which he attracts for the admiration which he covets.

Another fault to be guarded against is verbosity. Let your sentences be terse and clear, your stories—if you tell them—short and pithy, coming straight to the point without preliminary observations or side issues, and, above all, not floundering about in a quagmire of words until the “point” being reached at last, the only feeling in the mind of the bewildered hearer is one of intense relief that the end is attained by any means whatever, while all the life and aroma of the anecdote have evaporated long before.

Not less to be avoided is the fault of monopolizing the conversation, or directing it into channels when those present may be incapable of following it. If the aim is to be an agreeable companion, the endeavor should be less to shine one's self than to draw others out, to raise them in their own esteem by adroitly finding out their favorite topic and then gently leading them to talk upon it. Take it for granted that everyone can talk well upon some subject, and let your endeavor be to find out what that is, and lead the conversation toward it. A man will be more grateful to you for a single piquant or original remark elicited from him, than for a whole Golconda of brilliance which you have poured at his feet. It has been said that the most agreeable conversations are those of which you can recall nothing definite, but which leave behind only a vague, pleasurable remembrance. It has also been said that in order to be a successful talker you must say many commonplace things, some silly and a few brilliant ones. In

a certain sense this is true, if by a successful talker is meant a popular one. Human nature being slightly given to self-esteem does not like to be outshone—to be used merely as a lay-figure whereupon to display another's brilliancy. Let your opponent have the advantage of you occasionally, and he will be far more ready to applaud you when occasion arises.

Perhaps, after all, the most simple rule would be that of Christian kindness. Let the golden rule be your guide in this as in all else, and, given true Christian courtesy and refinement, solid information and the faculty of expression, one can hardly fail to interest and please.

THE FATHER'S DUTY.

WE estimate a mother's importance in her family as high as any one; and yet we do not believe that she monopolizes all the qualities needed in the great work of training up human beings. Her familiarity with her children places her, in some respects, at a disadvantage for the exercise of wholesome authority. The wise father will not indeed take the reins of the family government from his wife; but he will make his children feel that her gentle sway is sustained by a firm and steady hand; that behind their mother's tender heart stands a cool judgment, and a will stronger even than their own, and that they can not impose upon the one nor resist the other. But if he would be truly the father of his family, he must not be a stranger to them. It will answer no purpose for him to come in once in a while to meet some great emergency, and awe down rebellion by hard authority. He must be the companion, the friend of his children. Strong, natural love must be the basis of all beneficial discipline. To preserve an affection for and retain companionship with the young is a sure way for a man to remain always young himself.

But this is also, we had almost said, equally necessary for the father himself. Nothing keeps the heart so fresh and young, saves it from bitterness and corrosion through the cares, and conflicts, and disappointments of life, as daily enjoyment of a happy home. A man of business, or a scholar, who thus allows himself time for relaxation, and for the play of the domestic affections, will in the course of years have accomplished more, with less wear of mind and body, than one who has been all the time on the stretch, seeking “to catch the nearest way” to wealth or any other object of personal or public good.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

MY FIRST DEBT.

I WAS ten years old, and flitting about in the sunshine as free from care as a butterfly. Happy days were succeeded by happy nights, filled with pleasant dreams. Not a cloud had ever appeared above the horizon of my youth, not even one "no larger than a man's hand," and thus I dreamed it would ever be!

Half-way down the street, by which I went to school, was a fancy shop, kept by a little Scotch woman. Shop and keeper were suited to each other, both being small, dark, and dingy. Notwithstanding all this, the spot had peculiar attractions for me, and seldom could I pass its charmed precincts without pausing a moment to take a peep at the little show-case on the counter next the door, to see if its scanty stock of jointed dolls, side-combs, perfumery, buttons, etc., had been increased or diminished, or if the artificial flowers in little red pots, which looked *so natural* then, and seem so stiff and unlike *real* flowers now, had been appreciated and bought by some admirer of the "works of nature."

On cool days the outside door of the little shop was closed, and when opened would bump against a sharp-toned little bell, that seemed to say, "Look out there, I expect thieves!" And then from out the still darker little back room would pop the little dark mistress, with a Jack-in-a-box movement, with her little black eyes full of interrogation points, and perhaps a half-finished "artificial" or dress-cap in her hand.

Sometimes, when fear of being late at school would lend unusual quickness to my naturally lingering feet, I would just flit in, take one look, flit out again with one "longing, lingering look behind," and hasten on. If the doom which fell upon Lot's wife had been visited upon me at any of those times, I fear there would have been a melancholy little "pillar of salt" standing, a solemn warning to loitering school children, in the quiet street of that well-remembered village.

One lazy Spring day, when the blood circulated sluggishly through my veins, and my feet felt less inclined to "move on" than usual, I paid my customary visit to the little shop on my way to school. Something unusual was going on. The little mistress was "rubbing up" the show-case preparatory to putting into

it a new supply of the before-mentioned articles. I paused to look, of course. They were soon arranged in tempting display, and, forgetful of school and all outside the show-case, I dreamed and lingered.

The voice of the mistress aroused me. "Would n't you like to buy something to-day?" at the same time holding up a diminutive jointed doll. Now if I had a passion or failing worse than day-dreaming and thoughtlessness, it was dolls—and she knew it. Long, short, thick, thin, broken, or whole, the very sight of a doll would fill my heart with a tender longing. When possession crowned desire, no child so happy as I! So, balancing myself first on one foot, then on the other, I looked at the tempting wooden bait, then at the temptress, and said, meekly, as if it were a crime, with such an object concerned, to be so situated, "I have n't any money."

"It is only a sixpence, and you can hand it to me to-morrow," she blandly answered.

Little persuasion was needed; I took the doll, and was soon on my way, not actually rejoicing, for I already felt the weight of the debt—my first debt. O, how little I thought it would prove a perfect "Old Man of the Sea" to me ere I had done with it! But I said to myself, "I will ask mother for the money to-night, and pay it in the morning. Somehow I could not study as well as usual that day. The figures in the multiplication-table would all crook up, like my doll's legs and arms, and I said, "Five times one are five," five times too often, because I knew that, and had only to study on the rest of the line. But the figures five and one tormented me all the afternoon.

I went home at night hungry and tired. I thought I would go to mother at once and ask for the money, but, after seeking her in vain, I was told by my grandmother she was not at home, and I had best keep quiet, for she would probably not be home for some time, as she had been called to the bedside of a sick neighbor. So I ate my supper, and then took my stool, and withdrawing to the rear, and in the shade of grandma's chair, I took my possession from my pocket. I did n't tell grandma what I had done, as she had an old-fashioned notion that money spent in dolls and such useless things was "just so much money thrown away!" And then when one had one and had n't yet

paid for it—whew! I would n't tell her for *any thing*! So I put dolly back again into my pocket with a sigh. Growing weary at length of the click of grandma's needles and mother's absence, I gave a sudden jerk, when crack! went something in my pocket. It sounded like a pistol shot to me, but it evidently did not appear so to grandma, for she knitted on as unconsciously as ever. I cautiously put my hand into my pocket and felt for the poor dolly, and my worst fears were realized—it had been broken against the arm of my chair. Then the thought occurred to me for the first time, perhaps mother would not be willing to furnish money for a jointed doll, much less a poor broken one!

Bed-time came, and still not mother. With a sigh I crept into bed, hoping the morning would see an end to my troubles. I said my prayers as usual, but when I got to "Forgive us our debts" I broke completely down, and cried aloud. Fortunately no one heard me, or I should have been obliged to confide to other ears what might have a patient hearing and lenient judgment when poured into my mother's.

I was awakened next morning by the summons, "Come, it is 'most school-time." After all, I had slept more soundly than people with heavy consciences are wont to. I went down to meet a new disappointment. Mother had been home and gone again before I was awake. Had gone—and I was still in debt, with no means of paying my liability!

I took the poor maimed doll from my pocket and looked at it. All possibility of taking it back, as had occurred to me I might do before the accident, was past, and perhaps mother would refuse to give me the required money. Heart-sick, I contemplated my situation. The poor doll had suddenly become changed in my eyes. From the fascinating being I had first deemed her, besides being mutilated, she had become actually ugly! She had no profile, and looked more like a half-starved Chinese—begging pardon of their celestial highnesses—than any thing else, and she had no nose, to speak of, and only two little black dots for nostrils. And such limbs! I wondered what I had ever seen in the miserable little thing to admire, and my tears flowed afresh. The shadow of the debt had fallen over the once-loved charms, causing the graces and symmetry, which before had enticed me, to vanish.

That morning I took the opposite side of the street to school. How I passed the day I do not remember, being in such a state of suspense. It seemed as if the hands of the clock never

moved so slowly, and I fancied they pointed toward me, while the clock ticked out, "She owes—a sixpence—for a—broken—dolly." But four o'clock came, and I went home—again on the opposite side of the street. I remember thinking perhaps I would not find mother at home, and began to feel as if I could never tell her; and finally began to hope she would be away, though I could see no real help or comfort in that.

She was at home and very busy, as company had come, and tea was in progress. A sudden spasm of frenzy seized me as I approached her and twitched her sleeve.

"What do you want?" she asked, pausing a minute.

"I"—my courage failed, and I only asked, "How is Mrs. Lake?"—the sick neighbor.

"Better—a great deal—but do n't trouble me now."

I turned sadly away, and, looking back, saw mother's eyes fastened upon me, no doubt thinking how soft-hearted her little girl was to be so moved at Mrs. Lake's illness.

Slowly the days crept along. Suns rose and set, and rose and set again, and still I kept my secret locked up in my heart. Often it balanced on my tongue's end, so near was I parting with it, but something would always happen to tip the scale, so the secret would fall back again into my heart, wearying with its weight, which seemed to grow every day.

Never before in my life had I known money to be so scarce. No capitalist, keeping daily watch on the rising and falling in the money market, ever suffered more in mind from "hard times" than I did then. In vain I solicited errands to run, in hopes of a few pennies for reward, for, though every one accepted my services, doubtless thinking me wondrously accommodating and thoughtful, no idea of pay for "value received" seemed to enter their minds. When sent to the market or shop, the change always was "even," or too large for me to hope or expect to keep. At last the weight grew so burdensome that I no longer dared to go down the street, even on the opposite side, pass the dreaded fancy store, so I "took" to the towing-path of the canal. Sometimes I met with rough-looking men and a great many rude boys, who stared at me but seldom spoke, seeing, doubtless, how frightened and forsaken I looked. Once a rough-looking, but, I am sure, kind-hearted driver lifted me upon his horse for a ride. It is needless to say I have had many a ride since, when I felt prouder of my horse and attendant.

"Time," it is said, "is a healer," and so it

proved in the case of my wounded conscience. After a few weeks' constant travel upon the towing-path—and some narrow escapes from savage dogs attendant upon the boatmen, and once from being swept into the canal by getting between the rope and the water while the boat was passing—I found my debt no longer appeared in so terrible a light as at first. Not but that I intended paying it at my earliest possible chance, but I had begun to be accustomed to its existence; and, like many other burdens which we feel at first we can not bear up under, I found I could not only bear it, but was beginning to look upon it almost with indifference. So I abandoned the canal and its dusty path, and once more resumed my walks down the wide, shady street, though even yet on the side farthest from the scene of my temptation.

At last there came a day, a happy day for me! In return for some light service my grandma gave me a bright new sixpence. An unbounded treasure it appeared to me—a perfect mine of wealth.

How I danced over the side-walk again! As I neared the shop, my mind full of the words I should say and the manner of saying them, my eyes caught a glimpse of a tempting row of oranges in a grocer's window. Instinctively my mouth watered, and my first impulse was to buy one; but, "No," I thought, "I will deny myself and pay my debt." I took a few steps onward, then something inside seemed to whisper, "No harm to go in and ask their price—you need not buy one now."

So in I went, and found they were just two-pence each. The shop boy held one in his hand, expecting me to take it, and again the voice inside whispered, "So mean to pretend you were going to buy and not do it."

"I'll take it," I said, and hurriedly giving the boy the money, ran out of the shop and down the street, the orange in my hand and only fourpence in my pocket. But all my happy thoughts had left me with my money. I tried to silence the whispers of the inward voice—which, now that I had obeyed it, began to be reproachful—by saying, "I will tell mother to-morrow, and I know she will help me." I could not eat my orange then, and concluded to share it with some one at night, thereby partially atoning for my fault. I must have been in an unusually dreamy state on my way home from school that evening, for suddenly raising my eyes I found I was close to the dreaded shop before I was aware, and there, in the doorway, stood the object I had been eluding so long. She smiled grimly as I stopped, my face burning, and wished her "good evening."

"Where 've you been so long?" she asked; then, without waiting for an answer, she asked me to come in. Impelled onward as if by a resistless and relentless fate, I obeyed. When once inside, the various articles from which I had almost become estranged, again began to assume familiar appearances, and I soon felt the old charm coming back, and myself drifting away in an old-time dream over the show-case.

"See any thing there you like?" fell upon my ears, dispelling my dreams.

Not liking the expression of her keen eyes, I burst out nervously, "Yes, but I can't buy to-day, for I have no money."

"You are generally in that fix, aren't you? By the way, don't you owe me a little for a *dolly* you got here once—some time in the Spring?"

I told her I believed I did.

"Well, I have been making a cap for an old lady, Mrs. White, and if you will take it home for me I will forgive you the debt."

Gladly I consented—yes, I knew the lady in question, and clasping my arms around the band-box, which was larger than any cap-box I ever saw before or since, I started on my errand.

It was a long, hot walk to the top of that steep hill, right in the face of the sun, and the band-box, though not heavy, was difficult to manage. But the white cottage, perched on the very top of the hill, cheered my vision even as I glanced, half-blinded, upward; for it was to me the goal where I should, like Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress," drop off my burden forever. I almost fancied that on my arrival at the top, "shining ones" might come to me, even as they did to him, and say, "Peace be to thee." Heated and panting, I arrived at the cottage, and presented the box with a sigh of relief to Mrs. White. Words can not express the surprise of the good lady, or my disappointment. She was the plainest dressed of all plain-dressed Quakeresses, and she looked aghast as she lifted the gaudy cap from the box, and stood still in astonishment. The flowers and ribbons with which it was decked were of all possible hues, and before her quiet tones assured me it was not for her—I knew it.

"Thee has made some mistake, daughter," she mildly said, and replaced the cap.

"She said Mrs. White," I answered meekly.

"It may be the Mrs. White who lives over by the meeting-house," she suggested.

So I again took up my burden and started forth. The other Mrs. White lived at the extreme end of town, in the opposite direction, and I despaired of ever being able to go so far and back home again before dark. I hoped,

too, in consideration of what I had tried to do, my creditor might be merciful, and "forgive" me the debt, without exacting any thing further. My temples throbbed, and my throat was dry and hot, and before I reached the shop again I felt, "Verily, 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'"

As I entered the little woman bounced in in response to the bell.

"I went to the wrong Mrs. White," I stammered, "and I do n't think I have time to do the errand to-night."

"Well, then, I suppose you can pay the money soon?"

I could only say, faintly, I hoped I could, and crept out of the shop, and homeward. I feared my face would show I had been under some unusual excitement, and so it proved, for when I met my mother in the hall she laid her hand upon my forehead and said, "Why, how hot your head is; where have you been since school?"

Then the flood-gates of my sorrow burst open, and my tears flowed through. I told her all then. How hard it had seemed before, and how easy it really was to tell her then!

I was consoled and chided in one breath, and assured that the following morning I should pay the debt.

"I have fourpence toward it now," I said; but mother only laughed, and made me promise I would never contract another debt. And I did promise, and have kept my word.

I enjoined secrecy upon my mother and shared my orange with her. I afterward found the poor dolly tucked away where I had put her, long weeks ago, and, patching her up as well as I could, made a fancy pen-wiper of her.

Long years have passed since then, and I have arrived at the part of life's journey when jointed dolls, or in fact any dolls, please no longer, perhaps because that place in my heart once devoted to them has been filled by a living, breathing, black-eyed jointer, and for whom I pray that in the years to come the horizon of his youthful sky may never be darkened by even such a tiny cloud as—my First Debt.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

DO my dear young friends ever think how almost all that is good come to us? Did you ever see a farmer planting and sowing? Down in the moist earth goes the seed and yellow corn, grain by grain, little by little. God sees the farmer at his work, and knows full well that he has done what he could; so he kindly

sends the gentle rain, drop by drop, and not one of these little drops ever forgets its errand upon which the good God sends it to the earth.

"I have found you," said the rain drop to the tiny grain of wheat; and "though you are dead and in your grave, God has sent me to raise you up."

Well, there is nothing impossible with him; so when the rain drop has done its errand, a spark of life shoots out from the very heart of the tiny grain, which is dead and buried, and little by little it makes its way out of the tomb, and stands a single blade in the warm sunlight. That is nobly done; and if the great God pleased, he could make the little blade strong and fruitful in a single moment. Does he do this? No. Little by little does the stalk wax strong, and its leaves grow slowly, one after another, leaf by leaf.

Is it not so with every thing that is good? Should we like another way better? Impatience would.

It was only a few days ago that I heard a little girl say, "I am tired, tired, tired! Here is a whole stocking to knit, stitch by stitch! It will never be done."

"But was not this one knitted stitch by stitch?" I asked, taking a long one from her basket and holding it up.

"Yes."

"Well, that is done."

The little girl was counting instead of knitting her stitches. No wonder that she was tired.

Did you ever see a mason building a house of bricks?

"Poor man!" Impatience would say, "what an undertaking, to start from the earth and go on so far toward the sky, brick by brick!" Who ever saw a patient, persevering person try, and not succeed at last? So, then, step by step, which is God's way, must be the way.

Let us see that we do every day what we can. Any little boy or girl who, in looking back upon a day gone by, can say, "I have done one thing well," may be happy in the thought that one step has been taken in the way of wisdom. But remember one thing, dear little friend, the buried grain of wheat would never start into life if God did not send it help, and it is by the same help that it now increases day by day.

As the little rain drop—God's beautiful messenger—descends into its tomb, so in the darkness and death of sin the Holy Spirit comes to us. If he breathe upon our hearts, we live to do good; without him, we do nothing good. Let us obey the Spirit, and all good will be ours at last, though we gain it little by little.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"COME AND SEE."—Prejudice is a judgment formed without due examination of the facts and arguments necessary to a just conclusion. A man, otherwise excellent, doubted if any good thing *could* come out of Nazareth. The rational mode of correcting his prejudice was adopted. One who knew that a good thing *had* come out of Nazareth, promptly said to the doubter, "Come and see." Nathanael was candid enough to do so much, and was soon convinced.

Every one knows that many have prejudices against Christianity which might be removed, would those who cherish them but make personal investigation of its claims. And every one who has endeavored to bring individuals to Christ, knows on what partial and insufficient grounds they often refuse to become Christians. One refers to some doctrine which he has heard denounced, and held up to ridicule or scorn; and, though he has never examined the evidence of its verity, he has a repugnance to it, and turns away from the whole because he dislikes a single particular. Another has been defamed or defrauded by a Church member, and becomes prejudiced against all Christians, and even Christianity itself. A third finds a subterfuge in the diversity of creeds and the multiplicity of denominations. Numerous are the objections, frivolous in themselves, which men interpose as a foil to appeals which press upon their consciences and hearts.

Our religion, like its Author, is open, both as a theory and a practical system, to examination, and invites scrutiny.

Candid experiment is better than controversial discussion. When once prejudice is banished from the heart, it is soon expelled from the head. Get the mind open to the simplest form of evidence, and there will be conviction, and a frank avowal of the conviction.

Christians who can not argue learnedly, can invite their friends to Jesus, and thus render them incalculable service. The most acute logician could not have done Nathanael so much good as was done by Philip of Bethsaida. The simplest Christian can say, "Come and see," and that may be more effectual than a labored disputation.

That word "Come" was far better than would have been the word "Go." "Come" is attractive, and significant of the spirit of the Gospel. How often and sweetly did that word fall from the lips of

Jesus! "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come.'" It is the word for all his followers.

"RELIGION AT HOME."—We have seldom heard a more practical sermon from the pulpit, or one more needed, than an editorial article which lately appeared in one of the leading secular papers of New York, under the above title. We can not deny ourselves the pleasure of making some extracts:

Home is the place where men need their religion most, because it is at home that men are not only most tempted, but most inclined to show their meanness. There is seldom any one to call a man to account in his own house. There he can too often play the tyrant or the ruffian with impunity, and there he not unfrequently does so misbehave himself as to render his presence intolerable to all within his power.

There are tens of thousands of persons in this city who profess to be Christians, and it would be interesting to get at the precise number of those whose families or dependents derive any benefit from their master's supposed religion—whose wives thank God that they have religious husbands, whose children thank God that they have religious fathers, whose employes thank God that they have religious employers. We hope 'here are many such, because the professedly religious man, whose wife and children and employes do not have occasion to thank God for a religious husband and father and employer, has no religion which will pass muster either in this world or in that which is to come. Nor are the employed exempt from these conditions any more than the employers. A truly religious man, whatever his station, puts his religion into his daily life and vocation, and makes it tell beneficently in the humblest duties as well as in the highest.

These remarks and principles apply to women no less than to men. The wife whose religion does not lead her to try to make her home the blesseddest place on earth for her husband and her children, will attend prayer-meetings and sewing-circles in vain; and in vain also will she who fills her house with scolding all the week attune her discordant voice in church to Sabbath psalms.

THOUGHTS FOR PARENTS.—1. Be what the children ought to be.

2. Do what the children ought to do.

3. Avoid what they should avoid.

4. Aim always, not only in the presence of the children, but also in their absence, that your conduct may serve them for an example.

5. Are any among them defective? *Examine what you are yourself*, what you avoid—in a word, your whole conduct.

6. Do you discover in yourself defects, sins, wanderings? Begin by improving yourself, and seek afterward to improve your children.

7. Think well that those by whom you are surrounded are often only the reflection of yourself.

8. If you lead a life of penitence, and seek daily to have grace in you, it will be imparted to you, and through you to your children.

9. If you always seek Divine guidance, your children will more willingly be directed by you.

10. The more obedient you are to God, the more obedient will your children be to you; thus in his childhood the wise Solomon asked of the Lord "an obedient heart," in order to be able to govern his people.

11. As soon as the master becomes lukewarm in communion with God, that lukewarmness will extend itself among his pupils.

12. That which forms a wall of separation between God and yourself will be a source of evil to your children.

13. An example in which love does not form a chief feature is but as the light of the moon—cold and feeble.

14. An example animated by ardent and sincere love shines like the sun; it warms and invigorates.

MODERN INFIDELS.—A writer in the *Congregational Journal* thus exposes modern infidelity: "The infidelity, to be sure, of the present day has become pious, and goes to meeting, but the teeth are just as sharp, and malice just as deep as when imported from France. Formerly the infidel wolf was wont to growl and snap in open daylight, now it puts on sheep's clothing, and appears religious, uses honeyed words, smiles blandly, and even prays with some apparent fervor, finding this to be the best way to oppose the Orthodox. Mr. Thomas Paine was a green hand at the work. He was too outspoken. He showed his hoofs, horns, and tail, and supposed he could accomplish his end. Poor, mistaken man! if he had become a doctor of divinity he would have shown more tact, and had more prospect of ultimate success. Whatever may be the other attributes of the devil, he certainly is not omniscient, for he has learned something during the last hundred years. He is not the same coarse, uncouth, homely creature he used to be. He has sawed off his horns, he wears as nice boots as any body, covering his cloven feet, and his tail is rolled up under a neat sheep-skin, and he bows and scrapes, and smiles and prays just like other folks. Formerly he was frightful, hideous—now he is quite attractive, winning by his smiles the young and unsuspecting."

LEGH RICHMOND AND HIS MOTHER.—Legh Richmond, writing to his mother, says, "Your occasional doubts and fears arise from too much considering

faith and repentance as the *grounds*, rather than the *evidences*, of salvation. The truth is, that a weak faith makes the soul as sincere, though not so happy, as a strong one; and an imperfect repentance, as we deem it, may be sincere, and, therefore, a work of grace. Our salvation is not because we do well, but because 'He, in whom we trust, hath done all things well.' The believing sinner is never more happy and secure than when at the same moment he beholds and feels his own vileness, and also his Savior's excellence. You look at yourself too much, and at the infinite price paid for you too little. For conviction you must look at yourself, but for comfort at your Savior. Thus the wounded Israelites were to look only at the brazen serpent for recovery. The graces of the Spirit are good things for others to judge us by, but it is Christianity as received, believed in, rested upon, loved and followed, that will speak *peace* to ourselves. By looking unto Him we shall grow holy; and the more holy we grow, the more we shall mourn over sin, and be sensible how very short we come of what we yet desire to be. While our sanctification is a gradual and still imperfect work, our justification is perfect and complete; the former is wrought *in* us, the latter *for* us. Rely simply as a worthless sinner on the Savior, and the latter is all your own, with its accompanying blessings of pardon, acceptance, adoption, and the non-imputation of sin to your charge. Hence will flow thankful obedience, devotedness of heart, etc. This salvation is by faith alone, and thus saving faith works by love. Embrace these principles freely, fully, and impartially, and you will enjoy a truly Scriptural peace, assurance, and comfort."

PREACHING CHRIST.—I am thoroughly and solemnly convinced that no other than the preaching of Christ "in the demonstration and power of the Spirit" will boldly confront and effectually check the prevailing Rationalism and Ritualism of the day. A lifeless, intellectual, philosophical presentation of the Gospel will, for all such practical purposes, make no more vital or saving impression upon the minds and hearts of the people, than the arrow on the air, or the snow-flake upon the sea. A ministry that is not unequivocally evangelical in its doctrine, practical in its teaching, loving in its spirit, and clothed with the anointing of the Holy Ghost, is not the ministry for the momentous and perilous times in which we live. To combat the errors and to explode the superstitions of the day, the Gospel must be proclaimed without reservation, and Christ must be uplifted without a rival; no ghostly priest with mock sacerdotal pretensions standing between the Savior and the sinner.

POWER OF WOMAN.—Dr. Adolphe Monod, that most eloquent of all evangelical ministers of France, says: "The mightiest influence which exists on the earth, both for good and for evil, is concealed in the hand of woman." She may not sit as a judge or a senator, or fill the pulpit, or plead at the bar, or be diplomaed in medical colleges, or command armies, or vote at elections, yet her power is greater over

men who do those things than all else, and the greatest over those who deny it. What made the Greek soldiers braver than all others? If there be truth in history, it was due to their mothers, sisters, and wives. They conjured them to conquer, or return, borne dead or wounded upon their shields.

Our soldiers were patriotic in the late war, but who does not know that their patriotism was re-enforced by the women who presented banners and flew to the fields of blood with kind words and sanitary supplies!

Dr. Judson was a brave man, but the charming and beautiful Ann Hasseltine, whom he loved, re-enforced his bravery. The influences under which John Bunyan grew up to manhood were not good. He was wild, reckless, and profane. But he overheard four poor women talking, not of their neighbors' faults, but of Christ and their own Christian experience. They arrested his attention. It resulted in his conversion. Those four poor women made John Bunyan what he was.

The power of men over women is great, but not so great as that of women over men. It is hard for a man who plunges into vice or error to drag his wife with him; but easy for a woman to lead her husband astray. It is a power that grows out of her nature. The morals of the people are in the keeping of women. What they frown upon, men will not do. Men can be saved from drunkenness if women set their faces against it. Young men will not drink if the young women they love and respect frown upon it; but if they are indifferent as to that matter, or encourage the practice, they will.

WEARING MOURNING.—The Cornhill Magazine contains some sensible ideas on the subject of wearing mourning: The addition of so many inches of crape for every degree of affinity is irrationally absurd. Apart from this, crape itself is a peculiarly bad material for the purpose, from its expensiveness and its liability to injury from every drop of rain. To lay aside one's ornaments is the natural symbol of grief, and a relief when the feeling is real. The French plan of signifying the "depth" of mourning by increasing the degree of plainness of the simple black dress, and by the absence of ornaments and trimming, seems much the most reasonable and appropriate. The free use of white in all cases of mourning, however deep, would also be a great gain. In hot weather to condemn mourners to the use of heavy black clothes is a mild form of suttee, and should, in common charity, be abolished.

THE BETTER LAND.—There is a place of blessedness. No storm ever beats upon its shores; no famine or pestilence ever stalks around its cities; no tears are ever wept there; no disappointments crush the heart. You have friends and loved ones there. In the night visions, "when deep sleep falleth upon men," they are present with you in dreams. There is a ladder like that which Jacob saw at Luz, reaching from heaven to earth; and they go to and fro upon it. They stand beside you in the night watches and utter the old words of love. Their voices have

caught something of the music of heaven, though they have not lost the old love tone. Their eyes glow with much of that light which bathes the heavenly world, but have not lost the melting tenderness of the former times. They shake celestial odors from their wings when they come in these dream-visits, and for days leave all the air about you redolent of heaven. We wish they would come oftener, and bring with them, when they come, yet larger tokens of the land whither they are gone, and whither we are going.

Ever and anon, another and another is being caught away from our household; and we reach out our arms after them weeping bitter tears. Let it not be so. Let it rather be our first care that they and we be suitably appareled when the Master sends. Up there they go in raiment which has been "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb;" for that is the royal color in heaven, and is worn by all the sons and daughters of the King.

FOUR THINGS IMPOSSIBLE.—To escape trouble by running away from duty. Jonah once made the experiment, but it did not succeed. Therefore manfully meet and overcome the difficulties and trials to which the post assigned you by God's providence exposes you.

To become a Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold, such is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross, and makes the gold shine forth with unalloyed luster.

To form an independent character except when thrown on one's own resources. The oak in the middle of the forest, if surrounded on every side by trees that shade and shelter it, runs up tall and comparatively feeble; cut away its protectors and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree, growing in the open field where it is continually beaten upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character which he could not otherwise have attained.

To be a growing man by looking to your social position in society for influence, instead of bringing influence to your position. Therefore, prefer rather to climb up the hill with difficulty than to be steamed up by a power outside of yourself.

THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never grows old. Years pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the Spring of life opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed upon her cheek. That rose never faded yet—it never will fade. Who does not love and respect the woman that has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion or folly, and let her love truth and virtue.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE; or, *Scripture Testimony to the Divine Person and Work of the Holy Ghost.* By E. H. Bickersteth, M. A., author of "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever." 12mo. Pp. 192. \$1.25. New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

Mr. Bickersteth a few months ago touched the heart of the Christian world by his daring but successful venture in the form of a great Christian epic, "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever." We call it a daring venture, because no one has essayed it on such a scale since the days of Milton, and Young, and Pollok. And like even the *Paradise Lost* itself, its four hundred pages of blank verse lay for some time waiting for some one bold enough to undertake its reading, and still longer for an American publisher who would venture its reproduction. But as with the immortal epic of the blind singer, reader after reader began to find himself astonished and delighted as he detected the thickly shining gleams of rare poetic genius in this work. It has already taken its place by the side of those grand old Christian epics which the world does not let die. It is one of the few books written on the ever solemn themes of death and life, and immortality, the upper and nether worlds, of which it can be said that the thread of the narrative once taken up, the reader is led resistlessly onward to the end.

But in an entirely different field and method the author produces the little volume before us. It is an unpretentious attempt to adduce in a compact form the full teaching of the Holy Scriptures on the nature, offices, and work of the Holy Spirit. It is not the author's first venture in prose. Christians have already welcomed two little volumes, "Hades and Heaven, or What does Scripture Reveal of the Estate and Employments of the Blessed Dead and the Risen Saints," and "Water from the Well-Spring for the Sabbath Hours of Afflicted Believers." A treatise entitled, "The Rock of Ages," on the one eternal Godhead of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, met with prompt favor, and has been widely circulated in England and America. The present volume is an enlargement of one of the chapters of that treatise, developing at greater length the Scripture testimony respecting the Spirit's Divine operations. It is a timely and valuable book, drawing all its lessons from the Holy Scripture, which it treats with a humility and reverence that is exemplary in these days. It studies fully "the teaching of the Word of God with respect to the Spirit's infinite union of the Son of man, to his inspiration of Holy Scripture, to his striving with the world, to his quickening of those dead in sins, to his progressive sanctification of those who are quickened, and finally, with respect to the issue of his work in

the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

THE PURSUIT OF HOLINESS. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D. D. 16mo. Pp. 261. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Dr. Goulburn, Dean of Norwich, and formerly chaplain to the Queen, has also made himself very favorably known to American Christians. "The Devotional Study of the Holy Scriptures," "The Idle Word," and others which we have noticed, have won their way by the beauty and simplicity of their style, the seriousness and piety of their thoughts, and the reverence and devoutness in which they study God's Word. "Thoughts on Personal Religion," to which this volume is a sequel, is a searching and instructive volume, pointing out to the penitent and the young Christian the reality of a vital and conscious experience of religion, and the way to reach it and grow in it. The present volume is intended to carry the reader further onward in this spiritual life. The first thing about the book which impresses us is its earnest piety, and its anxiety to instruct and save men. Another noticeable feature is the directness with which it goes to those questions and difficulties which arise in the life of every sincere and earnest Christian, and the clearness and ability with which it helps the inquirer, sometimes making him feel humiliated, where it shows his great lack, and at others enabling him to rejoice that certain of his thoughts and efforts are evidences of a Christian heart. One of the chapters will be of great service to that class of Christians who go doubting all their lives because no raptures are vouchsafed to them. The author forcibly shows that the love of God is a principle quite as much as a sentiment, and manifests itself better by our confidence in Christ, coming to him in our troubles, referring our actions to his will, and by our single-mindedness in desiring to know his will and seeking to please him, than by any mere ebullition of emotion. The love of Christ is an affection of the will, whose presence will produce more or less manifestation in our emotions according to the temperament, education, etc., of the individual. This is by no means one of the every-day guide-books to holiness, but an able, original, logical, and often profound treatment of subjects connected with the Christian life.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. A Poem. By William Morris, author of "The Life and Death of Jason." Part III. 16mo. Pp. 382. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The first and second parts of this remarkable poem were noticed in the Repository a year ago, and the American and English critics, with hearty prompt-

ness and almost universal accord, concede to its author a high place among the highest of the poets of modern times. It has been given to few mortals to leap so suddenly into poetic fame, as but few mortals have been so richly endowed with the imaginative faculty and the power of smooth, fluent, perspicuous poetic expression. The world had not ceased admiring and wondering over the magic scenes of the *g* and epic of "The Life and Death of Jason," on the fame of which the author might have lived for years, when the astonishment was multiplied by the appearance of the "Earthly Paradise," and critics began to fear that such productiveness must soon exhaust itself, and the quality be submerged in the quantity. But no, the perusal of the new volumes only proves that the fertility exhibited denotes not the inferiority of the crop but the richness of the soil. The care, the patience, the wealth of knowledge which the poems before us reveal, thoroughly shut out the notion of haste in their composition. The author is simply a born poet, and his thoughts flow from him in measured lines, with a spontaneousness that seems to evince no labor on the part of the artist. And they are read with the same flowing, dreamy ease with which they seem to have been written; and this is one of the great charms of the poems. He speaks, too, in language easy to be understood, simple and natural, hiding nothing in a poetic fog, but clothing every idea in a life-like beauty.

"The Earthly Paradise" is a novel conception; it is an exquisite poetical painting of those half-reasonable, half-superstitious hopes, that have been leading men in all ages to dream of and seek after some earthly paradise free from the thought of death and pain. The machinery of the poem is simple and artless. A band of wanderers start upon this search for Utopia; their journeys through the various months and seasons, described with sympathy and pathos, constitute the links by which the exquisite tales from ancient and mediæval lore are bound together. All the tales, taken from the old Greek, or Italian, or Norse legends, told by these weary wanderers, are in keeping with the deferred hope, the triumphant anticipation, the weary disappointment, or the soothing rest of these Utopia-seekers. The present volume, to be followed by still another, contains "The Death of Paris," "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," "The Story of Acontius and Cydippe," "The Man who Never Laughed Again," "The Story of Rhodope," and "The Lovers of Gudrun."

HEALTH BY GOOD LIVING. By W. W. Hall, M. D., editor of "Hall's Journal of Health." 12mo. Pp. 277. \$1.50. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Dr. Hall needs no introduction to our readers. We have felt quite free in presenting to them from time to time the pithy, rational, and varied thoughts which he so often gives to the world through the "Journal of Health." Dr. Hall may be called the "health doctor" rather than the healer, his great aim being to teach the people common sense with

respect to the principles of health and disease, and to keep them well rather than to heal their maladies. "The object of this book," he tells us, "is to show how high health can be maintained, and common diseases cured by 'good living,' which means eating with a relish the best food prepared in the best manner. As there can be no good living without a good appetite, how to get this great blessing without money and without price is pointed out in very clear and plain terms." It is full of sensible advice, and attention to its suggestions would save many visits from the doctor and a good deal of misery.

HEDGED IN. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Author of "Gates Ajar." 16mo. Pp. 295. \$1.50. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This volume, from the author of "Gates Ajar," will of course be welcomed from one who is now on the flood-tide of popularity. Though it has not the novelty of subject which made that work so wonderfully popular, it treats a well-worn and troublesome question with a freshness and power rarely equaled. It is the story of a girl who growing up among the dregs of the people, and becoming the mother of an illegitimate child, was raised through Christian sympathy to not only a useful position in society, but was made the loved and valued friend of persons of refinement and virtue. The narrative is intended to inculcate by example the benign and Divine judgment, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." Its characters are finely and sharply drawn, and its incidents are within the bounds of probability, though unfortunately such judicious helpers as poor "Nix" met with are too rarely to be found. The book will interest thousands of readers, and we trust will do them good also.

MAUPRAT. By George Sand. From the French, by Virginia Vaughan. 16mo. Pp. 324. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

George Sand is another of those lady writers who have taken the strange freak of assuming a masculine *nom de plume*. She is a great favorite among French litterateurs. She is eminently French in her genius, style, and subjects. We doubt if she will ever become very popular in America; we can not hope that she ever should. Yet she is a grand writer; rather exuberant in imagination, extravagant, as most French writers of fiction are, yet exhibiting in every thing she writes an artistic excellence rarely equaled. The romance of Mauprat was written in 1846, while the author was suffering the pangs of disappointed matrimonial life, and passing through the miseries of a legal separation. The book glows, therefore, with burning indignation against every form of false marriage, and with brilliant passages on the true ideal of love, and the felicity and moral beauty of the marriage of kindred souls. It has a moral, which is not objectionable as a whole, though we would be unwilling to accept it as a true exposition of either love or marriage. It is nearer right, however, than many of her other productions.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"WAIF WOODLAND."—We are sure that many of our readers will thank us for placing before them in this number the modest, gentle, womanly face of "Waif Woodland," who, for many years, sang to them some of the sweetest and purest poetry that has adorned our pages. It was never our pleasure to meet our contributor, but as we read her poetry we built up our ideal, and are glad to find it realized in the portrait that we give of her. It is that of a genuine woman, beaming with maternal and wifely love, satisfied with her home, feeling that she was filling one of earth's highest places in blessing her household, and shedding around her a silent but powerful influence, refining and blessing all who knew her. No lines of restless ambition mar the patient restfulness of those features; she sang for neither fame nor money, but because the song was in her and welled up from a loving, thankful, satisfied heart. She was a sufferer, too, yet drank the cup with patient submission. She has gone to sing sweeter songs among the angels, for which even her picture tells us she was ripe and ready.

The proper name of "Waif Woodland" was Mrs. Caroline P. Blair; she was a resident of the town of Barker, in New York. Her life was marked by no extraordinary features; the lot was such as falls to the common heritage of men and women. She received a good education, commenced the career of teaching, early gave her heart to Christ, and continued a faithful and devout Christian till the Master called her higher. When about twenty years of age she was married to Mr. A. E. Blair, who, with seven children, five of them members of the Church of her early choice, still survives her. She was a sufferer almost from the time of her marriage till her death, yielding at last, like so many other gifted ones, to that fell destroyer, consumption. Her poetry breathes always the spirit of her life, indicating deep-toned piety, sanctified and refined by suffering. We bid farewell to the gifted writer, and sorrowfully dismiss the name and poetry of Waif Woodland from our pages, by giving two of her poems which she finished only a short time before her death, one of which seems almost prophetic of the coming change.

THE SILVER CUP.

Bring your uncle the little escritoir,
Alice, that stands on the oaken drawer!
There. You may unlock it—my hands, you know,
Are weak as a woman's, and tremble so.
Carefully, child! these are links of our fate,
The silver cup, and its pitiful freight.

They are here—all here—there is just a score
Of pale-pink leaves—neither less nor more;
From a tropical land beyond the sea
Your father, my darling, sent them to me:
Like a sigh borne back from a distant land,
Or the last cold touch of a "vanished hand."

You can judge of the night—little I thought
Then of the change which its hours had wrought;
My hair—ah me! 'twas a terrible blow—
When the morning broke, was like drifted snow;
And the lines which fell on my youthful brow
Were as deep and long as you see them now.

The ship was stanch, and your father, they said,
"Had skill that would honor an older head;
The ocean for him held its beaten track
Twelve months, and Alice should welcome him back."
Tears darkened her vision, but Hope, too fond
Of brightness, was gilding the dim Beyond.

Bertha, my blossom, too fragile for earth,
Imbibing heaven's purity even from birth,
Reluctantly silenced her heart's protest,
And yielded to try the voyage in quest
Of firmer health. But, alas, for the day!
When Bertha, my beautiful, sailed away.

It was Spring-time—I shall never forget,
There were dews on the early violet,
And the wild white-pink and the arbutus
Smiled the saddest, tearfullest smile for us,
Remembering afterward, I could see
How Nature foreshadowed our destiny.

The sky's soft blue was o'erclouded, and thick
Cold mists hung heavily over the creek,
Whose waters swept with a foam, and a surge,
And a sound, which seemed like a funeral dirge,
But the slow hours passed, and day followed day,
Until weeks and months were worn away.

At length, when Summer was scenting the air
With its new-mown hay and its fruitage rare,
A missive was put in my hands, which bore
The name of a port on a foreign shore.
So fierce was the tumult which shook my heart
That I scarcely could tear the seal apart.

A message from her! just a few sweet words,
Like the first glad ripple of early birds;
Or a carol of Hope, so fresh and wild,
That I wept for joy—like the veriest child.
But a silence came, and a grave meantime
Took its tender trust in a distant clime.

Ah, Alice! we had not woven our plight
In a form of words; but the stars of night
Knew it, and so did the flowers, and the trees,
For Nature had whispered it on the breeze;
The path was not hidden which we had trod,
The angels saw it—and so did God.

Now, dear, you may gather the rose-leaves up,
And put them again in the silver cup;
They came when the Autumn winds were sighing,
The rose she held in her hand while dying!
A score of years—they are faded and torn,
They came to me, child, the night you were born.

Two gifts on my heart the angels had laid,
One from the dying—one from the dead!
These, from the hand which was wasting to dust,
You, darling—a babe—to be held in trust
For him—my brother—for this they said
Was your mother's prayer on her dying bed.

Alas for the night! just over the way
They showed me the room where his dead wife lay,

Then they told of the new-born babe, for whom
She had given her own sweet life and bloom;
But the tidings which came an hour before
Had stunned me—I could not suffer more.

They were sisters, Alice, and both were gone!
I remember it all, the day's chill dawn,
The empty world, the discomfiting sky,
And the ominous rooks that flitted by;
Though I felt no pain, and could shed no tears,
That night had accomplished the work of years.

Yes, dear, you will put our treasures away,
My heart has been pleading for them all day!
Grown weary, perhaps, yet loving its cross,
Your father was never to feel his loss;
No wearing unrest—no pain of rent ties,
Only a struggle and happy surprise.

But the sea is deep and its waves run wild,
So I keep the leaves, and I keep thee, child!
For a tattered sail, and a drifting spar,
And this silver cup, which came from afar,
And a sailor's word, and a tempest's frown,
Are all that told where the ship went down.

IMMORTALIS.

"Passing away!" this solemn truth
Can never more be banished!
One after one, the bright young dreams,
The glowing hopes and golden gleams
Of youth have swiftly vanished.

How strange they look, these silv'ry threads,
Amid my tresses shining!
A furrow here and there which fell
As if by stealth, yet loudly tell
Of life's too quick declining.

And yet it seems but yesterday
Since I, a child, was straying,
With birds and flowers, in thoughtless glee,
Or kneeling at my mother's knee,
The nightly prayer was saying.

Or later still, another scene
On Memory's canvas waking—
A timid bird, mid smiles and tears,
With budding hopes and chilling fears,
From the home-circle breaking.

A changeful sky, a checkered path,
By light and darkness shaded;
O life, how strange a thing thou art!
But stranger still the human heart
When the frail form has faded.

Buoyant, and bright, and youthful still
Its unquenched fires are burning,
Earth's withered blossoms only feed
The deathless flame, and heavenward lead
The spirit's quenchless yearning.

DEATH OF DR. MCCLINTOCK.—The Church has been suddenly called upon to mourn the loss of one of her most gifted sons. On Friday, March 4th, Rev. John McClintock, D. D., LL. D., died, after a very brief illness, of typhoid fever, at his home in the President's house of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey. It was startling intelligence even for his nearest friends, many of whom had only a few days before been enjoying his genial presence and society, while to the Church at large the announcement of his illness and of his death was almost simultaneous. His loss to the Church is among the heaviest of the many good and strong men she has been recently called to dismiss from the

earthly struggles to the heavenly rewards. Few men had won so many friends, few possessed such commanding talents and such varied abilities, few had filled so many posts of honor and usefulness, few will leave behind them so large a gap and so hard to fill.

Dr. McClintock was born in Philadelphia, in the year 1814, and, therefore, had only reached the ripe age of fifty-six, giving promise of many more years of usefulness to the Church. He was of Irish parentage, and possessed the warm heart and enthusiastic nature of the Celtic stock. He experienced religion early in life, and maintained an unwavering Christian faith amid the temptations of a varied literary career, and a devout Christian heart amid the seductions of a varied social life. He pursued his collegiate course at the University of Pennsylvania, in his native city, and graduated in 1835. He soon after entered the traveling ministry in New Jersey, and was first appointed to Jersey City. He was then elected to a professorship in Dickinson College, Carlisle, where he remained about ten years. In 1848 he was elected editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, in which position he remained for eight years, till 1856. From 1857 to 1859 he was pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in New York city, and near the close of 1859 he went to Paris to take charge of the American chapel in that city. He was there during all the hottest part of our recent war, and rendered incalculable service to his country by his inflexible loyalty, and by his eloquent defense of the Government, both in France and England, against the mistakes and prejudices of European and English aristocracy. He returned in 1864, and retired for rest and to prosecute his literary labors to a country residence, near New Brunswick, New Jersey. In 1868 he was called to Drew Theological Seminary, where he closed his active and faithful career.

Dr. McClintock was a greater literary worker than his published volumes would indicate, as the great work of his life, which has consumed years in its preparation, in association with Dr. Strong, is yet unfinished, the Theological and Biblical Cyclopedia. Besides, he was a very large contributor to his own periodical while editor of the Quarterly. In conjunction with Professor Blumenthal he prepared a translation of Neander's Life of Christ, and with Dr. Crooks, a series of Latin and Greek elementary books. A series of Letters on the Catholic question was also issued in a volume entitled, "Temporal Power of the Pope." He was a great and good man; ripe as a scholar, eloquent as a preacher and speaker, liberal, yet evangelical as a Christian, genial as a friend, he will be greatly missed from the Church and the world.

DEATH OF BISHOP THOMSON.—And still again Death has thrust in his sickle and cut down one of our richest and ripest sheaves. On the evening of Tuesday, March 22d, while in Jersey City awaiting the arrival of the Bishop who was to preside over our Conference, a telegraphic dispatch informed us of

the sudden death of our beloved Superintendent, who had that morning died of typhoid pneumonia at Wheeling, Western Virginia, where he had been obliged to stop on his way to preside at the session of the Newark Conference. We felt as if we had lost a dear personal friend. Only a few days before we had been in consultation with him on some of his literary plans and purposes for the future. Now his work was ended, and the laborer had suddenly gone to rest and reward. We draped the Church in mourning, opened our Conference with devout prayers to God for his blessing on his Church and on the family of our dear Bishop, renewed our own vows to live more for God and nearer to heaven, and under the superintendence of Bishop Ames pursued our Conference business with the sadness and solemnity of our affliction resting upon us.

Our readers will find an excellent sketch of the Bishop in the March number of the Repository for 1865, and also a very fine portrait. We can only introduce here an outline of his useful and active life.

Edward Thomson was born at Portsea, a suburb of Portsmouth, England, in October, 1810. His parents belonged to the wealthier middle class, the family being remotely connected with that of James Thomson, the poet. The circumstances of the family secured him the advantages of early education, but in 1819, when he was in his ninth year, his father emigrated to America, and two or three years later settled at Wooster, Wayne county, Ohio. Notwithstanding the scarcity of good schools in so new a country, the boy Edward was well trained in the elements of the sciences and the classics, and ranked as a good Latinist. A scientific taste led him first to the medical profession. He received a diploma of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania in 1829.

The young doctor returned to Ohio, and opened the practice of his profession at Wooster. At this time he was a skeptic in religion, with an entire disbelief in the Bible and Christianity. With several other able and skeptical young men he formed an Infidel Club, to meet weekly and seriously to read and refute the Bible. The experiment resulted in Thomson's conviction of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and this conviction, strengthened by a powerful sermon from Russel Bigelow, and by the instantaneous death by accident of a friend, resulted in his embracing the faith which he had rejected. He entered the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1833, at the age of twenty-three, began work as a minister in what was then the Ohio Conference. In 1836 he married Maria Louisa, daughter of the Hon. Mordecai Bartley, afterward Governor of Ohio.

The success of Dr. Thomson as a pulpit orator in Detroit, where he was located in 1836, forms one of the most complete and thrilling records of the Church. The family of Governor Cass, and many of the cultured and elite of the city, thronged his ministry. At the end of his first year in Detroit he was called to the Principalship of Norwalk (Ohio) Seminary, which position he occupied for eight years. By the General Conference of 1844 he was elected editor of *The Ladies' Repository*. In 1845 he was elected first

President of the newly founded Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio, the first Methodist College in the State. He remained fifteen years, bringing the institution to the leading position it now holds in the education of the West. His success in the Presidency of that College is in many respects without a parallel in the history of the Methodist Church. In 1860 the General Conference called him to the editorship of *The Christian Advocate*, in New York, where he succeeded Dr. Abel Stevens, the accomplished historian of the Church. Those were stormy times when Dr. Thomson entered upon this task of editing the *Advocate*; the advanced wing of the anti-slavery party in the Church had just gained the ascendancy, but the conservative party was still strong and active. But such was the ability and urbanity with which *The Advocate* was conducted that it came out of Dr. Thomson's hands with a larger subscription list than he found. Few religious journals in the land did the country better service during the war for the Union than *The Christian Advocate*.

The General Conference of 1864 elected Dr. Thomson to the Episcopacy, with Drs. Clark and Kingsley. He had been a member of every General Conference since 1840, and received the doctorate of divinity from Augusta College, Ky., in 1844, and that of laws from the Wesleyan University, Conn., in 1855. No man ever elected to the Methodist Episcopacy brought to his place a higher reputation either for learning or eloquence. His first work in his high office was to visit the Methodist Missions in Germany, Bulgaria, India, and China. The India Mission he organized into an Annual Conference. On his return he passed in review the work of the Church in California, Oregon, and the new Territories. Since that time he has been actively engaged in his portion of the home work. His first wife dying in 1863, the Bishop, three years later, married Miss Annie E. Howe, whose pen has frequently enriched our pages.

Bishop Thomson was a ripe scholar, and was possessed of a wide range of knowledge, which was always ready for use either by the pen or in the pulpit. His style as a preacher was chaste, clear, tender; his voice was not powerful nor flexible, but it sent forth living thoughts and burning words, and chained the attention of the hearer. His style as a writer is of classic beauty, simple, perspicuous, smooth, and flowing, and his essays will not suffer in comparison with the best prose compositions in our tongue. His published volumes are four; namely, "Educational Essays," "Moral and Religious Essays," "Biographical and Incidental Sketches," and "Letters from Europe." We have now in press two admirable volumes descriptive of his tour through our Oriental mission fields in India, China, and Turkey.

In the death of Bishop Thomson a noble spirit has returned to God. Pure and upright in character, wise in counsel, gentle, patient, amiable as a man and friend, careful, sympathetic, just as a presiding officer, an eloquent preacher, a classic writer, and a model Christian, his loss is great both to the Church and to the world.





THE FISHING BOAT OFF LAMERME